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## THE CHARM OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

By William Williams

IT is only during the last fifty years that mountain climbing as a sport and pastime has been carried on to any great extent. It had its origin and has reached its highest development in the Alps, but in recent years new fields have been successfully explored and many magnificent peaks conquered in the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the Andes, the Canadian Rockies, Alaska, and elsewhere. Most of these achievements are due to Englishmen who received their training in the Alps, and it is to climbing in these regions that the remarks in this article are in the first instance directed.

The line of perpetual snow on the northerly slopes of the Alps is at eight thousand feet, more or less, and the summits of the great peaks are in round numbers from five to eight thousand feet higher. Climbing above this line may occur on snow, on ice, or on rocks. Mont Blanc, the Lyskamm and the Jungfrau afford typical instances of snow and ice work, while the Aiguille du Dru, the Matterhorn and the Rothhorn afford typical instances of rock work. In most ascents both kinds of climbing are encountered, and while some prefer one to the other, yet to be a good climber it is necessary to be proficient in both.

Most mountaineering of a serious character is necessarily done with the assistance of guides drawn chiefly from the ranks of the hardy Swiss, Italian and French peasants whose homes are at the foot of the Alps. Some of these have become great guides. Such guides, as distinguished from those who are merely good, are very rare. It has been said of them that they are born, not made. Ability to scale difficult rocks and to cut steps up ice slopes is among the essential qualifications of any guide worthy of the name, but a first-rate guide must in addition at times be daring without ever being foolhardy; he must possess the talent necessary to discern with unerring eye the dangers lurking beneath the surface of snow and to avoid places at which avalanches or falling stones are likely to be encountered; he must know how to act in any of numerous emergencies which may arise, and he must have the courage to insist, even against the remonstrances of his employers, that in certain kinds of bad weather the party turn back. Thus, good climbing involves the use of the mind as well as of the body, and the traveller whose interest extends (as it always should) beyond the mere scaling of heights will observe closely how the guide solves various interesting problems which arise in each ascent of any magnitude. There are some amateurs who have become so proficient in mountaineering that they are able to ascend even the most difficult peaks without the assistance of guides; and when really fitted to do this their sense of enjoyment and satisfaction, as compared with that of climbers who employ guides, is as much greater as is their responsibility.

Much misconception exists as to the difficulties and dangers of mountaineering. Many sensational and exaggerated descriptions of ascents have been published either by ignorant writers or persons who have climbed some well-known peak rather

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for the purpose of telling about it than for enjoyment. Then again, wide publicity is given to each death that occurs on the mountains and the impression goes abroad that it was due to some real Alpine danger, whereas, if all the surrounding circumstances were given in each case, it would soon appear that the majority of such deaths are due to gross carelessness or stupidity, or both. Furthermore, what is difficult and dangerous for a weak party may or may not be so for a strong party and it is almost impossible to form an intelligent opinion as to whether an ascent has been hard or easy unless you know by whom it was made and under what conditions. Climbing adapted to every degree of skill (and lack of skill) can be had in the Alps. There is no reason why any man enjoying average health and strength and a steady head, even though he have no real talent for climbing, may not, if accompanied by good guides, gratify with safety his longing to come into personal contact with the grandeur and beauty of the higher regions; but he should take careful measure of his powers and not go beyond them.

No one, however, whether he be a weak or a strong climber, should engage in mountaineering unless he be willing at all times to exercise the greatest prudence and caution. This is a matter so vital, and disregard of it has so frequently resulted in unnecessary death, that it cannot be emphasized too often. Mummery, in his "Climbs in the Alps," says (p. 334):

"It is the momentary carelessness in easy places, the lapsed attention, or the wandering look that is the usual parent of disaster. . . . The first lesson the novice has to learn is to be ever on his guard and it is one that the oldest climber rarely fully masters. . . . It wants long experience to impress upon the mind that the chief danger of extremely difficult climbing lies less in the stress of desperate wrestling with the crags than in the relaxed attention which such work is apt to induce on the return to comparatively easy ground."

Shortly after the publication of these lines the writer of them, than whom no greater amateur mountain climber ever lived, perished whilst climbing in the Himalayas. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of his death, his comments on the relaxed attention induced "on the return to comparatively easy ground," are illustrated in the death of the guide Émile Rey, of Courmayeur, "one of the finest mountaineers the world has ever seen," chronicled in the *Alpine Journal* (the official publication of the English Alpine Club) on the very same page with that of Mr. Mummery. A stiff climb had been accomplished. A point had been reached in the descent where Rey deemed it proper to unrope the party. "The climbing here is easy," reads the report, and continues: "Close to the foot of this chimney Rey jumped, or dropped, on to a small shelf of wet rock, sloping slightly outward, and covered with small, loose pebbles. He slipped, and for a short distance slid over snow-covered ice. He tried to dig his axe in but it slipped from his grasp and he was precipitated in three bounds on to the snow some 600 feet below. . . ."

So much for the need of incessant care on the part even of an expert mountaineer engaged in a simple bit of climbing.

Some ascents are always hard and unfit ever to be attempted except by good climbers. To this class belong the Grépon and many of the other "aiguilles" about Chamonix, Mont Blanc by the Brenva route (Italian side), the Col des Hirondelles, the Matterhorn from the Italian side, and a number of other excursions, including many that are less well known than those mentioned—for it is to be remembered that some of the most difficult and interesting feats in climbing are connected with peaks and passes either inconspicuous or wholly unknown to the generality of readers. The point I wish particularly to emphasize now is that it is never safe to assume that the ascent of any great peak in the Alps will always be easy. Very much depends upon the conditions of weather, of snow, whether hard or soft, and of rocks, whether dry, wet, or covered with snow or glazed with thin ice. Two of the Alpine peaks most talked about by Americans are Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. The former is a great snow mountain, the latter a great rock peak which by reason of its unique and imposing appearance makes a lasting impression on all who have ever seen it. These mountains bring in enormous revenues to the respective villages of Chamonix and Zermatt. Both are frequently ascended by persons who are not interested in other peaks and

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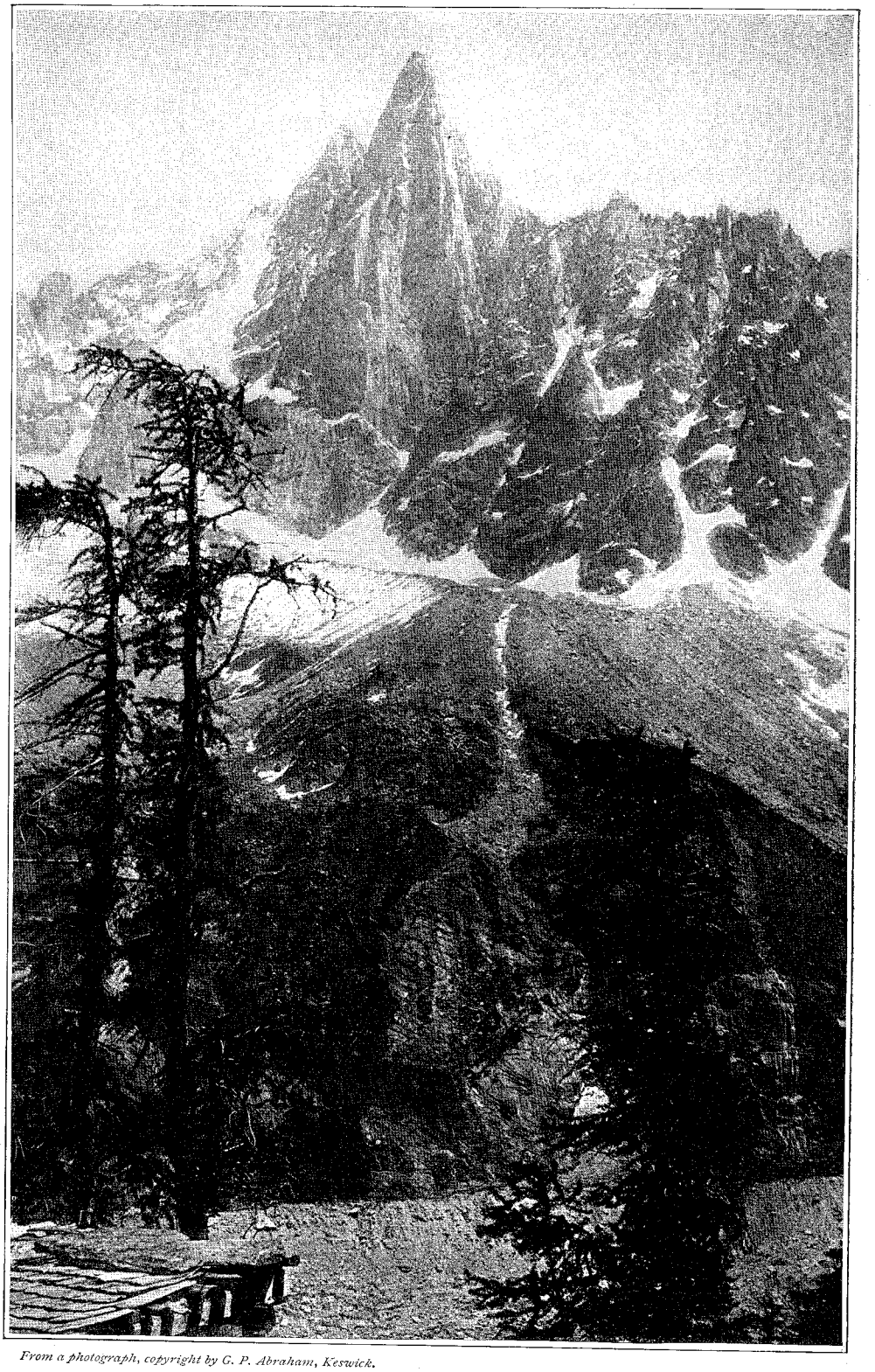

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Aiguille du Dru, 12,590 feet (near Chamonix).

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who are attracted to these two chiefly by their prominence. After a week of fine weather there is a beaten track over the northerly snow slopes of Mont Blanc so that under favorable conditions even poor guides can conduct a person ignorant of the principles of mountaineering to the top in safety. In the case of the Matterhorn ropes and chains have (unfortunately) been adjusted at most of the difficult places on the Zermatt route, so that with fine weather and the rocks free of snow and ice the mountain may be ascended even by what may be termed a weak party of climbers.

But it is just these facts that conduce to so many accidents. The one thing that such a weak party is apt to overlook is precisely what is overlooked by a party of poor sailors who go out on Long Island Sound on a pleasant summer afternoon: the possibility of a change in the weather. And if such change often occurs with suddenness on the water, the term "startling rapidity" is more appropriate to describe the abrupt manner in which it may take place in the High Alps. Mont Blanc may then become a place of great danger. The party may be suddenly enveloped in masses of thick mist driven about wildly by a fierce, raw wind and all but blinded by particles of sharp ice which fill the air, the cold may become intense, and all tracks on the snow and steps in the ice may rapidly disappear. Under such conditions it is hard for any but experienced climbers either to proceed or retreat and the vastness of the mountain renders it altogether likely that misfortune of some kind will overtake a weak party. The great death roll of Mont Blanc, a very "easy" mountain on a pleasant summer day, is too well known to require emphasis. So, too, on the Matterhorn a storm may place one suddenly in great peril. Rocks which presented no difficulty at the outset may become so slippery that they can be ascended or descended only with the use of caution and skill, while if the storm be accompanied by thunder and lightning the reverberation of the thunder from the great rocky sides of the mountain is at times enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

I know that most readers of this article will expect to be told wherein the attractions of the sport consist, and of these it is very difficult to convince any one who has not fallen a victim to them. A very general impression prevails that a desire to risk life or perform some reckless feat is the underlying motive of most ascents in the High Alps. Ruskin has, I believe, said that climbers regard mountains as "greased poles." If seriously intended this remark is based on dense ignorance as to the aspirations of the true mountaineer. His fondness for the sport might be sufficiently explained by mere reference to the indescribable attraction which the mountains have for some. But amongst other and more specific reasons may be cited the opportunity afforded to indulge in wholesome physical exercise for long periods in fine air, to walk through and camp out amidst scenery of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, to observe phases of nature that can be seen only above the snow line, and to measure strength with certain obstacles of nature to overcome which requires not only technical skill in climbing, coupled with some powers of physical endurance, but the use of the mind as well.

The night preceding an ascent is usually spent near the foot of the peak at an altitude of some 9,000 feet in a hut or at a bivouac situated as a rule in the midst of beautiful and grand scenery. One of the illustrations [page 526] shows the hut used in ascending the Dom, with the majestic Weisshorn across the valley partly veiled in clouds, and the reader may form an opinion as to the beauty of its site. The start is invariably an early one, sometimes at midnight, the precise hour depending on the character of the proposed excursion, on whether or not there is moonlight and on the time of sunrise; for it is desirable at least to plan to reach the summit at such time as to permit of the descent being made so far as possible over hard snow. And here I call attention to the fact that mountain climbing is the only pastime in which the hours between midnight and five o'clock, when nature may be at her loveliest, are regularly used for out-of-door exercise. It goes without saying that very hard work cannot be done either on rocks or snow while reliance must be placed on moonlight or lantern light, but the approach, lasting from two to five hours, to that part of the climb which is to test one's powers, is not as a rule difficult. On the contrary, it will often be across a

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Crossing an ice gully.

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smooth glacier or over snow fields with an easy incline, and in almost every case the traveller is surrounded by, and all the while coming nearer to, one or more peaks which lose nothing of their majesty and attractiveness by being seen at night. And when it happens that these splendid mountains are bathed in moonlight, I challenge any one to point to a more beautiful scene in nature, or to a form of exercise more fascinating and exhilarating than that of walking at such a time and in such a place.

The gradual approach of dawn when witnessed in the midst of the snow and ice world of the upper Alps is a very impressive sight, as is also the effect of the early rays of the rising sun at first on a few great peaks and later on countless smaller ones. No one with the slightest sense for the beautiful can fail to be stirred by these and many other sights of grandeur, including the splendid views, which unfold themselves as greater altitudes are attained. The scenery is constantly, though slowly, changing, ice and snow formations unknown to the lower levels are met, the peaks are to the eye gradually altering their shapes, and all the while the traveller is filling his lungs with pure, crisp air and taking on additional strength which may last him well into the winter. Under normal conditions the summit will usually be reached between eight o'clock and noon. If pleasant atmospheric conditions prevail and the day is not too far advanced, one will remain there from thirty to sixty minutes, for the scene in fine weather is as magnificent as it is impressive. The descent to the valley may require from four to ten hours. The foregoing times and figures are given only to convey a very general idea of the duration of expeditions and are, of course, subject to many qualifications and exceptions.

As already indicated there is, for those who wish to measure strength with the mountains, work of the hardest kind to be had. It may relate to snow and ice, or to rocks, or to a combination of both. The moment ice slopes are reached, progress becomes very slow, for each step must be carefully cut with an ice axe and in certain conditions (for instance where the angle of the slope exceeds fifty or sixty degrees) great skill is required in doing this work. Step cutting may continue for several hours and is very exhausting, particularly where the steepness is such that small hand-holes must be dug to enable the climber to rise from step to step without losing his balance. Under these circumstances progress in a vertical direction may be less than 200 feet an hour. Where a peak is traversed or crossed, so that the return journey is by a route other than that taken for the ascent, it may become necessary to cut steps *down* an ice slope, and this is at least half as hard again as cutting them in the opposite direction.

Far more interesting than ice work is the scaling of firm, difficult rocks. The Chamonix region abounds in climbs of this kind and so do several other sections of the Alps. A fine rock climb is one of the greatest joys known to the mountaineer and a most exhilarating form of exercise. There are many varieties of rock climbing. It may occur on the side of a mountain with great rounded or angular boulders, or along a narrow ledge, or across almost smooth slabs at a considerable angle, or up a gully or chimney, or even in a crack (as shown in one of the illustrations) and each variety may make its own peculiar demands on the skill and ingenuity of the climber. Some hold that the best climbing of all is to be had on the crest of a fine ridge—in French "arête," in German "Grat." Such a ridge soon acquires a reputation amongst climbers as wide as that of the peaks themselves. A favorite one is that of the Rothhorn on the Zinal side. Almost every important "arête" has its teeth, or pinnacles, in some instances termed "gendarmes," and these usually present interesting and perplexing problems in climbing by reason of the sharpness of their edges and the steepness of their sides which render it often as hard to cross as to circumvent or turn them.

Rock climbing brings into play almost every muscle and part of the body, for the hands and feet are not sufficient in the ascent or descent of really difficult rocks, and where either good hand or foot hold is wanting, one discovers how much can be done with the elbows, the knees, the shoulders and the back. Four of the pictures relate to actual situations met in ascending the peaks mentioned in the legends and may serve to illustrate certain kinds of difficult climbing. It is not, however, desired to convey the impression that all good rock work necessarily involves wrestling with

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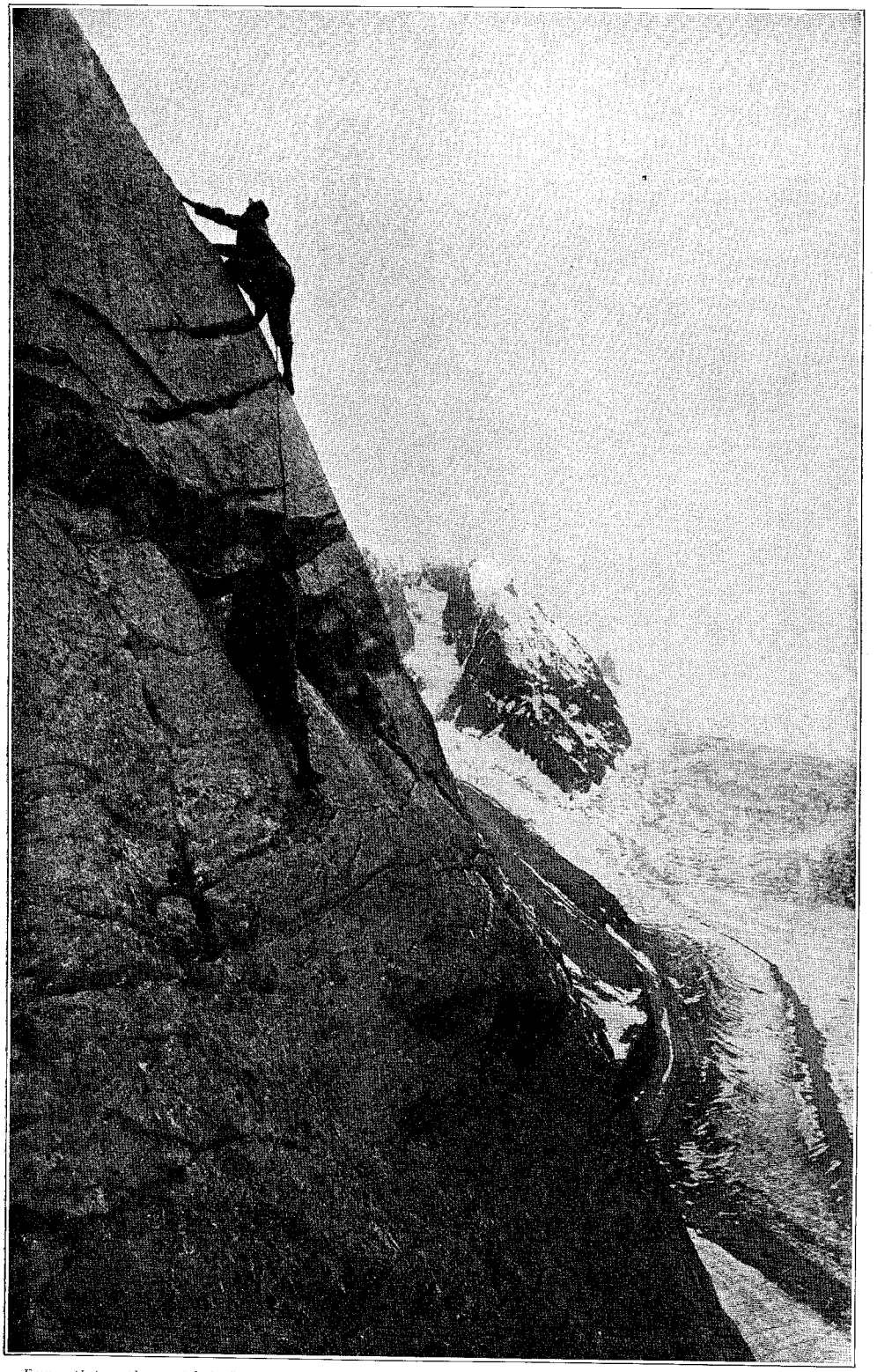

*From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

On the ridge of the Aiguille du Moine (near Chamonix).

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difficulties as great as those depicted. To climb rocks really well is, of course, a great art and the number of those who have acquired it will always be limited, for it is the result of years of experience and training; but it is remarkable how even moderate practice will enable a person with any natural aptitude for this sport safely to scale places which at first blush may appear absolutely inaccessible.

A climb may be accomplished without any very striking incidents, or it may be replete therewith. I intend here to mention but two classes of adventure, not because these are of frequent occurrence (for this is not the case), but because they *may* be encountered in connection with many of the great excursions, and it is well for intending climbers to know the hardships they may be called upon to endure. I refer to being involuntarily benighted and overtaken by a thunderstorm at high altitudes. Both are most unpleasant experiences, the severity of which no one can appreciate who has not been through them. As to the former it is usually impossible to go properly prepared for it, for to do this would so burden the party with wraps and food as to imperil in advance the success of the expedition; and so it happens that those who are benighted must generally shiver and suffer the pangs of hunger for many hours. The *Alpine Journal*, for August, 1893, contains a description both accurate and vivid of such an adventure as it befell a very strong party of English climbers on the Aiguille du Plan. It is as follows:

"Mummery was in the meantime continuing the everlasting chopping, in the intervals of crawling up disobliging slabs of rock, till twilight began to deepen into darkness, and we had to look about for a perch on which to roost for the night. The only spot we could find, sufficiently large for all three of us to sit, was a small patch or lump of rocks, more or less loose, some twenty or thirty feet below where we stood, and we succeeded, just as the light failed, or about 8.30 P. M., and after some engineering, in seating ourselves side by side upon it. Our boots were wet through by long standing in ice steps, and we took them off and wrung the water out of our stockings. The others put theirs on again; but, as a precaution against frost-bite, having pocketed my stockings, I put my feet, wrapped in a woollen cap, inside the "Rücksack," with the result that they remained warm through the night. As a precaution against falling off our shelf we hitched the rope over a rock above and passed it round us, and to make sure of not losing my boots (awful thought!) I tied them to it by the laces. . . . The weather fortunately remained perfect, and the moon had risen, though hidden from us by our mountain. Immediately below lay Chamonix, like a cheap illumination, gradually growing more patchy as the night advanced and the candles went out one by one, while above the stars looked down as if silently wondering why in the world we were sitting there. The first two hours were passed without very much discomfort, but having left behind our extra wraps to save weight, as time wore on the cold began to make itself felt, and though fortunately never severe enough to be dangerous, made us sufficiently miserable. Packed as we were, we were unable to indulge in those exercises generally adopted to induce warmth, and we shivered so vigorously at intervals that, when all vibrating in unison, we wondered how it might affect the stability of our perch. . . . We had all solemnly vowed not to drop asleep, and for me this was essential, as my centre of gravity was only just within the base of support. . . .

"From 2 to 4 o'clock the cold became more intense, aggravated by a slight 'breeze of morning,' and while waiting for dawn we noticed that it was light enough to see."

In 1889 I had a similar experience at an altitude of over eleven thousand feet on the slopes of the Petit Dru. We had left the Montanvert inn at midnight for the Grand Dru, and upon reaching this peak crossed thence to the Petit Dru, which latter peak we left for the final descent at 2.30 P. M., or fourteen and one-half hours after the start from Montanvert. Owing to various unfavorable circumstances, including the presence of fresh snow on the rocks and the early hour of sunset, we were soon after seven in the evening most unexpectedly obliged to come to a standstill at a point not unlike that described above. We were wet, because the fresh snow on the rocks (with which we were in close and constant contact) had been melting during the afternoon, and our supplies were exhausted. We were

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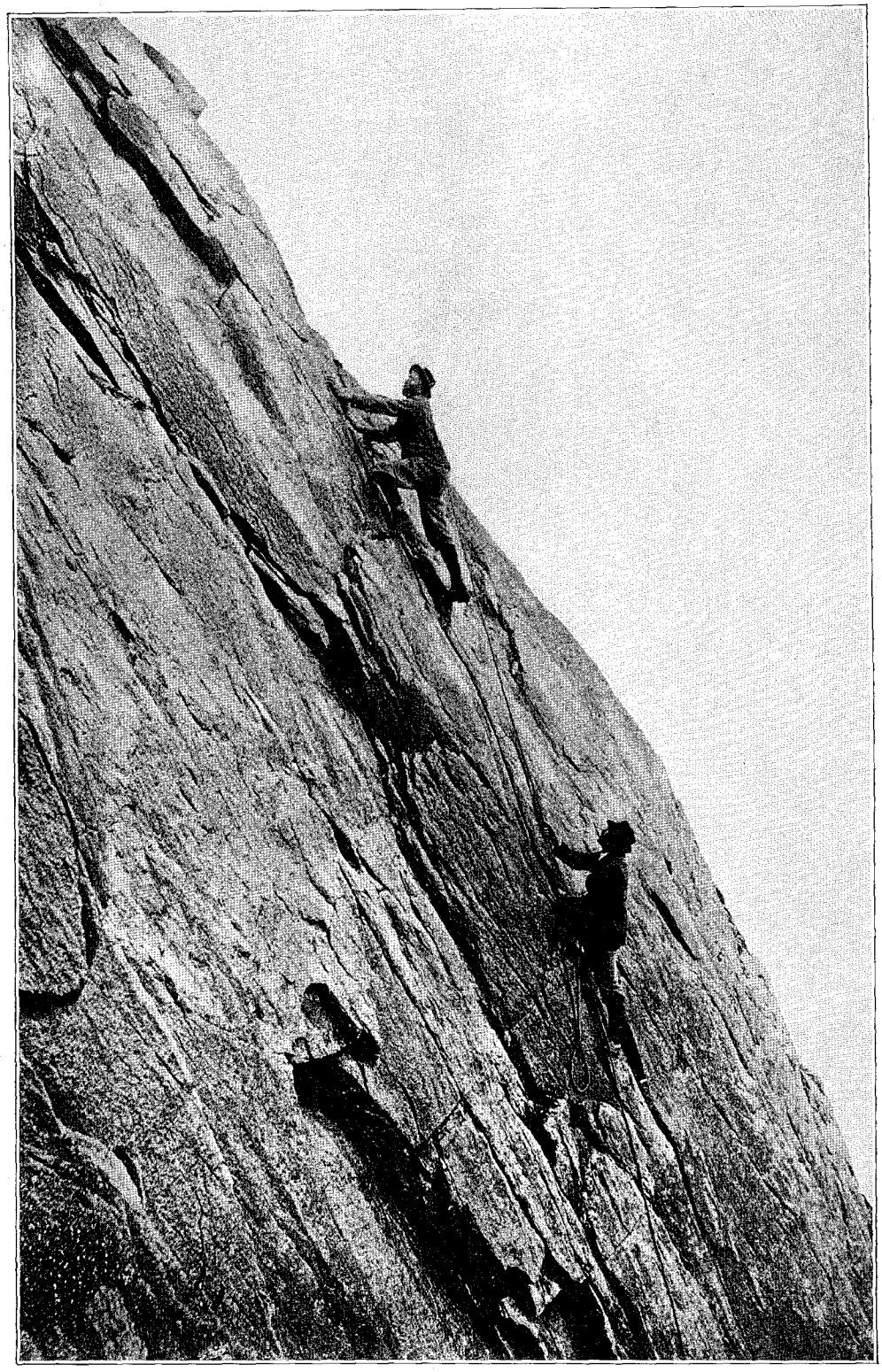

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Slabs on the Grands Charmoz (near Chamonix).

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without wraps of any kind, and the temperature was below freezing. An enforced halt under these circumstances, with the necessity of remaining awake all night (owing to the cold, the exposure, and the insecurity of the position), was far more exhausting both to mind and body than continued walking would have been, and as we did not reach Montanvert until the following morning at eight it may be said that the excursion consumed thirty-two hours. The fact is, perhaps, worth noting that no member of the party suffered either great fatigue or any ill effect from exposure, and this I believe to be due in some measure to the exhilarating air of the High Alps. Once in fair training the amount of heavy and continuous exercise one can take and enjoy in these regions under sudden and extreme changes in temperature, in sunshine or in storm, and the amount of sleep one can at the same time forego for several days in succession are astounding.

A thunderstorm at great heights is as unpleasant as it is awe-inspiring. I cannot give the reader a better idea of the impression produced by such a storm than by quoting from another passage in the *Alpine Journal* (May, 1891), written by an Englishman possessing wide experience in mountain climbing. What follows occurred during the descent of the Dent Blanche, near Zermatt:

"All at once the whole mountain side seemed to be ablaze, and at the same time there was a muzzled, muffled, or suppressed peal of thunder, apparently coming out of the interior of the mountain—so much so that, if a great crevice had been opened in the rocks and fire had burst out from it, we should hardly have been more surprised than we were. Solly and Haskett-Smith each exclaimed, 'My axe was struck,' and each of them, naturally enough, let his axe go. Where to none knew. Solly, describing this, says, 'At the moment I was standing with my face toward the mountain, with my right arm stretched out, feeling for a firm foothold with my axe, which I held just under its head. For perhaps a minute the lightning was coming very fast; then came the noise, and I saw a curve of flame on the head of my axe. I involuntarily let it go. The whole place seemed one blaze of light, and I could distinguish nothing. The thought that rushed through my mind was —Am I blinded? the intensity of the light was so terrible. It is difficult to put such events in any order of time, but I think the noise or explosion came first, before the blaze of light, and the light seemed to flicker as if a series of flashes were coming. I hardly know whether my body or any part of my clothing was actually struck. My axe certainly was, and I think the rocks just by me were.'

"Haskett-Smith said that his neck was burnt, and we saw later that a dark-brown band, an inch and a quarter wide, had been burnt exactly half way round his neck."

Fortunately, such unpleasant experiences are of rare occurrence, nor am I aware that death has ever been caused by an encounter with electricity in the high mountains. This may be due to the fact that at great heights the electric energy of the charged clouds is released gradually, whereas, in the case of lightning reaching down to the plain, the release occurs abruptly. While under such distressing circumstances one is in no mood carefully to observe all that happens, yet, having on one occasion been exposed to a storm of this character, I recall vividly the physical impressions of receiving light shocks and of being pricked with pins, and I may add that we were all devoutly thankful when escape became possible from so unwelcome a companion as Alpine electricity.

A word as to Alpine accidents. The vast majority of them will, on examination, be found to be of a nature clearly preventable and due to inexperience or carelessness. Such accidents should not be charged against the sport. But a certain amount of danger does inhere in mountaineering and, consequently, some accidents do occur as to which it cannot be asserted that they were avoidable. These do not, however, seem to take place at what might be deemed the difficult parts of the climb. Falling stones, one of the greatest perils the climber has to contend with, may come shooting down a relatively easy snow chimney, but are not likely to be met at any of the points shown in the accompanying illustrations where difficult rocks are being ascended. The subject of accidents is one which has given rise to a great deal of discussion and will doubtless continue to do so. This much, however, can be said: the unavoidable accidents occurring are few consider-

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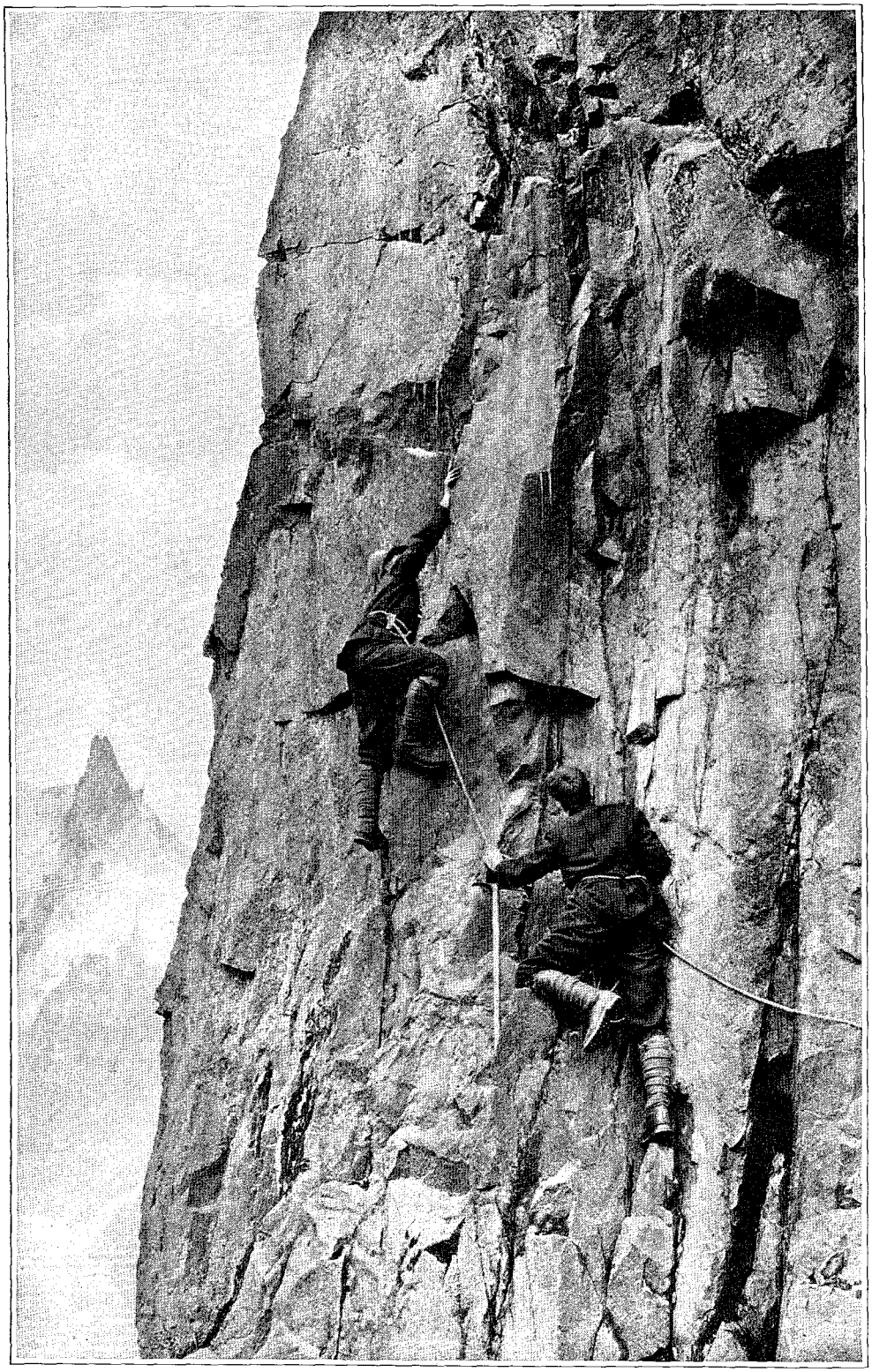

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Climbing the Grépon (near Chamonix).

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ing the number of people who climb and the difficult work done by many of them. I quote from the *Alpine Journal* for November, 1894, the following brief description of a fatal accident which probably belonged to the unavoidable class.

"On September 20th an accident occurred on the Zinal Rothhorn, in which Joseph Marie Biner, a well-known Zermatt guide, lost his life. The party had already effected the ascent of the mountain, and were descending toward Zermatt. On reaching the well-known 'Platte' overlooking the Durand glacier, the usual precautions were observed. Biner, who was leading, crossed the awkward slab, and planted himself firmly on the opposite side. Perren, who was last, was standing behind and holding on to a fair-sized rock, round which he was paying out the rope; while Dr. Horrocks crossed the slab, and Biner gradually pulled in the slack. Suddenly the rock in which Perren placed such confidence came out, and bounded down the mountain side. Perren slid rapidly down the steep rocks; Dr. Horrocks, who had no foothold and very little handhold, was jerked from his position, turning a somersault and becoming momentarily stunned from his head striking against the rock. The strain on the rope was too great for Biner to withstand, and he was dragged down too. The whole party half tumbled, half slid, down the very steep smooth rocks for thirty feet or forty feet, when the rope between Dr. Horrocks and Perren caught behind a projecting rock and brought them both to a standstill. Poor Biner had the extra length of his own rope still to fall, and, when the strain came, the rope broke between him and Dr. Horrocks. Biner fell down on to the Durand glacier some 2,000 feet below, whence his mutilated body was recovered by a search party. Dr. Horrocks and Perren were rescued from their dangerous position some ten or twelve minutes after the accident occurred. . . .

"To sum up, we should say that this accident is one of those comparatively rare ones which cannot, without undue straining, be attributed to any preventable cause. Climbing must always possess some elements of danger; but had we only accidents of this class to chronicle, its statistics would show it to be less fraught with danger than almost any other form of sport."

In 1877 and 1896 two terrible accidents happened on the Lyskamm resulting in each case in the death of every one in each of the parties. To understand what caused them, let the reader turn to the picture on page 529, bearing the legend "Overhanging snow on the Lyskamm." The peculiar overhang shown, usually termed "cornice," is due to the action of the wind. Whoever ventures on such a cornice must be prepared for possible trouble. Obviously it may break under the weight of one or more persons, and this is what happened on each of the occasions mentioned. Cornices are often veritable death-traps because they may be approached from such an angle that their presence is not apparent until it is too late to escape. The good guide will know at what points to suspect their possible existence and will carefully test the snow (by digging in his axe or otherwise) before allowing the party to proceed. As for the Lyskamm, it is notorious for its cornices and is one of those mountains which in some seasons no party, however strong, should attempt to climb by any route on which they may be found.

The rope plays such an important part in climbing as to call for special notice. While experts differ as to the exact number of persons that should constitute a party (the better opinion being that three is the correct number) yet there is almost unanimous agreement on two points, first, that while above the snow line the party should generally be roped, second, that solitary climbing (where the rope cannot be used) is a silly vagary, or worse. I shall mention, briefly, some of its uses both on snow fields and on rocks.

In crossing most snow fields it is necessary to be on the alert for crevasses lying beneath the surface. Snow-craft teaches one to discern their general direction and to take them at right angles, so that at a given time not more than one of the party need be on the snow above them. If he break through, the rope—which should always be kept fairly taut, its usual length from man to man being about twenty feet—readily enables the others to prevent him from disappearing very far, if at all, beneath the surface, whereas, in the absence of the rope, he would be likely to perish in the ice. "To be killed in the open air would be a luxury compared with having the life squeezed out of one in the horrible gloom of

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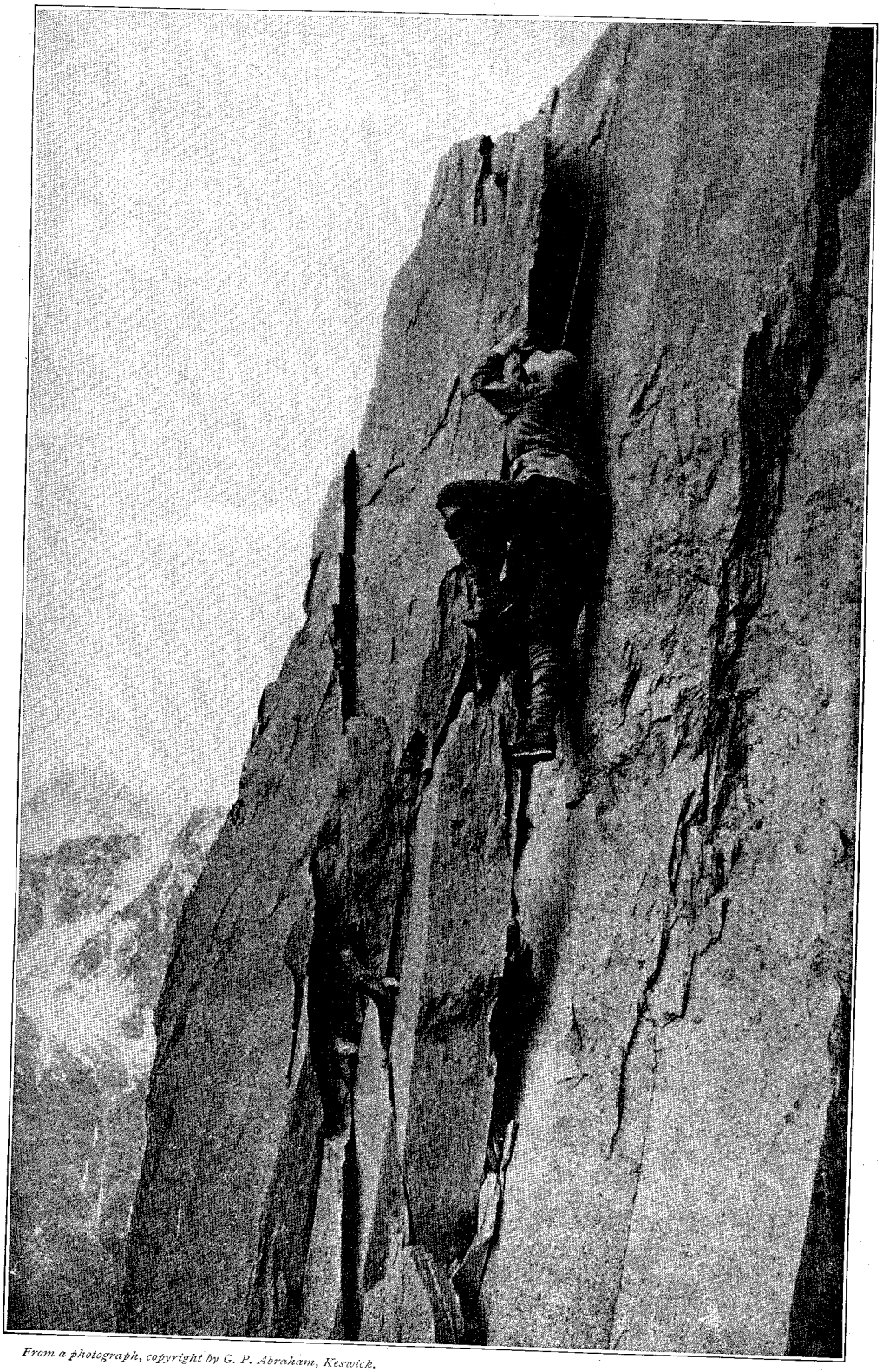

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A crack on the Aiguilles Rouges.

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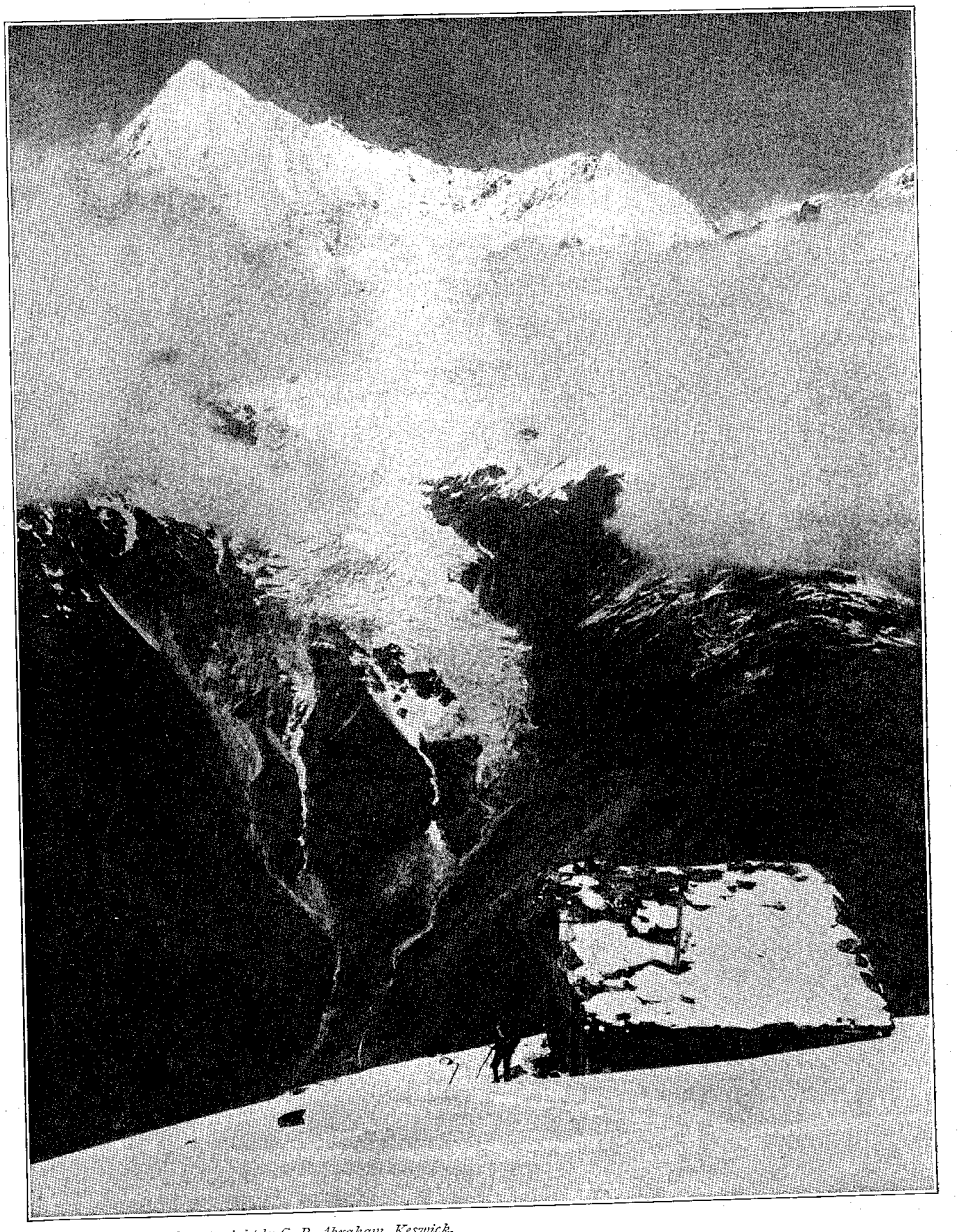

*From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

The Dom Hut, the Weisshorn (14,803 feet), across the valley (Zermatt District).

these chasms," are words written by Tyndall, which show that in crossing Alpine snow fields it is worth one's while to take every reasonable precaution against accident.

Whereas any one may break through a snow bridge, the good climber will rarely, if ever, slip on or fall from rocks. But it does not follow that the rope can be dispensed with in rock climbing, for there are many difficult places at which, notwithstanding the use of skill and care, a slip or a fall is a *possibility* (against which it is proper to take every precaution); furthermore, the presence of the rope gives the climber the moral courage necessary to en-



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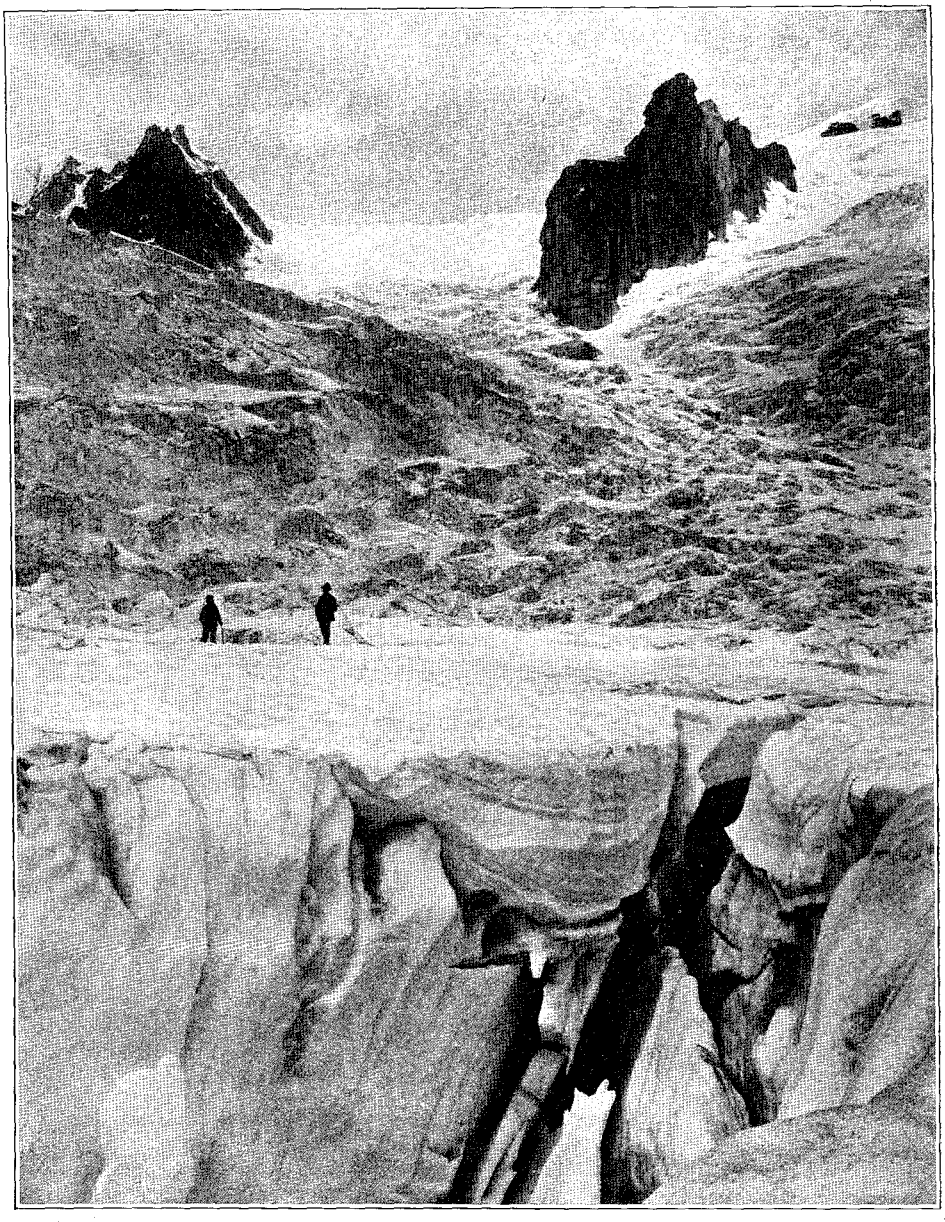

*From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

The ice fall of the Glacier du Géant (Mont Blanc District).

able him to advance at such points. The moral support thus rendered is something which words cannot fully explain; nevertheless it is a fact experienced by every man who has done any serious climbing. But how, it will be asked, can the rope be made to save one who falls without unduly imperilling the others? At dangerous places only one member will advance at a time, and before he advances at least one of the others will place himself in a secure position and, if possible, take a turn of the rope around some protruding rock. Even in the most difficult ascents, one member of the party can, by the use of an extra rope, usually contrive to do one of these things. But



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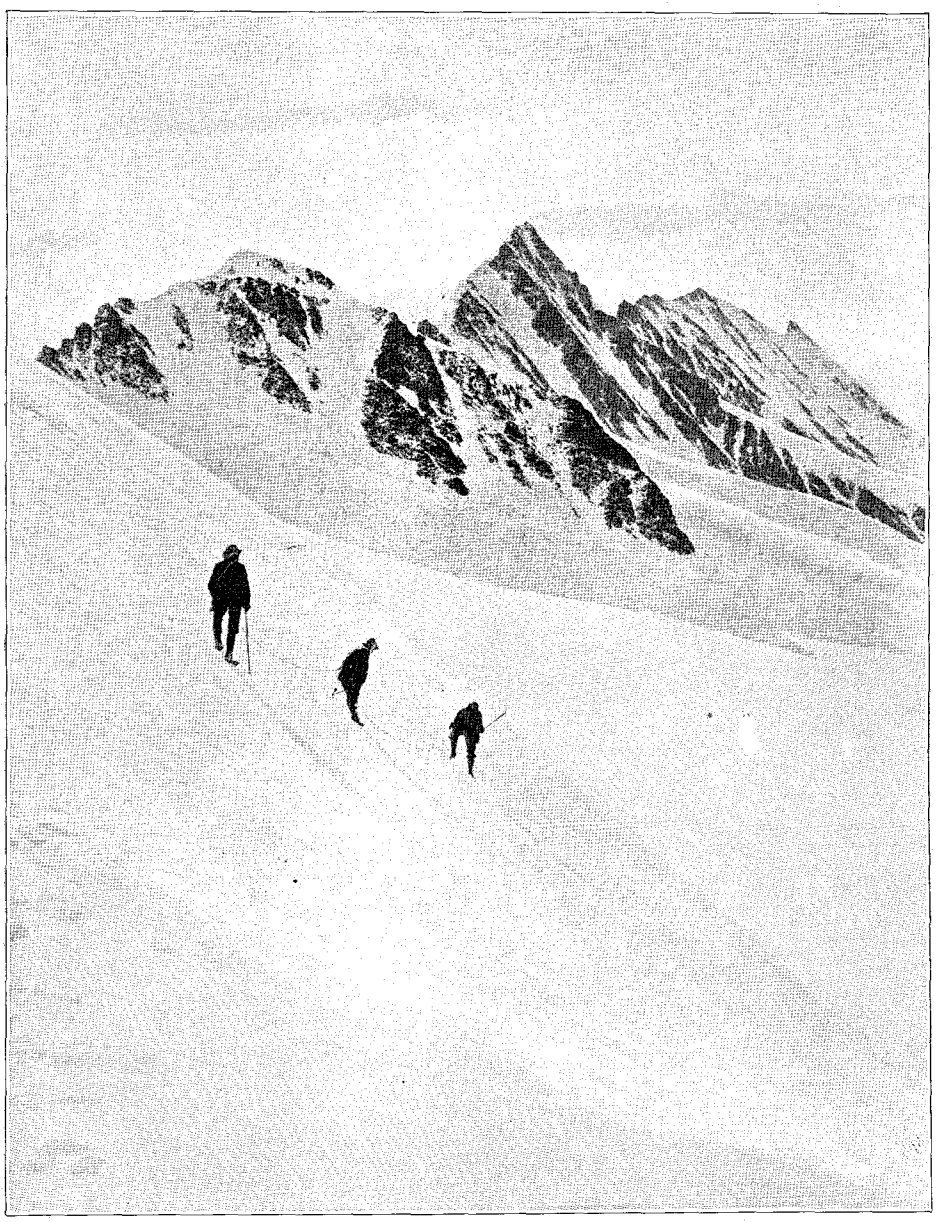

*From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

On the way to the Fiescherhorn, 13,251 feet (Bernese Oberland).

let no one be misled by the term "secure position." It is used with reference to the expert cragsman, and a position which may be adequate when manned by him may be one in which a beginner could not even stand, let alone resist a pull on the rope. Only expert climbers can with safety undertake to scale rocks which present difficulties of the first order, and each member of the party should have full confidence in the ability of each of the others not only to climb without slipping, but also to render some assistance if the unexpected slip actually happen; and when the party is so constituted loss of life is, as a matter of fact, a rare occurrence.



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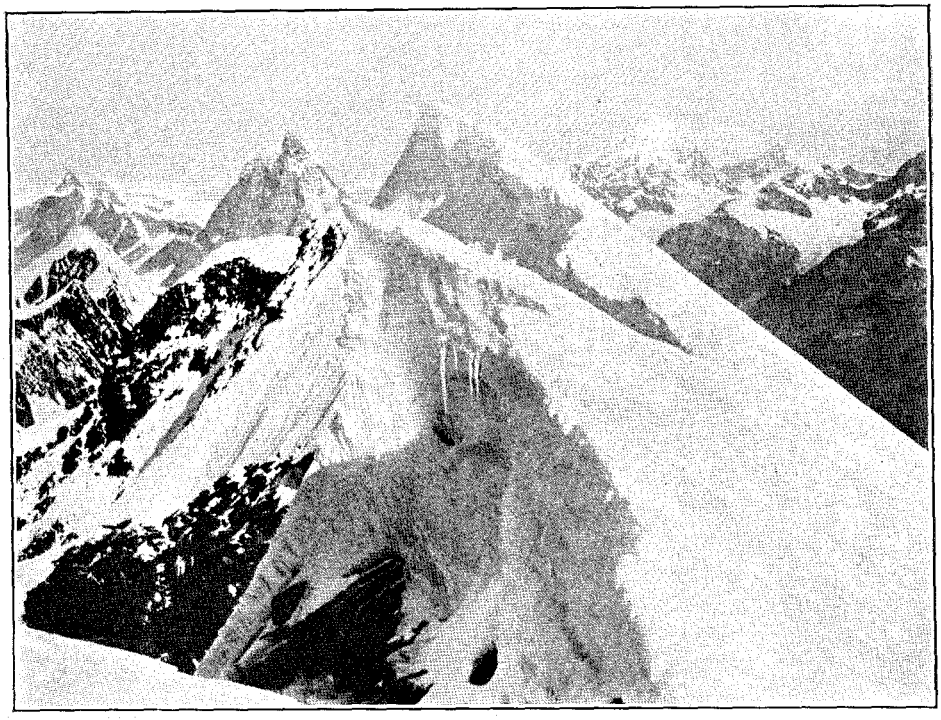

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Overhanging snow (cornice) on the Lyskamm, 14,885 feet (Zermatt District).

True, there have been instances where one having fallen the rope has been the means of dragging down to death others in the party. So, too, if the party be caught in an avalanche of snow their only chance to save themselves may depend on each member being able to struggle for himself, which he cannot do when hampered by the rope. What, it will be asked, can be urged in its favor in such cases? Obviously nothing—in the light of subsequent knowledge. But these are rare occurrences and the result of incidents which the good climber is striving by every means in his power to avoid. They go at most to show that although every reasonable precaution be taken yet all risk cannot be eliminated, and also that with the aid of hindsight individual instances can be found in which the rope has proved an actual disadvantage. Surely they do not show that precautions known to be of the highest value in the vast majority of cases should be omitted by reason of occasional failure to prove adequate. And to those who contend that the conceded existence of some unavoidable risk to life proves that the sport should not be practised, I must point out that they are raising a question in metaphysics which does not concern mountaineering alone and which it is unnecessary to discuss here.

He who finds himself requiring much actual assistance from the rope should, as a rule, remain below—for it is not the province of the rope to enable the incompetent to be dragged up peaks. But there are instances where assistance is as proper as it is necessary, as when an almost perpendicular wall of granite is met, with no cracks, and considerably higher than the reach of the tallest man in the party. The first man can ascend it only by first placing himself on the shoulders of the second man and so on. Obviously, in such a case, the last man must be pulled up.

It will surprise some of my readers to know that the liquor problem extends even to mountaineering. Climbers include in their number total abstainers who use tea, those who use light wines, and those who, in addition to light wines, use brandy, whiskey or "Kirschwasser." There is not the



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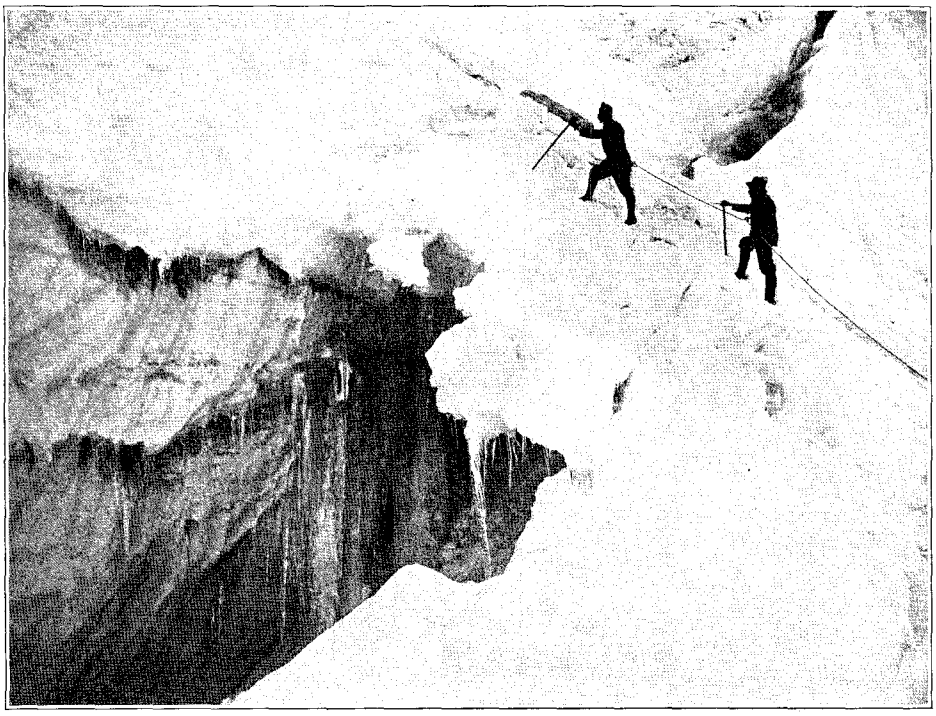

*From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

A snow bridge.

slightest objection to the moderate use of light wine (preferably red), on the contrary it seems to me, when mixed with mineral water, to be the beverage best adapted to the exigencies of mountaineering. But any substantial use of brandy, whiskey or "Kirschwasser" must be condemned. A small flask may be taken along for an emergency, but it should in most cases be brought back unopened. Nine times out of ten it is not required for any legitimate reason, while the high altitude, the intense cold usually encountered, and the necessity of steadiness in head and legs constitute several very good reasons why these strong liquors should be left severely alone. Yet they are used in considerable quantities by some, more particularly inferior guides and climbers from the countries of continental Europe. Such guides may be seen to interrupt step cutting on a steep ice slope in a piercing wind to take several swallows of brandy, and the poorer the amateur climber the more likely he is to commit the folly of imitating the guide. These persons all overlook or ignore the fact that the stimulation produced is only temporary and that it is succeeded by a reaction which is distinctly depressing to one's vital forces and which, under the circumstances described, soon leaves one far more sensitive to cold and liable to physical exhaustion than before.

The fact is not generally known that some of the most imposing snow mountains in the world lie within the limits of the United States. I refer to the great peaks of Alaska, at least one of which, Mt. McKinley, is over 20,000 feet high, while Mt. St. Elias is over 18,000 feet and, being situated within twenty-five miles of the coast, can be seen in its entire height from the deck of a vessel. Other magnificent peaks, as Mt. Fairweather and Mt. Crillon, lie very close to the shore, and since the line of perpetual snow in these northerly latitudes is at 3,000 feet or even less (in the case of Mt. St. Elias it is virtually at the water's edge, for the base of this mountain is surrounded by vast glaciers which flow down to the sea), continuous snow and ice surfaces may there be seen rising from 15,000 to 18,000 feet above the spectator. I think I am not



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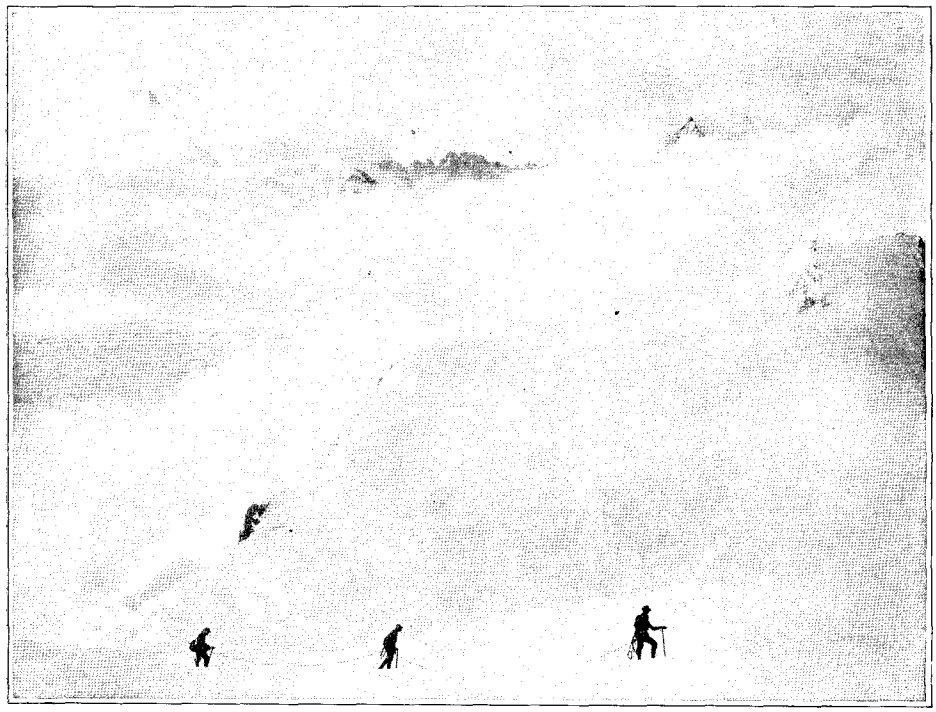
mistaken in saying that few, if any, such sights can be witnessed in any other part of the world. Mountaineering expeditions to these Alaskan peaks are very interesting but at the same time very laborious, not because of unusually stiff rock or snow work —neither is probably as difficult as that encountered in the Alps—but largely because they are situated in a wild, unexplored country at great distances from any proper base of supplies, so that before their ascent can be even attempted much time and effort must be expended in the solution of various perplexing problems not pertaining to climbing proper. And this I understand to be also true in a general way of mountaineering in the Himalayas, the Andes and the Caucasus. All of these great ranges still offer what the Alps no longer can: new fields to conquer. These have unquestionably a fascination peculiar to themselves, and every one fond of climbing who is in a position to do so should go in search of them. To a certain extent the absence of such new fields may be said to detract from the pleasure of mountaineering in the Alps. On the other hand, the great excursions are likely to remain as interesting and to call for as much skill and endurance in the future as in the past, while time will not diminish either the charm of the scenery or the exhilaration of the air. And those who are not content with surmounting the ordinary difficulties met while climbing in the Alps can increase these to almost any extent they please, by selecting unusual routes, by going with other amateurs unaccompanied by guides, and by climbing in winter.



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A misty morning in the High Alps.

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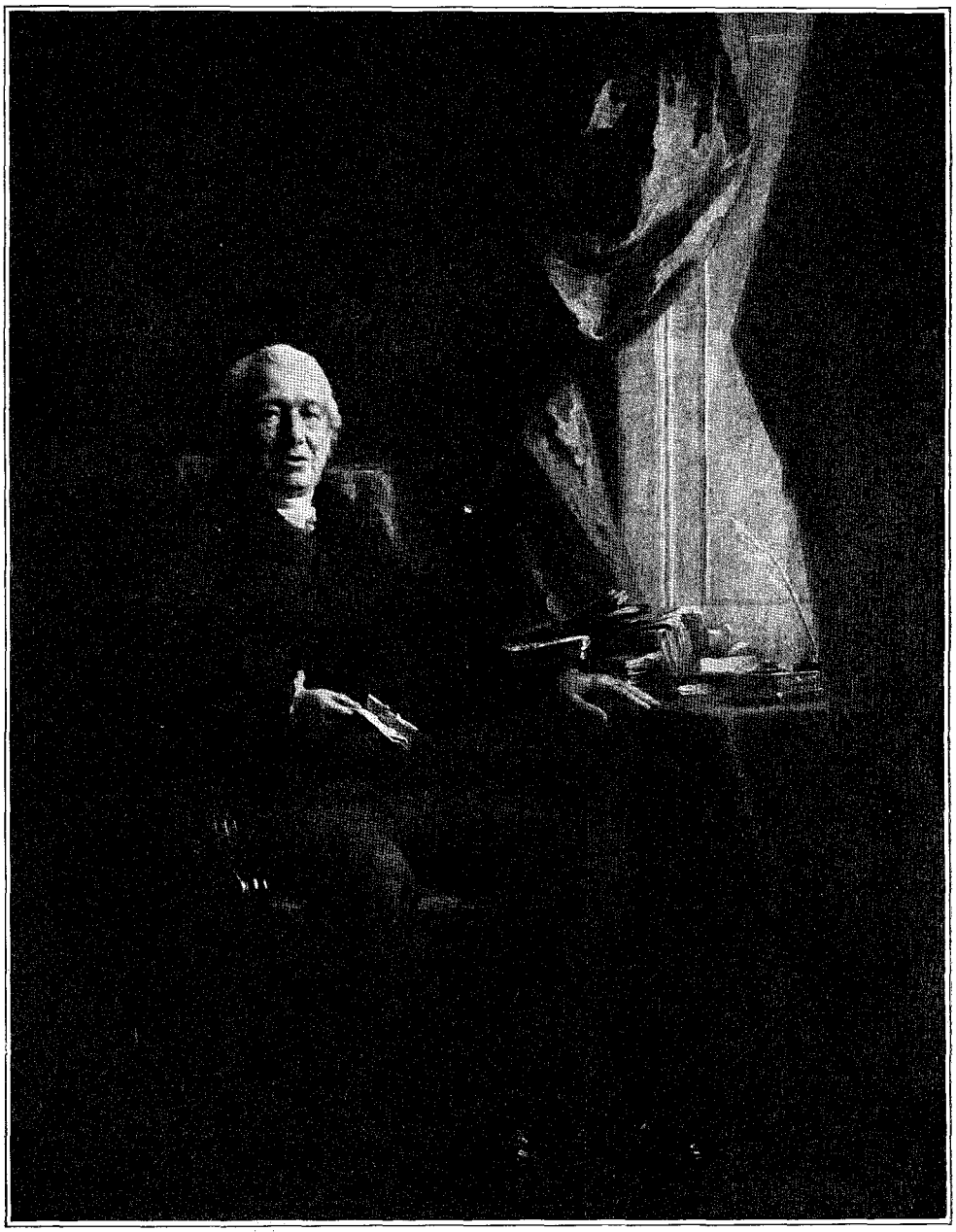

Colonel MacDonald of St. Martins.

From the portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn.

—See "The Field of Art."—Page 637.

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# VERA, THE MEDIUM

## BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

PART II

THE home of the Vances was in Thirty-fifth Street, nearly opposite the Garrick Theatre. It was one of a row of old-fashioned brick houses with high steps. As the seeker after truth entered the front hall, he saw before him the stairs to the second story; on his right, the folding doors of the "front parlor," and at the far end of the hall, a single door that led to what was, in the old days, before this row of houses had been converted into offices, the family dining-room. To Vera, the Vances had given the use of this room, as a "reception parlor." The visitor first entered the room on his right, from it passed through another pair of folding doors to the reception parlor, and then, when his audience was at an end, departed by the single door to the hall, and so, to the street.

The reception parlor bore but little likeness to a cave of mystery. There were no shaded lights, no stuffed alligator, no Indian draperies, no black cat. On a table, in the centre, under a heavy and hideous chandelier with bronze gas jets, was a green velvet cushion. On this nestled an innocent ball of crystal. Beside it lay the ivory knitting needle with which Vera pointed out, in the hand of the visitor, those lines that showed he would be twice married, was of an ambitious temperament, and would make a success upon the stage. In a corner stood a wooden cabinet that resembled a sentry box on wheels. It was from this, on certain evenings, before a select circle of spiritualists that Vera projected the ghosts of the departed. Hanging inside the cabinet was a silver-gilt crown and a cloak of black velvet, lined with purple silk and covered in gold thread, with signs of the zodiac.

Except for these stage properties, save that they illustrated the taste of Mabel Vance, the room was of no interest. It held a rubber plant, a red velvet rocking chair, across the back of which Mrs. Vance had draped a Neapolitan scarf, an upright piano, upon which Emmanuel Day, or, as he was known to the cross roads of Broadway and Forty-second Street, "Mannie" Day, provoked the most marvellous rag-time, an enlarged photograph in crayon, of Professor Vance, in a frock coat and lawn tie, a china bull-dog coquettishly decorated with a blue bow and, on the mantel-piece, two tall beer steins, and a hand telephone. From the



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long windows one obtained a view of the iron shutters of the new department store in Thirty-fourth Street; and of a garden, just large enough to contain a sumach tree, a refrigerator, and the packing case in which the piano had arrived.

After leaving Winthrop, without waiting for Vance, Vera had returned directly to the house in Thirty-fifth Street, and locked herself in her room. And although the hour for receiving visitors had arrived, and already "Mannie" Day had ushered two into the front room, Vera had not yet come downstairs. In consequence, Mabel Vance was in possession of the reception parlor.

Mrs. Vance was a plump, pink-and-blonde young person; credulous and vulgar, but at all times of the utmost good-humor. Her admiration for Vera was equalled only by her awe of her. On this particular afternoon, although it already was after five o'clock, Mrs. Vance still wore a short dressing sack, open at the throat, and heavy with somewhat soiled lace. But her blonde hair was freshly "marcelled," and her nails pink and shining. In the absence of Vera, she was making a surreptitious and guilty use of the telephone. From the fact that in her left hand she held the *Morning Telegraph* open at the "previous performances" of the horses, and that the page had been cruelly lacerated by a hat pin, it was fair to suppose that whoever was at the other end of the wire, was tempting her with the closing odds at the races.

In her speculations, she was interrupted by "Mannie" Day, who entered softly through the door from the hall.

"Mannie" Day was a youth of twenty-four. It was his heart's desire to be a "Broadwayard." He wanted to know all of those, and to be known only by those, who moved between the giant pillars that New York threw into the sky to mark her progress North.

He knew the soiled White Way as the oldest inhabitant knows the single street of the village. He knew it from the Rathskellers underground, to the roof gardens in the sky; in his firmament the stars were the electric advertisements over Long Acre Square, his mother earth was asphalt, the breath of his nostrils gasolene, the *Telegraph* was his Bible. His grief was that no one in the Tenderloin would take him seriously; would believe him wicked, wise, predatory. They might love him, they might laugh with him, they might clamor for his company; in no flat that could boast a piano, was he not, on his entrance, greeted with a shout; but the real Knights of the Highway treated him always as the questioning, wide-eyed child. In spite of his after-midnight pallor, in spite of his honorable scars of dissipation, it was his misfortune to be cursed with a smile that was a perpetual plea of "not guilty."

"What can you expect?" an outspoken friend, who made a living as a wireless wire-tapper, had once pointed out to him. "That smile of yours could open a safe. It could make a show girl give up money! It's an alibi for everything from overspeeding to murder."

Mannie, as he listened, flushed with mortification. From that moment he determined that his life should be devoted to giving the lie to that smile, to that outward and visible sign of kindness, good-will, and innate innocence. As yet, he had not succeeded.

He interrupted Mabel at the telephone to enquire the whereabouts of Vera. "There's two girls in there, now," he said; "waiting to have their fortunes doped."

"Let 'em wait!" exclaimed Mabel. "Vera's upstairs dressing." In her eyes was the baleful glare of the plunger. "What was that you give me in the third race?"

The interest Mannie may have felt for the impatient visitors, at the first touch of the ruling passion, vanished.

"Not in the third," he corrected briskly. "Keene entry win the third."

Mabel appealed breathlessly to the telephone. "What price the Keene entry in the third?" She turned to Mannie with reproachful eyes. "Even money!" she complained.

"That's what I told you," retorted Mannie. He lowered his voice, and gazed apprehensively toward the front parlor. "If you want a really good thing," he whispered hoarsely, "ask Joe what Pompadour is in the fifth!"

Mabel laughed scornfully, disappointedly.

"Pompadour!" she mocked.

"That's right!" cried the expert. "That's the one daily hint from Paris to-day. Joe will give you thirty to one."

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Upon the defenceless woman he turned the full force of his accursed smile. "Put five on for me, Mabel?" he begged.

With unexpected determination of character Mabel declared sharply that she would do nothing of the sort.

"Two, then?" entreated the boy.

"Where," demanded Mabel, unfeelingly, "is the twenty you owe me now?"

The abruptness of this unsportsman-like blow below the belt, caused Mannie to wince.

"How do *I* know where it is?" he protested. "As long as you haven't got it, why do you care where it is?" He heard the door from the hall open, and turning, saw Vera. He appealed to her. "Vera," he cried, "you'll loan me two dollars? I stand to win sixty. I'll give you thirty."

Vera looked enquiringly at Mabel. "What is it, Mabel," she asked; "a hand book?"

Mrs. Vance nodded guiltily.

"Mannie!" exclaimed Vera, gently but reproachfully, "I told you I wouldn't loan you any more money till you paid Mabel what you've borrowed."

"How can I pay Mabel what I borrowed," demanded Mannie, "if I can't borrow the money from you to pay her? Only *two* dollars, Vera!"

Vera nodded to Mabel.

Mabel, at the phone, called, "Two dollars on Pompadour—to win—for Mannie Day," and rang off.

"That makes thirty for you," exclaimed Mannie, enthusiastically, "and twenty I owe to Mabel, and that leaves me ten."

Mrs. Vance, no longer occupied in the whirlpool of speculation, for the first time observed that Vera had changed her matronly robe of black lace for a short white skirt, and a white shirt waist. She noted, also, that there was a change in Vera's face and manner. She gave an impression of nervous eagerness, of unrest. Her smile seemed more appealing, wistful, girlish. She looked like a child of fourteen.

But Mabel was concerned more especially with the robe of virgin white.

For the month, which was July, the costume was appropriate, but, in the opinion of Mabel, in no way suited to the priestess of the occult and the mysterious.

"Why, Vera!" exclaimed Mrs. Vance, "whatever have you got on? Ain't you going to receive visitors? There's ten dollars waiting in there now."

In sudden apprehension, Vera looked down at her spotless garments.

"Don't I look nice?" she begged.

"Of course you look nice, dearie," Mabel assured her, "but you don't look like no fortune-teller."

"If you want to know what you look like," said Mannie sternly, "you look like one of the waiter girls at Childs's, that's what you look like."

"And your crown!" exclaimed Mabel, "and your kimono. Ain't you going to wear your kimono?"

She hastened to the cabinet and produced the cloak of black velvet and spangles, and the silver-gilt crown.

"No, I am *not!*" declared Vera. She wore the frightened look of a mutinous child. "I—I look so—foolish in them!"

Such heresy caused Mannie to gasp aloud:

"You look grand in them," he protested; "don't she, Mabel?"

"Sure she does," assented that lady.

"And your junk?" demanded Mannie, referring to the jade necklace and the gold-plated bracelets. His eyes opened in sympathy. "You haven't pawned them, have you?"

"Pawned them?" laughed Vera; "I couldn't get anything on them!" As the only masculine point of view available, she appealed to Mannie, wistfully. "Don't you like me better this way, Mannie?" she begged.

But that critic protested violently.

"Not a bit like it" he cried. "Now, in the gold tiara and the spangled opera cloak," he differentiated, "you look like a picture postal card! You got Lotta Faust's blue skirt back to Levey's. But not in the white goods!" He shook his head sadly, firmly. "You look, now, like you was made up for a May-day picnic in the Bronx, and they'd picked on you to be Queen of the May."

Mabel carried the much-admired opera cloak to Vera, and held it out, tempting her.

"You'll wear it, just to please me and Mannie, won't you, dearie?" she begged. Vera retreated before it as though it held the germs of contagion.

"I will not," she rebelled. "I hate it! When I have that on, I feel—mean. I feel

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as mean as though I were picking pennies out of a blind man's hat." Mannie roared with delight.

"Gee!" he shouted; "but that's a hot one."

"Besides," said Vera, consciously, "I'm —I'm expecting some one."

The manner more than the words thrilled Mabel with the most joyful expectations.

She exclaimed excitedly. "A gentleman friend, Vera?" she asked.

That Vera shunned all young men had been to Mabel a source of wonder and of pride. Even when the young men were the friends of her husband and of herself, the preoccupied manner with which Vera received them did not provoke in Mabel any resentment. It rather increased her approbation. Although horrified at the recklessness of the girl, she had approved even when Vera rejected an offer of marriage from a wine agent.

Secretly, for a proper alliance for her, Mabel read the society columns, in search of eligible, rich young men. Finding that they invariably married eligible, rich young women, she had lately determined that Vera's destiny must be an English duke.

Still, if, as she hoped, Vera had chosen for herself, Mabel felt assured that the man would prove worthy, and a good match. A good match meant one who owned not only a runabout, but a touring car.

"It's a man from home," said Vera.

"Home?" queried Mannie.

"From up the State," explained Vera; "from Geneva. It's—Mr. Winthrop."

With an exclamation of alarm, Mannie started upright. "Winthrop!" he cried, then with a laugh of relief he sank back. "Gee! you give me a scare," he cried. "I thought you meant the district-attorney."

Mabel laughed sympathetically.

"I thought so, too," she admitted.

"I *do* mean the district-attorney," said the girl.

"Vera!" cried Mabel.

"Winthrop—coming *here?*" demanded Mannie.

"I met him at Mr. Hallowell's this morning," said Vera. "Didn't Paul tell you?"

"Paul ain't back yet," said Mannie. "I wish he was!" His lower jaw dropped in dazed bewilderment. "Winthrop—coming *here?*" he repeated. "And they're all coming here!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Paul just phoned me. They've taken Gaylor in with them, and we're all working together now on some game for to-night. And Winthrop's coming *here!*" he shook his head decidedly, importantly. As the only man of the family present, he felt he must meet this crisis. "Paul won't stand for it!" he declared.

"Well, Paul will just have to stand for it!" retorted Mrs. Vance.

With a murmur of sympathy she crossed to Vera. "I'm not going to see our Vera disappointed," she announced. "She never sees no company. Vera, if Mr. Winthrop comes when that bunch is here, I'll show him into the front parlor."

Vera sat down in front of the piano, and let her fingers drop upon the keys. The look of eagerness and anticipation had left her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "that I want to see him—now."

With complete misunderstanding, Mannie demanded truculently, "Why not?" His loyalty to Vera gave him courage, in her behalf, to face even a district-attorney. "He doesn't think he's coming here to make trouble for you, does he?"

Vera shook her head, and bending over the piano, struck a few detached chords.

"Oh, no," she said, consciously; "just to see me—professionally—like everybody else."

Mabel could no longer withhold her indignation at the obtuseness of the masculine intellect.

"My gracious, Mannie!" she exclaimed, "can't you understand he's coming here to make a call on Vera—like a gentleman—not like no district-attorney."

Mannie precipitately retreated from his position as champion.

"Sure, I understand," he protested.

With the joy that a match-making mother takes in the hunt, Mabel sank into the plush rocking-chair, and rocking violently, turned upon Vera an eager and excited smile.

"Think of our Vera knowing Mr. Winthrop, socially!" she exclaimed. "It's grand! And they say his sisters are elegant ladies. Last winter I read about them at the opera, and it always printed what they had on. Why didn't you tell me you

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knowed him, Vera?" she cried reproachfully, "I tell *you* everything!"

"I don't know him," protested the girl. "I used to see him when he lived in the same town."

Mabel, inviting further confidences, ceased rocking and nodded encouragingly. "Up in Geneva?" she prompted.

"Yes," said Vera; "I used to see him every afternoon then, when he played ball on the college nine——"

"Who?" demanded Mannie, incredulously.

"Winthrop," said Vera.

"Did he?" exclaimed Mannie. His tone suggested that he might still be persuaded that there was good in the man.

"What'd he play?" he demanded suspiciously.

"First," said Vera.

"Did he!" exclaimed Mannie. His tone now was of open approbation.

Vera had raised her eyes, and turned them toward the windows. Beyond the soot-stained sumach tree, the fire-escapes of the department store, she saw the sun-drenched campus, the buttressed chapel, the ancient, drooping elms; and on a canvas bag, poised like a winged Mercury, a tall straight figure in gray, dusty flannels.

"He was awfully good-looking," murmured the girl, "and awfully tall. He could stop a ball as high as—*that!*" She raised her arm in the air; and then, suddenly conscious, flushed, and turned to the piano.

"Go on, tell us," urged Mabel. "So you first met him in Geneva, did you?"

"No," corrected Vera; "*saw* him there. I—I only *met* him once."

Mannie interrupted hilariously.

"*I* only saw him once, too," he cried; "that was enough for me."

Vera swiftly spun the piano stool, so that she faced him. Her eyes were filled with concern.

"You, Mannie!" she demanded anxiously. "What had you done?"

"Done!" exclaimed Mannie indignantly; "nothing! What'd you think I'd done? Did you think I was a crook?"

Vera bowed her shoulders, and shivered as though the boy had cursed at her. She shook her head vehemently, and again swung back to the piano. Stumbling awkwardly, her fingers ran over the keys in a swift clatter of broken chords. "No," she whispered, "no, Mannie, no."

With a laugh of delighted recollection, Mannie turned to Mabel.

"He raided a pool room I was working at," he explained. "He picked me out as a sheet writer, because I had my coat off, see? I told him I had it off because it was too hot for me, and he says, 'Young man, if you lie to me, I'll make it a damn sight hotter!'" Mannie threw back his head and shouted uproariously. "He's all right, Winthrop!" he declared.

Mabel, having already married Winthrop to Vera in Grace Church, with herself in the front pew, in a blue silk dress, received this unexpected evidence of his rare wit with delight. In ecstasy of appreciation she slapped her knees.

"Did he say that, Mannie," she cried. "Wasn't that quick of him! Did you hear what he said to Mannie, Vera?" she demanded.

Their mirth was interrupted by the opening and closing of the front door, and in the hall, the murmur of men's voices.

Vance opened the door from the hall and entered, followed by Judge Gaylor and Rainey. With evident pride in her appearance, Vance introduced the two men to his wife, and then sent her and Mannie from the room; the latter with orders to dismiss the visitors in the front parlor and to admit no others.

At the door, Mrs. Vance turned to Vera and nodded mysteriously.

"If that party calls," she said with significance, "I'll put him in the front parlor." With a look of dismay, Vera vehemently shook her head, but to forestall any opposition, Mrs. Vance hastily slammed the door behind her.

In his most courteous manner Judge Gaylor offered the chair at the head of the centre table to Vera, and at the same table seated himself. Vance took a place on the piano stool; Rainey stood with his back to the mantel-piece.

"Miss Vera," Gaylor began, impressively, "I desire to apologize for my language this morning. As Rainey no doubt has told you, I have opposed you and Professor Vance. But I—I know when I'm beaten. Your influence with Mr. Hallowell to-day—is greater than mine. It is

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paramount. I congratulate you." He smiled ingratiatingly. "And now," he added, "we are all working in unison."

"You've given up your idea of sending me to jail," said Vera.

"Vera!" exclaimed Vance reprovingly. "Judge Gaylor has apologized. We're all in harmony now."

"Is that door locked?" asked Gaylor. Vance told him, save Mrs. Vance, Mannie and themselves, there was none in the house; and that he might speak freely.

"Miss Vera," began the Judge, "we left Mr. Hallowell very much impressed with the message you gave him this morning. The message from his dead sister. He wants another message from her. He wants her to decide how he shall dispose of a very large sum of money—his entire fortune."

"His entire fortune!" exclaimed Vera. "Do you imagine," she asked, "that Mr. Hallowell will take advice from the spirit world about *that?* I don't!"

"I do," Gaylor answered stoutly; "I know *I* would."

"You?" asked Vera incredulously.

"If I could believe my sister came from the dead to tell me what to do," said the lawyer, "of course, I'd do it. I'd be afraid not to. But I don't believe. *He* does. And he believes you can bring his sister herself before him. He insists that to-night you hold a séance in his house, and that you materialize the spirit of his dead sister. So that he can see his sister, and talk with his sister. Vance says you can do that. Can you?"

From Vera's face the look of girlishness, of happy anticipation had already disappeared.

"It is my business to do that," the girl answered. She turned to Vance, and in a matter-of-fact voice enquired, "What does his sister look like—that photograph we used this morning?"

"No," Vance answered. "I've a better one, Rainey gave me. Taken when she was older. Has white hair and a cap and a kerchief crossed—so." He drew his hands across his shoulders. "Rainey, show Miss Vera that picture."

"Not now," Gaylor commanded. "The important thing *now* is that Miss Vera understands the message Mr. Hallowell is to receive from his sister."

The two other men nodded quickly in assent. Gaylor turned to Vera. He spoke slowly, earnestly.

"Miss Vera," he said, "Mr. Hallowell's present will leaves his fortune to his niece. He has made *another* will, which he has not signed, leaving his fortune to the Hallowell Institute. He will ask his sister, to *which* of these he should leave his money. You will tell him—" he corrected himself instantly, "she will tell him to give it where it will be of the greatest good to the most people—to the Institute." There was a pause. "Do you understand?" he asked.

"To the Institute. Not to the niece," Vera answered. Gaylor nodded gravely.

"What," asked Vera, "are the fewest words in which that message could be delivered? I mean—should she say, 'You are to endow the Hallowell Institute,' or 'Brother, you are to give—' 'Sign the new will'?" With satisfaction the girl gave a sharp shake of her head, and nodded to Vance. "'Destroy the old will. Sign the new will.' That is the best," she said.

"That's it exactly," Gaylor exclaimed eagerly, "that's excellent!" Then his face clouded. "I think," he said, in a troubled voice, "we should warn Miss Vera, that to guard himself from any trickery, Mr. Hallowell insists on subjecting her to the most severe tests, he——"

"That will be all right," said the girl. She turned to Vance, and, in a lower tone, but without interest, asked, "What, for instance?" Vance merely laughed and shrugged his shoulders. The girl smiled. Nettled, and alarmed at what appeared to be their over-confidence, Gaylor objected warmly.

"That's all very well," he cried, "but 'for instance,' he insists that the entire time you are in the cabinet, you hold a handful of flour in one hand, and of shot in the other—" He illustrated with clenched fists—"Which makes it impossible," he protested, "for you to use your hands."

The face of the girl showed complete indifference.

"Not necessarily," she said.

"But you are to be tied hand and foot," cried the Judge. "And on top of that," he burst forth indignantly, pointing aggrievedly at Vance, "he himself, proposed this flour-and-shot test. It was silly, senseless bravado!"

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"Not necessarily," repeated the girl. "He knew that I invented it." Rainey laughed. Gaylor gave an exclamation of enlightenment.

"If it will be of any comfort to you, Judge," said Vance, "I'll tell you one thing; every test that ever was put to a medium—was invented by a medium."

Vera rose. "If there is nothing more," she said, "I will go and get the things ready for this evening." "Destroy the old will. Sign the new will," she repeated. She turned suddenly to Vance, her brow drawn in consideration. "I suppose by this new will," she asked, "the girl gets nothing?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed Gaylor, emphatically. "We don't want her to *fight* the will. She gets a million."

"A million dollars?" demanded Vera. For an instant as though trying to grasp the possibilities of such a sum, she stood staring ahead of her. With doubt in her eyes, and shaking her head, she turned to Vance:

"How can one woman spend a million dollars?" she protested.

"Well, you see, we don't intend to starve her," exclaimed Gaylor eagerly, "and at the same time, the Institute will be benefiting all humanity. Doing good to——"

Vera interrupted him with a sharp, peremptory movement of the hand.

"We won't go into that, please," she begged.

The Judge inclined his head. "I only meant to point out," he said stiffly, "that you are giving Mr. Hallowell the best advice, and doing great good."

For a moment, the girl looked at him steadily. On her lips was a faint smile of disdain, but whether for him or for herself, the Judge could not determine.

"I don't know that," the girl said finally. "I don't ask." She turned to Rainey. "Have you that photograph?" He gave her a photograph and after, for an instant, studying it in silence, she returned it to him.

"It will be quite easy," she said to Vance. She walked to the door, and instinctively the two men, who were seated, rose.

"I will see you to-night at Mr. Hallowell's," she said, and, with a nod, left them.

"Well," exclaimed Rainey, "you didn't tell her!"

"I know," Vance answered. "I decided we'd be wiser to take advice from my wife. She understands Vera better than I do." He opened the door to the hall, and called, "Mannie! tell Mabel—oh, Mabel," he corrected, "come here a minute." He returned to his seat on the piano stool. "She can tell us," he said.

In expectation of the arrival of Winthrop, Mrs. Vance had arrayed herself in a light-blue frock, and as though she had just come in from the street, in such a hat as she considered would do credit not only to Vera, but to herself.

"Mabel," her husband began, "we're up against a hard proposition. Hallowell insists that Winthrop and Miss Coates must come to the séance to-night."

"Winthrop and Miss Coates!" cried Mabel. In astonishment she glanced from her husband to Rainey and Gaylor. "Then, it's all off!" she exclaimed.

"That's what I say," growled Rainey.

"We want you to tell us," continued Vance, unmoved, "whether Vera should know that now, or wait until to-night?"

"Paul Vance!" almost shrieked his wife, "Do you mean to tell me you're thinking of giving a materialization in front of the district-attorney! You're crazy!"

"That's what I tell them," chorused Rainey.

Gaylor raised his hand for silence.

"No, Mrs. Vance," he said wearily. "We are not crazy, but," he added, bitterly, "we can't help ourselves. You mediums have got Mr. Hallowell in such a state that he'll only do what his sister's spirit tells him. He says, if he's robbing his niece, his sister will tell him so; if he's to give the money to the Institute, his sister will tell him that. He says, if Vance is fair and aboveboard, he shouldn't be afraid to have his niece and any friends of hers present. We can't help ourselves."

"I helped a little," said Vance, "by insisting on having our own friends there—told him the spirit could not materialize unless there were believers present."

"Did he stand for that?" asked Mabel.

"Glad to have them," her husband assured her. "They like to think there are others as foolish as they are. And I'm going to place Mr. District-Attorney," he broke out suddenly and fiercely, "between two mediums. They'll hold his hands!"

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Already frightened by the possible results of the plot, Rainey with a vehemence born of fear, retorted sharply: "Hold his hands! How're you going to make him hold his tongue, afterward?"

Gaylor turned upon him savagely.

"My God, man!" he cried, "we're not trying to persuade the district-attorney that he's seen a ghost. If your friends can persuade Stephen Hallowell that *he's* seen one, the district-attorney can go to the devil!"

"Well, he won't!" returned Rainey; "he'll go to law!"

"Let him!" cried Gaylor defiantly. "Get Hallowell to sign that will, and *I'll* go into court with him."

His bravado was suddenly attacked from an unexpected source.

"You'll go into court with him, all right," declared Mrs. Vance, "all of you! And if you don't want him to catch you," she cried, "you'll clear out, now! He's coming here any minute."

"Who's coming here?" demanded her husband.

"Winthrop," returned his wife, "to see Vera."

"To see Vera!" cried Vance, eagerly. "What about? About this morning?"

"No," protested Mabel, "to call on her. He's an old friend——"

In alarm Rainey pushed into the group of now thoroughly excited people. "Don't you believe it!" he cried. "If he's coming here, he's coming to give her the third degree——"

The door from the hall suddenly opened, was as suddenly closed, and Mannie slipped into the room. One hand he held up for silence; with the other he pointed at the folding doors.

"Hush!" he warned them. "He's in there! He says, he's come to call on Vera. She says, he's come professionally, and I must bring him in here. I've shut the door into the parlor, and you can slip upstairs, without his seeing you."

"Upstairs!" gasped Rainey, "not for me!" He appealed to Gaylor in accents of real alarm. "We must get away from this house," he declared. "If he finds *us* here—" with a gesture of dismay he tossed his hands in the air. Gaylor nodded. In silence, all, save Mannie, moved into the hall, and halted between the outer and inner doors of the vestibule. Gaylor turned to Vance. "Are you going to tell her," he asked, "that he is to be there tonight?"

"He'll tell her himself, now!"

"No," corrected Rainey; "he doesn't know yet there's to be a séance. Hallowell was writing the note when he left."

"Then," instructed Gaylor, "do not let her know until she arrives, until it will be too late for her to back out."

Vance nodded, and waiting until, from the back room he heard the voices of Mannie and Winthrop, he opened the front door and the two men ran down the steps into the street.

While the conspirators were hidden in the vestibule, Mannie had opened the folding doors, and invited Winthrop to enter the reception parlor.

"Miss Vera will be down in a minute," he said. "If you want your hand read," he added, pointing, "you sit over there."

As Winthrop approached the centre table, Mannie backed against the piano. The presence of the district-attorney at such short range, aroused in him many emotions. Alternately he was torn with alarm, with admiration, with curiosity. He regarded him apprehensively with a nervous and unhappy smile.

About the smile there was something that Winthrop found familiar, and, with one almost as attractive, he answered it.

"I think we've met before, haven't we?" he asked pleasantly.

Mannie nodded. "Yes, sir," he answered promptly. "At Sam Hepner's old place, on West Forty-fourth Street."

"Why, of course!" exclaimed the district-attorney.

"Don't you—don't you remember?" stammered Mannie eagerly. He was deeply concerned lest the distinguished cross-examiner should think, that from him, of his lurid past he could withhold anything. "I had my coat off—and *you* said you'd make it hot for me."

"Did I?" asked Winthrop with an effort at recollection.

"No, you didn't!" Mannie hastened to reassure him. "I mean, you didn't make it hot for me."

Winthrop laughed, and seated himself comfortably beside the centre table. "Well I'm glad of that," he said. "So our relations are still pleasant, then?" he asked.

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"I will not," she rebelled. "I hate it!"—Page 535.



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"Sure!" exclaimed Mannie heartily. "I mean—yes, sir."

Winthrop mechanically reached for his cigarette case, and then, recollecting, withdrew his hand.

"And how are the ponies running?" he asked.

The interview was filling Mannie with excitement and delight. He chuckled with pleasure. His fear of the great man was rapidly departing. Could this, he asked himself, be the "terror to evil-doers," the man whose cruel questions drove witnesses to tears, whose "third degree," sent veterans of the under-world staggering from his confessional box, limp and gasping?

"Oh, pretty well," said the boy; "seems as if I couldn't keep away from them. I got a good thing for to-day—Pompadour—in the fifth. I put all the money on her I could get together," he announced importantly, and then added frankly, with a laugh, "two dollars!" The laugh was contagious, and the district-attorney laughed with him.

"Pompadour," Winthrop objected, "she's one of those winter-track favorites."

"I know, but to-day," declared Mannie, "she win, sure!" Carried away by his enthusiasm, and by the sympathy of his audience, he rushed, unheeding, to his fate. "If you'd like to put a little on," he said, "I can tell you where you can do it."

The district-attorney stared and laughed. "You mustn't tell *me* where you can do it," he said.

Mannie gave a terrified gasp, and, for an instant, clapped his hands over his lips. "That's right;" he cried. "Gee, that's right! I'm such a crank on all kinds of sport, that I clean forgot!"

He gazed at the much-dreaded district-attorney with the awe of the new-born hero-worshipper. "I guess you are, too, hey?" he protested admiringly. "Vera was telling me you used to be a great ball tosser."

In the face of the district-attorney there came a sudden interest. His eyes lightened.

"How did she——"

"She used to watch you in Geneva," said Mannie; "playing with the college lads. I—I" he added consciously, "was a ball player myself once. Used to pitch for the Interstate League." He stopped abruptly.

"Interstate?" said Winthrop encouragingly. "You must have been good."

The enthusiasm had departed from the face of the boy. "Yes," he said, "but—" he smiled shame-facedly, "but I got taking coke, and they—" he finished with a dramatic gesture of the hand as of a man tossing away a cigarette.

"Cocaine?" said the district-attorney.

The boy nodded; and for an instant, the two men eyed each other, the boy smiling ruefully. The district-attorney shook his head. "My young friend," he said, "you can never beat *that* game!"

Mannie stared at him, his eyes filled with surprise.

"Don't you suppose," he said, simply, "that I know that better than you do?" With a boy's pride in his own incorrigibility he went on, boastingly; "Oh, yes," he said, "I used to be awful bad! Cocaine and all kinds of dope, and cigarettes, and whiskey—I was nearly all in—with morphine, it was then—till she took hold of me, and stopped me."

"She?" said Winthrop.

"Vera," said Mannie. "*She* made me stop. I *had* to stop. She started taking it herself."

"What!" cried Winthrop.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mannie, hastily, "I don't mean what you mean—I mean she started taking it to make *me* stop. She says to me, 'Mannie, you're killing yourself, and you got to quit it; and if you don't, every time you take a grain, I'll take two.' And she did! I'd come home, and she'd see what I'd been doing, and she'd up with her sleeves, and—" In horrible pantomime, the boy lifted the cuff of his shirt, and pressed his right thumb against the wrist of his other arm. At the memory of it, he gave a shiver, and with a blow, roughly struck the cuff into place. "God!" he muttered. "I couldn't stand it. I begged, and begged her not. I cried. I used to get down, in this room, on my knees. And each time she'd get whiter, and black under the eyes. And—and I *had* to stop. Didn't I?"

Winthrop moved his head.

"And now," cried the boy with a happy laugh, "I'm all right!" He appealed to the older man eagerly, wistfully. "Don't you think I'm looking better than I did that last time you saw me?"

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Suddenly they saw each other with a new and wonderful sympathy.—Page 548.

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Again, without venturing to speak, Winthrop nodded.

Mannie smiled with pride. "Everybody tells me so," he said. "Well, *she* did it. That's what she did for me. And, I can tell you," he said simply, sincerely, "there ain't anything I wouldn't do for her. I guess that's right, hey?" he added.

The eyes of the cruel cross-examiner, veiled under half-closed lids, were regarding the boy with so curious an expression that under their scrutiny, Mannie in embarrassment, moved uneasily. "I guess that's right," he repeated.

To his surprise, the district-attorney rose from his comfortable position and, leaning across the table, held out his hand. Mannie took it awkwardly.

"That's all right," he said.

"Sure, it's all right," said the district-attorney.

From the hall there was the sound of light, quick steps; and Mannie, happy to escape from a situation he did not understand, ran to the door.

"She's coming," he said. He opened the door, and as Vera entered, he slipped past her and closed it behind him.

Vera walked directly to the chair at the top of the centre table. She was nervous, and she was conscious that that fact was evident. To avoid shaking hands with her visitor, she carried her own clasped in front of her, with the fingers interlaced. She tried to speak in her usual suave, professional tone. "How do you do," she said.

But Winthrop would not be denied. With a smile that showed his pleasure at again seeing her, he advanced eagerly, with his hand outstretched. "How are *you?*" he exclaimed. "Aren't you going to shake hands with me?" he demanded. "With an old friend?"

Vera gave him her hand quickly, and then, seating herself at the table, picked up the ivory pointer.

"I didn't know you were coming as an old friend," she murmured embarrassedly. "You said, you were coming to consult Vera, the medium."

"But *you* said, that was the only way I could come," protested Winthrop. "Don't you remember, you said——"

Vera interrupted him. She spoke distantly, formally. "What kind of a reading do you want?" she asked. "A hand reading, or a crystal reading?"

Winthrop leaned forward in his chair, frankly smiling at her. He made no attempt to conceal the pleasure the sight of her gave him. His manner was that of a very old and dear friend, who, for the first time, had met her after a separation of years.

"Don't want any kind of a reading," he declared. "I want a talking. You don't seem to understand," he objected, "that I am making an afternoon call." His good-humor was unassailable. Looking up with a perplexed frown, Vera met his eyes and saw that he was laughing at her. She threw the ivory pointer down, and leaning back in her chair, smiled at him.

"I don't believe," she said doubtfully, "that I know much about afternoon calls. What would I do, if we were on Fifth Avenue? Would I give you tea?" she asked, "because," she added hastily, "there isn't any tea."

"In that case, it is not etiquette to offer any," said Winthrop gravely.

"Then," said Vera, "I'm doing it right, so far?"

They both laughed; Vera because she still was in awe of him, and Winthrop because he was happy.

"You're doing it charmingly," Winthrop assured her.

"Good!" exclaimed Vera. "Well, now," she enquired, "now we talk, don't we?"

"Yes," assented Winthrop promptly, "we talk about you."

"No, I—I don't think we do," declared Vera, in haste. "I think we talk about—Geneva." She turned to him with real interest. "Is the town much changed?" she asked.

As though preparing for a long talk, Winthrop dropped his hat to the floor and settled himself comfortably. "Well, it is, and it isn't," he answered. "Haven't you been back lately?" he asked.

Vera looked quickly away from him.

"I have never been back!" she answered. There was a pause and when she again turned her eyes to his, she was smiling. "But I always take the Geneva *Times*," she said, "and I often read that you've been there. You're a great man in Geneva."

Winthrop nodded gravely.

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"Whenever I want to be a great man," he said, "I go to Geneva."

"Why, yes," exclaimed Vera. "Last June you delivered the oration to the graduating class," she laughed, "on 'The College Man in Politics.' Such an original subject! And did you point to yourself?" she asked mockingly, "as the—the bright example?"

"No," protested Winthrop, "I knew they'd see that."

Much to her relief, Vera found that of Winthrop she was no longer afraid.

"Oh!" she protested, "didn't you say, 'twelve years ago, a humble boy played ball for Hobart College. That boy now stands before you'? Didn't you say that?"

"Something like that," assented the district-attorney. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "that young man who showed me in here; your confederate, or fellow-conspirator, or look-out man, or whatever he is—told me, you used to be a regular attendant at those games."

"I never missed one!" Vera cried. She leaned forward, her eyes shining, her brows knit with the effort of recollection.

"I used to tell aunt," she said, "I had to drive in for the mail. But that was only an excuse. Aunt had an old buggy, and an old white horse, called Roscoe Conkling. I called him 'Rocks.' He was blind in one eye, and he would walk on the wrong side of the road; you had to drive him on one rein." The girl was speaking rapidly, eagerly. She had lost all fear of her visitor. With satisfaction Winthrop recognized this; and unconsciously he was now frankly regarding the face of the girl with a smile of pleasure and admiration.

"And I used to tie him to the fence just opposite first base," Vera went on, excitedly, "and shout—for you!"

"Don't tell me," interrupted Winthrop, in burlesque excitement, "that you were that very pretty little girl, with short dresses and long legs; who used to sit on the top rail, and kick, and cheer."

Vera shook her head sternly.

"I was," she said; "but *you* never saw me."

"Oh, yes, we did," protested Winthrop. "We used to call you our mascot."

"No; that was some other little girl," said Vera firmly. "You never looked at *me*, and I—" she laughed, and then frowned at him reproachfully; "I thought you were —magnificent! I used to have your pictures in base-ball clothes pinned all around my looking-glass. And whenever you made a base hit, I'd shout and shout—and you'd never look at me! And one day—" she stopped, and as though appalled by the memory, clasped her hands— "Oh, it was awful!" she exclaimed; "one day a foul ball hit the fence, and I jumped down and threw it to you, and *you* said, 'Thank you, sis!' And I," she cried, "thought I was a young lady!"

"Oh! I couldn't have said that," protested Winthrop, "maybe I said, 'sister.'"

"No," declared Vera energetically shaking her head, "not 'sister,' 'sis.' And you never *did* look at me; and I used to drive past your house every day. We lived only a mile below you."

"Where?" asked Winthrop.

"On the lake road from Syracuse," said Vera. "Don't you remember the farm a mile below yours—the one with the red barn right on the road? Yes, you do," she insisted, "the cows were always looking over the fence right into the road."

"Of course!" exclaimed Winthrop delightedly. "Was that your house?"

"Oh, no," protested Vera; "ours was the little cottage on the other side——"

"With poplars round it?" demanded Winthrop.

"That's it!" cried Vera triumphantly; "With poplars round it."

"Why, I know that house well. We boys used to call it the haunted house."

"That's the one," assented Vera. She smiled with satisfaction. "Well, that's where I lived until aunt died," she said.

"And then, what?" asked Winthrop.

For a moment the girl did not answer. Her face had grown grave and she sat motionless, staring beyond her. Suddenly, as though casting her thoughts from her, she gave a sharp toss of her head.

"Then," she said, speaking quickly; "I went into the mills, and was ill there, and I wrote Paul and Mabel to ask if I could join them, and they said I could. But I was too ill, and I had no money—nothing. And, then," she raised her eyes to his and regarded him steadily; "then I stole that cloak to get the money to join them, and you—you helped me to get away, and—and——"

Winthrop broke in hastily. He disre-



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garded both her manner and the nature of what she had said.

"And how did you come to know the Vances?" he asked.

After a pause of an instant, the girl accepted the cue his manner gave her, and answered as before.

"Through my aunt," she said. "*She* was a medium too."

"Of course!" cried Winthrop. "I remember now. *That's* why we called it the haunted house."

"My aunt," said the girl, regarding him steadily and, with, in her manner, a certain defiance, "was a *great* medium. All the spiritualists in that part of the State used to meet at our house. I've witnessed some wonderful manifestations in that front parlor." She turned to Winthrop and smiled. "So, you see," she exclaimed, "I was born and brought up in this business. I am the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. My grandmother was a medium, my mother was a medium—she worked with the Fox sisters before they were exposed. But, my aunt," she added thoughtfully, judicially, "was the greatest medium I have ever seen. She did certain things *I* couldn't understand, and I know every trick in the trade—unless," she explained, "you believe the spirits helped her."

Winthrop was observing the girl intently, with a new interest.

"And you don't believe that?" he asked, quietly.

"How can I?" Vera said. "I was brought up with them." She shook her head and smiled. "I used to play around the kitchen stove with Pocahontas and Alexander the Great, and Martin Luther lived in our china closet. You see, the neighbors wouldn't let their children come to our house—so, the only playmates I had—were ghosts." She laughed wistfully. "My!" she exclaimed, "I was a queer, lonely little rat. I used to hear voices and see visions. I do still," she added. With her elbows on the arms of her chair, she clasped her hands under her chin and leaned forward. She turned her eyes to Winthrop and nodded confidentially.

"Do you know," she said, "sometimes I think people from the other world *do* speak to me."

"But you said," Winthrop objected, "you didn't believe."

"I know," returned Vera. "I can't!" Her voice was perplexed, impatient. "Why, I can sit in this chair," she declared earnestly, "and fill this room with spirit voices and rappings, and you sitting right there can't see how I do it. And yet, in *spite* of all the tricks, sometimes I believe there's something in it."

She looked at Winthrop, her eyes open with inquiry. He shook his head.

"Yes," insisted the girl. "When these women come to me for advice, I don't invent what I say to them. It's as though something told me what to say. I have never met them before, but as soon as I pass into the trance state I seem to know all their troubles. And I seem to be half in this world and half in another world—carrying messages between them. Maybe," her voice had sunk to almost a whisper; she continued as though speaking to herself, "I only *think* that. I don't know. I wonder."

There was a long pause.

"I wish," began Winthrop earnestly, "I wish you were younger, or I were older."

"Why?" asked Vera.

"Because," said the young man, "I'd like to talk to you—like a father."

Vera turned and smiled on him, securely, with frank friendliness. "Go ahead," she assented; "talk to me like a father."

Winthrop smiled back at her, and then frowned. "You shouldn't be in this business," he said.

The girl regarded him steadily.

"What's the matter with the business?" she asked.

Winthrop felt she had put him upon the defensive, but he did not hesitate.

"Well," he said, "there *may* be some truth in it. But we don't know that. We do know that there's a lot of fraud and deceit in it. Now," he declared warmly, "there's nothing deceitful about you. You're fine," he cried enthusiastically, "you're big! That boy who was in here told me one story about you, that showed——"

Vera stopped him sharply.

"What do you know of me?" she asked bitterly. "The first time you ever saw me, I was in a police court; and this morning—you heard that man threaten to put me in jail——"

In turn, by abruptly rising from his chair, Winthrop interrupted her. He pushed the

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chair out of his way, and, shoving his hands into his trousers' pockets, began pacing with long, quick strides up and down the room. "What do I care for that!" he cried contemptuously. He tossed the words at her over his shoulder. "I put lots of people in jail myself that are better than I am. Only, they won't play the game." He halted, and turned on her. "Now, you're not playing the game. This is a mean business; taking money from silly girls and old men. You're too good for that." He halted at the table and stood facing her. "I've got two sisters uptown," he said. He spoke commandingly, peremptorily. "And to-morrow I am going to take you to see them. And we fellow-townsmen," he smiled at her appealingly, "will talk this over, and we'll make you come back to your own people."

For a moment the two regarded each other. Then the girl answered firmly but with a slight hoarseness in her voice, and in a tone hardly louder than a whisper:

"You know I can't do that!"

"I don't!" blustered Winthrop. "Why not?"

"Because," said the girl steadily, "of what I did in Geneva."

As though the answer was the one he had feared, the man exclaimed sharply, rebelliously.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "You didn't know what you were doing. No decent person would consider that."

"They do," said the girl, "they are the very ones who do. And—it's been in the papers. Everybody in Geneva knows it. And here too. And whenever I try to get away from this—" she stretched out her hands to include the room about her—"*some one tells!* Five times, now." She leaned forward appealingly, not as though asking pity for herself, but as wishing him to see her point of view. "I didn't choose this business," she protested, "I was sort of born in it, and," she broke out, loyally, "I hate to have you call it a mean business; but I can't get into any other. Whenever I have, some man says, 'That girl in your front office is a thief.'" The restraint she put upon herself, the air of disdain which at all times she had found the most convenient defence, fell from her.

"It's not fair!" she cried; "it's not fair." To her mortification, the tears of self-pity sprang to her eyes, and as she fiercely tried to brush them away, to her greater anger, continued to creep down her cheeks. "It was nine years ago," she protested; "I was a child. I've been punished enough." She raised her face frankly to his, speaking swiftly, bitterly.

"Of course, I want to get away!" she cried. "Of course, I want friends. I've never had a friend. I've *always* been alone. I'm tired, tired! I hate this business. I never know how much I hate it until the chance comes to get away—and I can't."

She stopped, but without lowering her head or moving her eyes from his.

"This time," said the man quietly, "you're going to get away from it."

"I can't," repeated the girl. "*You* can't help me!"

Winthrop smiled at her confidently.

"I'm going to try," he said.

"No, please!" begged the girl. Her voice was still shaken with tears. She motioned with her head toward the room behind her.

"These are my people," she declared defiantly, as though daring him to contradict her. "And they are good people! They've tried to be good friends to me; and they've been true to me."

Winthrop came toward her and stood beside her; so close that he could have placed his hand upon her shoulder. He wondered, whimsically, if she knew how cruel she seemed in appealing with her tears, her helplessness and loveliness to what was generous and chivalric in him; and, at the same time, by her words, treating him as an interloper and an enemy.

"That's all right," he said gently. "But that doesn't prevent my being a good friend to you, too, does it? Or," he added, his voice growing tense and conscious—"my being true to you? My sisters will be here to-morrow," he announced briskly.

Vera had wearily dropped her arms upon the table and lowered her head upon them. From a place down in the depths, she murmured a protest.

"No," contradicted Winthrop cheerfully, "this time you are going to win. You'll have back of you, if I do say it, two of the best women God ever made. Only, now, you must do as I say." There was a pause. "Will you?" he begged.

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Vera raised her head slowly, holding her hand across her eyes. There was a longer silence, and then she looked up at him and smiled, pathetically, gratefully, and nodded.

"Good!" cried Winthrop. "No more spooks," he laughed, "no more spirit rappings."

Through her tears Vera smiled up at him a wan, broken smile. She gave a shudder of distaste. "Never!" she whispered, "I promise." Their eyes met; the girl's looking into his shyly, gratefully; the man's searching hers eagerly. And suddenly they saw each other with a new and wonderful sympathy and understanding. Winthrop felt himself bending toward her. He was conscious that the room had grown dark, and that he could see only her eyes. "You must be just yourself," he commanded, but so gently, so tenderly, that, though he did not know it, each word carried with it the touch of a caress, "just your sweet, fine, noble self!"

Something he read in the girl's uplifted eyes made him draw back with a shock of wonder, of delight, with an upbraiding conscience. To pull himself together, he glanced quickly about him. The day had really grown dark. He felt a sudden desire to get away; to go where he could ask himself what had happened, what it was that had filled this unknown, tawdry room with beauty, and given it the happiness of a home.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed nervously, "I had no idea I'd stayed so long. You'll not let me come again. Good-by—until to-morrow." He turned, holding out his hand and found that again the girl had dropped her face upon her arm, and was sobbing quietly, gently.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Winthrop. "What have I said?" The catch in the girl's voice as she tried to check the sobs, wrenched his heart. "Oh, please," he begged; "I've said something wrong? I've hurt you?" With her face still hidden in her arms, the girl shook her head.

"No, no!" she sobbed. Her voice, soft with tears, was a melody of sweet and tender tones. "It's only—that I've been so lonely—and you've made me happy, happy!"

The sobs broke out afresh, but Winthrop, now knowing that they brought to the girl peace, was no longer filled with dismay.

Her head was bent upon her left arm, her right hand lightly clasped the edge of the table. With the intention of saying farewell, Winthrop took her hand in his. The girl did not move. To his presence she seemed utterly oblivious. In the gathering dusk, he could see the bent figure, could hear the soft, irregular breathing as the girl wept gently, happily; like a child sobbing itself to sleep. The hand he held in his, neither repelled nor invited, and for an instant he stood motionless, holding it uncertainly. It was so delicate, so helpless, so appealing, so altogether lovable. It seemed to reach up, and, with warm, clinging fingers, clutch the tendrils of his heart.

Winthrop bent his head suddenly, and lifting the hand, kissed it; and then, without again speaking, walked quickly into the hall and shut the door. In the room the dusk deepened. Through the open windows came the roar of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, the insistent clamor of an electric hansom, the murmur of Broadway at night. The tears had suddenly ceased, but the girl had not moved. At last, slowly, stiffly, she raised her head. Her eyes, filled with wonder, with amazement, were fixed upon her hand. She glanced cautiously about her. Assured she was alone, with her other hand she lifted the one Winthrop had kissed and held it pressed against her lips.

The folding doors were thrown open, letting in a flood of light, and Mabel Vance entering swiftly, knelt at the table and bent her head close to Vera.

"That woman's in the hall," she whispered, "that niece of Hallowell's. Paul and Mannie can't get rid of her. Now, she's got hold of Winthrop. She says she *will* see you. Be careful!"

Vera rose. That Mabel might not see she had been weeping, she walked to the piano, covertly drying her eyes.

"What," she asked dully, "does she want with me?"

"About to-night," answered Mabel. She exclaimed fiercely, "I told them there'd be trouble!"

With Vance upon her heels, Helen Coates came in quickly from the hall. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit with indignation and excitement. In her hand she held an open letter.

As though to protect Vera, both Vance and his wife moved between her and their

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visitor, but, disregarding them, Miss Coates at once singled out the girl as her opponent.

"You are the young woman they call Vera, I believe," she said. "I have a note here from Mr. Hallowell telling me you are giving a séance to-night at his house. That you propose to exhibit the spirit of my mother. That is an insult to the memory of my mother, and to me. And I warn you, if you attempt such a thing, I will prevent it."

There was a pause. When Vera spoke it was in the tone of every-day politeness. Her voice was even and steady.

"You have been misinformed," she said. "There will be no séance to-night."

Vance turned to Vera, and, in a voice lower than her own, but sufficiently loud to include Miss Coates, said: "I don't think we told you that Mr. Hallowell himself *insists* that this lady and her friends be present."

"Her presence makes no difference," said Vera quietly. "There will be no séance to-night. I will tell you about it later, Paul," she added. She started toward the door, but Miss Coates moved as though to intercept her.

"If you think," she cried eagerly, "you can give a séance for Mr. Hallowell without my knowing it, you are mistaken."

Vera paused, and made a slight inclination of her head.

"That was not my idea," she said. She looked appealingly to Vance. "Is that not enough, Paul?" she asked.

"Quite enough!" exclaimed the man. He turned to the visitor and made a curt movement of the hand toward the open door.

"There *will* be a séance to-night," he declared. "*At* Mr. Hallowell's. If you wish to protest against it, you can do so there. This is my house. If you have finished—" He repeated the gesture toward the open door.

"I have not finished," said Miss Coates sharply; "and if you take my advice, you will follow *her* example." With a nod of the head she signified Vera. "When she sees she's in danger, she knows enough to stop. This is not a question of a few medium's tricks," she cried, contemptuously. "I know *all* that you planned to do, and I intend that to-morrow every one in New York shall know it too."

Like a cloak Vera's self-possession fell from her. In alarm she moved forward.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I have had you people followed pretty closely," said Miss Coates. Her tone was assured. She was confident that of those before her, she was the master, and that of that fact they were aware.

"I know," she went on, "just how you tried to impose upon my uncle—how you tried to rob *me*, and to-night I have invited the reporters to my house to give them the facts."

With a cry Vera ran to her.

"No!" she begged, "you won't do that. You must not do that!"

"Let her talk!" growled Vance. "Let her talk! She's funny."

"No!" commanded Vera. Her voice rang with the distress. "She cannot do that!" She turned to Miss Coates. "We haven't hurt you," she pleaded; "we haven't taken your money. I promise you," she cried, "we will never see Mr. Hallowell again. I beg of you——"

Vance indignantly caught her by the arm and drew her back. "You don't beg nothing of her!" he cried.

"I do," Vera answered wildly. She caught Vance's hand in both of hers. "I have a chance, Paul," she entreated; "don't force me through it again. I can't stand the shame of it again." Once more she appealed to the visitor. "Don't!" she begged. "Don't shame me."

But the eyes of the older girl, blind to everything save what, as she saw it, was her duty, showed no consideration.

Vera's hands, trembling on his arm, drove Vance to deeper anger. He turned savagely upon Miss Coates.

"You haven't lost anything, yet, have you?" he demanded. "She hasn't hurt you, has she? If it's revenge you want," he cried insolently, "why don't you throw vitriol on the girl?"

"Revenge!" exclaimed Miss Coates indignantly. "It is my duty. My public duty. I'm not alone in this; I am acting with the district-attorney. It is our duty." She turned suddenly and called, "Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Winthrop!"

For the first time Vera saw, under the gas jet, at the farther end of the hall, the figures of Mannie and Winthrop.

"No, no!" she protested; "I beg of you,"

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she cried, hysterically; "I've got a chance. If you print this thing to-morrow, I'll never have a chance again. Don't take it away from me." Impulsively her arms reached out in an eager, final appeal. "I'm down," she said simply, "give me a chance to get up."

When Miss Coates came to give battle to the Vances, she foresaw the interview might be unpleasant. It was proving even more unpleasant than she had expected, but her duty seemed none the less obvious.

"You should have thought of that," she said, "before you were found out."

For an instant Vera stood motionless, staring, unconsciously holding the attitude of appeal. But when, by these last words, she recognized that her humiliation could go no further, with an inarticulate exclamation she turned away.

"The public has the right to know," declared Miss Coates, "the sort of people you are. I have the record of each of you——"

From the hall Winthrop had entered quickly, but, disregarding him, Vance broke in upon the speaker, savagely, defiantly.

"Print 'em, then!" he shouted; "Print 'em!"

"I mean to;" declared Miss Coates; "yours, and hers, she——"

Winthrop placed himself in front of her, shutting her off from the others. He spoke in an earnest whisper:

"Don't!" he begged. "She has asked for a chance. Give her a chance."

Miss Coates scorned to speak in whispers.

"She has had a chance," she protested loudly. "She's had a chance for nine years; and she's *chosen* to be a charlatan and a cheat, and—" The angry woman hesitated, and then flung the word—"and a thief!"

In the silence that followed no one turned toward Vera; but as it continued unbroken each raised his eyes and looked at her.

They saw her drawn to her full height; the color flown from her face, her deep, brooding eyes, flashing. She was like one, by some religious fervor, lifted out of herself, exalted. When she spoke her voice was low, tense. It vibrated with tremendous, wondering indignation.

"Do you know *who* I am?" she asked. She spoke like one in a trance. Not as though of her own will, but as though repeating words given her to say. "Do you know *who* you are threatening with your police and your laws? I am a priestess! I am a medium between the souls of this world and the next. I am Vera—the Truth! And, I mean—" the girl cried suddenly, harshly, flinging out her arm, "that you shall hear the truth! To-night, I will bring your mother from the grave to speak it to you!"

With a swift, sweeping gesture, she pointed to the door. "Take those people away!" she cried.

The eyes of Winthrop were filled with pity.

"Vera!" he said, "Vera!"

For an instant, against the tenderness and reproach in his voice the girl held herself motionless; and then, falling upon the shoulder of Mrs. Vance, burst into girlish, heart-broken tears.

"Take them away," she sobbed; "take them away!"

Mannie Day and Vance closed in upon the visitors, and motioning them before them, drove them from the room.

(To be concluded.)

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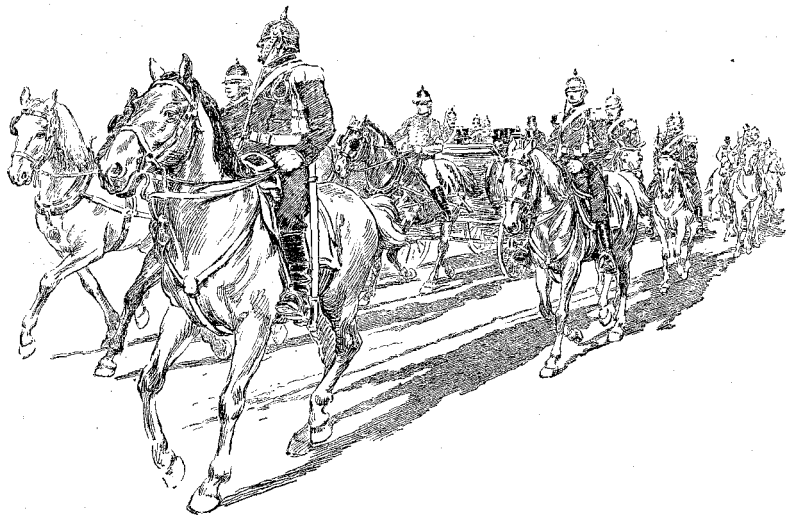

Guard around Mr. Root on the way to the races, Buenos Aires.

# THE CITY OF GOOD AIRS

## BEING IMPRESSIONS OF BUENOS AIRES

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY W. J. AYLWARD, VERNON HOWE BAILEY AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A mounted policeman.

As we were walking home one night along the Alameda in Santiago, I suggested to the young English engineer, whom I had just met at dinner, that after his six months in the mines it must seem good to get back to town again. He agreed that it did, but added that after all there wasn't much in Santiago for a man like him. He had been buried in a wilderness of snow and rocks, without even a Spanish newspaper to give him a whisper from the world, and he came down from the mountains with emotions not unlike those of a ravening wolf who suddenly finds himself approaching a well-nourished lamb-chop. And he heaved a great sigh and asked if I knew Buenos Aires.

"Buenos Aires!" he repeated, in that fond enthusiasm which overtakes men who have dined pleasantly and are walking home under the stars together, and as this seemed the proper time for that banality, I said that I supposed that it was the Paris of South America.

"Paris!" he cried, "Why, man! There's more life in a minute in Buenos Aires than —why, you talk about Paris—Buenos Aires is Paris given a kick and told to wake up, that's what Buenos Aires is!"

He meant, I suppose, not that Buenos Aires is the second Latin city in the world; not its schools and hospitals and well-kept streets, its convenient trolley-lines and excellent newspapers; not the wheat and cattle that pour thence from the Argentine *pampa* to help feed the European cities—but that it supplied with particular effectiveness the needs of a voracious young Saxon who had been spending six hard months in the frozen Andes, trying to keep a lot of



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Chilean *rotos* from drinking and knifing each other to death. He could see, I dare say, over the trees of that quiet Alameda, beyond the Andean wall which shut in our little Chilean world, the Jockey Club "Hippodrome" on a Sunday afternoon; the "Corso" in the Avenida Sarmiento with its crush of carriages moving four rows deep and the horsetail helmets and cuirassier's breast-plates of the mounted police shining in the afternoon sun; the victorias and shimmering parasols flowing through the Recoleta, or the Calle Florida ablaze with lights; the "Sportsman" at dinner time, crowded with men, with a band booming in the balcony, and on the wall biograph pictures of steeple-chasers and Oriental dancers; theatres, the opera, possibly some such sailor's paradise as that vast steely-blue barn of a Casino, with its *art nouveau* nymphs and sizzling arc lamps, where French *chanteuses* and Spanish *ballarinas* and German acrobats and tumblers and English music-hall performers follow one another in dizzy profusion, and a great mob smokes and shouts its comments in every language under the sun.

It is a thumping, cheerful sort of place, this Casino—about what our Carnegie Music Hall might be if it were turned into a *Folies-Bergere*. The Five Broadway Girls appeared the night I was there. They wore blonde wigs, to show that they were "Ingles," and sang in a strange, half-Cockney dialect, not quite like anything else ever heard on sea or land. For an encore one of them threw on a black velvet princesse gown and while the others, aided by parasols and old-fashioned hoop-skirts, danced a comic background, she paraded along the footlights—"*font valoir des lignes plûtot appétisantes*," as the reporter of *La Divette* put it in his review that week, "*Je vous dis que c'est à voir*"—and panted for an explanation of why it was that they called her a Gibson Girl. She did not make a very good Gibson Girl, but she looked well in her black dress, nevertheless, and the audience liked it exceedingly. And as she undulated along the footlights to their applause, it struck me that this—to have one's drawings sung about by a lady in a blonde wig, sandwiched in between a Neapolitan *cantante* and a troupe of international wrestlers, thirty-four degrees south of the Equator before an audience that yelled its approval in three or four languages was what a mere North American artist might well call fame.

Or he even may have seen, beyond those snowy, silent Andes, the garish front of the "Royal," which lies round the corner from the Casino and just across from the Opera, so that the *niñas* and their richly upholstered Mammas may wonder at its lithographs and watch the strange men drifting thither as their carriages wait in line. The orators tell you that South America is the future home of the Latin races, as North America will be the home of the Saxons. In such a place as the "Royal," and in music halls like it on the East Coast, one feels as though the hard law of competition had already got in its work and driven hither all the spangled ladies who were unable to keep an engagement in Paris or Naples or Madrid, and whose only art is the ability to articulate a few songs and keep a bodice on while continually giving the impression that it is about to fall off. On the little stage of the "Royal" they follow one another in melancholy procession, each in the same kind of strapless bodice and stiff, spangle-encrusted skirt, and with the same wriggling of powdered shoulders and pressing of hands to the heart, rattle off French songs that all sound exactly alike. *Chanteuses, diseuses, gommeuses excentriques* they ambitiously call themselves, and if they can sing a few words in broken English or German, add an "*internacional*" or "*cosmopolita*." The audience smokes and stares, cynical, indifferent, scarcely taking the trouble to applaud, and as their foolish little turns are finished they resume their street clothes and return to the boxes that encircle the parquet, there to survey critically, occasionally even to applaud those who come after and now and then to smile at one another across the smoky horseshoe in their curious *camaraderie*. You will see them again on the French liner going north, in steamer chairs billed to São Paulo or Rio, veiled from the ocean sunshine with the solicitude of the real *artiste* and treated with much half-shy, half-jocular attention by the younger officers. Here, in the metropolis they make almost a little half-world, which drives with the great world at Palermo, or in the late afternoon through Florida, and has its own little paper in which the charms of Suzanne and Lucy and Blondine and Par-

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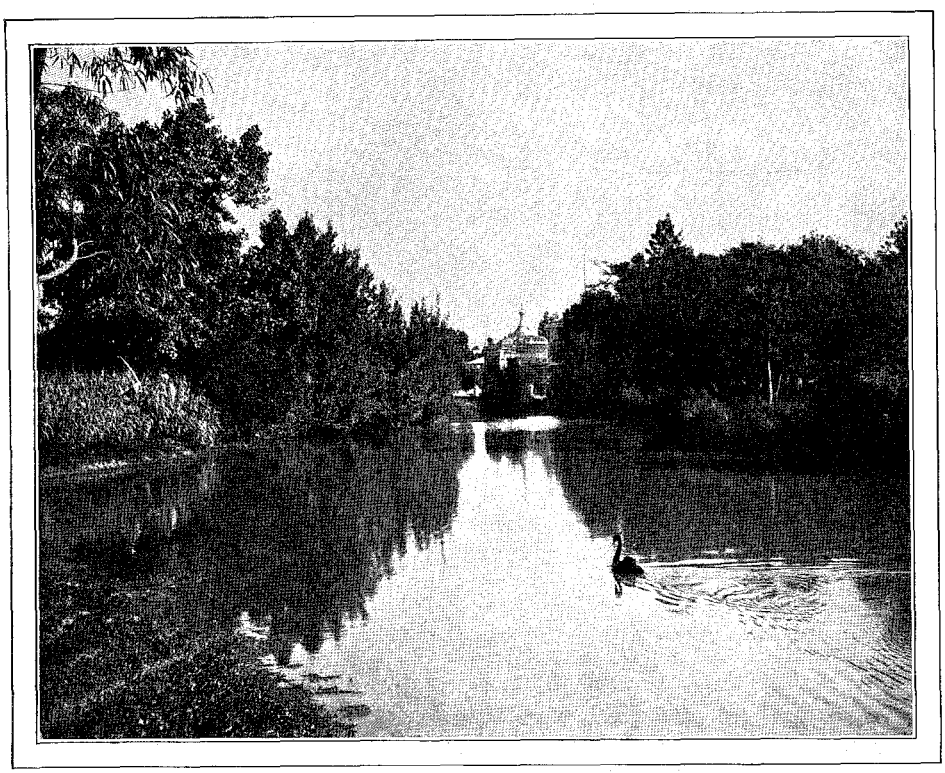

In the Botanical Gardens.

isette—"*triple extrait de chic et de chair, fleuri sur l'asphalte de la grande ville*"—are analyzed with intimate enthusiasm, and their goings and comings chronicled as solemnly as the movements of fleets and armies.

Of course there are other things in Buenos Aires. There are, for instance, over a million busy people to a majority of whom, probably, all this means as little as Broadway, in its narrower sense, means to the greater part of New York. And there is the country itself, from which, more or less directly, these people live and of which it is the hub and heart, in a way that no North American city begins to be; not impassible mountain ranges nor frosty plateau nor miasmic jungle, but level, fertile prairie like Kansas and Nebraska, webbed with railroads and covered with wheat-fields and cattle. Argentina is the fourth wheat producing country—in a good year it sends as much to Europe as is sometimes sent from the United States—and its vast *pampa* and a climate which, although temperate, provides "green" feed all the year round, make it one of our strong rivals in supplying meat to Europe. Some one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat were raised on these plains last year. To Europe from the *pampa estancias* in 1906 went nearly 3,000,000 sheep and over 2,000,000 quarters of beef, in the form of frozen or chilled meat, in addition to some seven thousand tons of "jerked" beef, and some forty thousand sheep and cattle shipped on the hoof. And practically all of the resulting commerce flows to and from the Buenos Aires docks. They are trim, these docks, masonry basins strung with electric cranes as thick as shade trees on a street. Well over a thousand oversea steamships and some three hundred oversea sailing vessels—thirteen thousand altogether, counting in the coasters—arrive in the year.

And not even New York's wharves, with their far vaster commerce, give such a picture of the vivid bustle and infinite whispering of the sea. For at home, as you ride down West Street, for instance, all you see is a big bow now and then heaving up above



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the dock-shed and each looks much like another, whether the ship be of seven or twenty thousand tons. But here they stretch out in all their broadside length, with no sheds set between, funnel behind funnel, white bridge towering behind white bridge, as far as one can see, as though very kindly arranged by some municipal Mr. Brangwyn. And one walks along this wonderful street of nations, looking into holds and cabins and forecastle ports as into so many shop windows. Here are Royal Mails from England—the aristocrats of these seas, which swim up and down across the tropics with music and folks dressing for dinner; the big German "Cap" boats—"Cap Ortegal," "Cap Frio" and the rest; the French and Spanish and Italian liners which bring down champagne and apératifs and opera companies and automobiles, and steerages packed with immigrants from Genoa and Marseilles and Barcelona and Bordeaux. One moment the electric cranes are swinging overhead steel bridges in bolted sections out of a Newcastle freighter and you listen to Cockney and Scotch, the next you step plump onto a little island, magically detached from Italy or Spain, or into the smell of Brazilian coffee just from Santos, or of a river boat full of oranges just come down the Parana from Paraguay. These oranges are from the very trees, like enough, which the Dictator Lopez made his people plant when they were fighting the combined armies of Brazil and Uruguay and Argentina. They fought as though they were defending the sacredest principle on earth instead of merely laying down their lives for a gifted young man who had a European education, a French mistress and the idea that he was another Napoleon. For five years they fought until it was almost literally true that there were no men left in Paraguay and nothing in the country but women and children and oranges. The women cultivated these to keep their children alive and it was they and the orange trees which saved Paraguay and put it on its feet. At the granaries, taking in cattle or beef, are ships with such names as "Highland Laddie," "Beacon Grange," "Tremaine," and "Wistow Hall"—you can fairly hear their winch engines singing—"*The West Wind called: In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly, That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.*" Here's "Admiral Gallendraza de Lamouraix," stout "Baron Bergen" of Antwerp, "José Gallart" of Barcelona with the Spanish arms on his funnel and flying the yellow and red of Spain—ships and flags from all the seven seas, indeed, except from home.

There are, as I said, many other things. There are suburbs, where, of a Sunday morning, with bells ringing from the little ivy-covered English church and the little girls tripping to Sunday-school in their dress-up ribbons and freshly starched dresses, you might almost be in England. It seems a long way to Arequipa and La Paz and the mouldering old cathedrals of Peru. One may go out to Hurlingham, and, surrounded by English-speaking people, play tennis and golf and polo, even follow the hounds; or up to Tigre, on the river, and sail or paddle or watch an eight-oared crew. There is a very superior Zoo. A baby elephant was there when I was in Buenos Aires, and as he was the first elephant who could claim to be an Argentine, he was very important indeed. His growth and behavior were commented on at length in the newspapers and every sunny afternoon you might see the Hindoo temple and little park in which he and his parents lived, surrounded by critical loungers and children and nurses, with the caps and long veils which, after the French fashion, the polite *crianderas* wear. As far as the merely material things of a modern city go, Buenos Aires gathers to itself all the South American superlatives. Lima is a little old Spanish town in comparison, Rio Janeiro, with all its beauty, a city of the tropics with all that implies of drowsiness and lethargy. Many of those hundred-and-one little marks of the great city it has—hurrying crowds, sophisticated, uncurious, each unit knowing its own place and moving in its orbit; tired little milliners' maids with their hatboxes, quiet regions of wealth, where, occasionally, from mysterious interiors, pale men-servants in livery emerge at the servants' entrance to blink moodily at the bright sunshine. There are downtown restaurants with chops and steaks in the windows, and beginning actually to have the time-worn, comfortable look of coats worn to their wearers' shapes and the smell of chop-houses at home. Even the motormen look worried.

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*Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey from a photograph.*

Avenida de Mayo.

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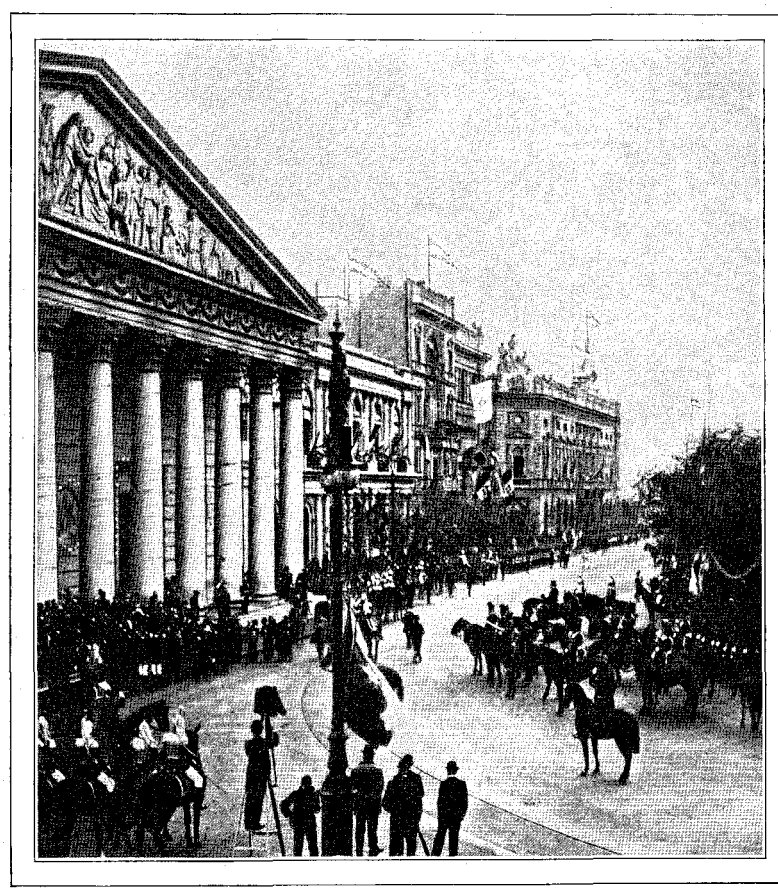
Every great city has, however, above these common phenomena, a certain overtone, generally caught by outsiders, although inaudible to its own. And the Buenos Aires that one hears about in other corners of the world, from the man one meets in the steamship smoking-room, the young naval officer who touched there on his first foreign cruise, is always this town of strident pleasure, this Paris *d'un coup à pied*. It may not connote a very profound nor appreciative observation, but it is quite true, as far as it goes, to that general individuality which differentiates the metropolis from other South American capitals. For here is what might be were a million mixed Latins lifted bodily oversea, and, retaining all their love of pleasure and display, freed from the intangible dusty weights of an ancient civilization, from the languors of tropical Rio, from the isolation which has kept Lima a city of old Spain, set down in a temperate climate and allowed to build a city to suit themselves. The city of Good Airs was founded nearly four centuries ago, but the Buenos Aires of to-day is as new as Chicago. Here, in the Avenida de Mayo, is a Parisian boulevard, with its lamps, trees, newspaper kiosks—"*Le Rire*" hanging beside the "Caras y Caretas"—but where are the *boulevardiers?* Here is the musical old tongue of Spain, but the barred windows and fortressed walls and musty cathedrals are long since overgrown and forgotten in a jumble of French façades and *art nouveau*.

Of the six million people which Argentina is estimated to contain, probably half were foreign born. Society, in the narrower sense, is limited to some Sixty Families, but there is no such aristocracy of blood as there is in Spanish Peru, no such approxi-



In front of the Cathedral—main plaza.

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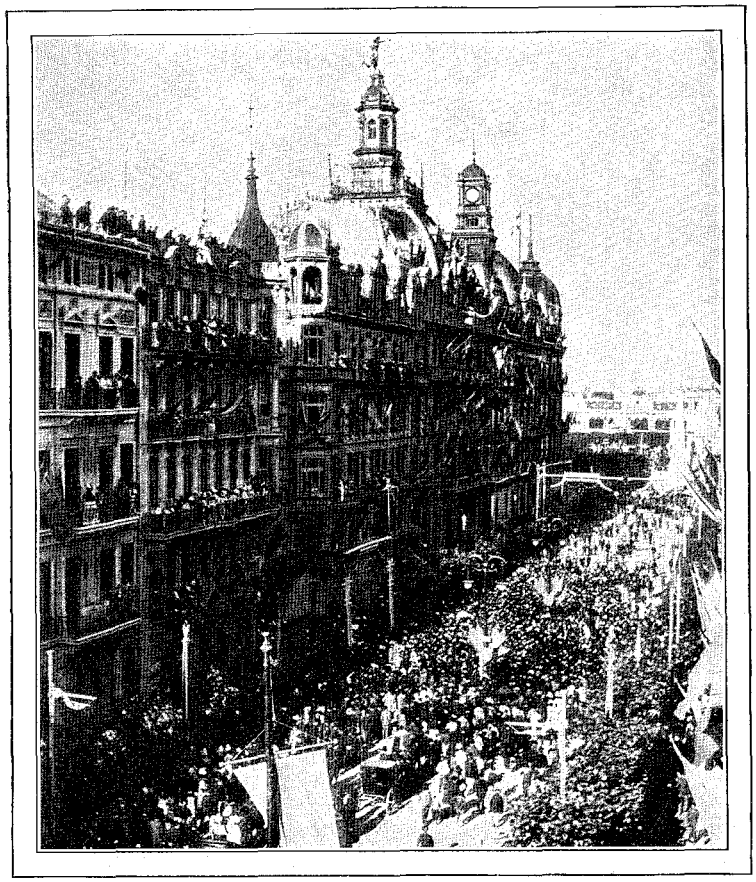

In front of the "Prensa" Building during Mr. Root's reception.

mation to a national literature and music as in Portuguese Brazil. People came to Argentina to make money and they made it, and having done that they flock to the capital to spend it as pleasantly as they can. The typical *Bonarense*—whom one's Argentine friends may, of course, not resemble, any more than all North Americans look like Uncle Sam—has the air and tastes of the new-rich. He is great on lacquered boots and high collars and the upturned black moustache—or, by the same token, highly finished complexions and coiffeures—and a droll sort of pompous ennui—traits which the French sum up in their word "rastoquero." It was a Parisian, indeed, who coined the word "rastopolis" to suggest to his friends at home his first impressions of Buenos Aires. There is something almost hypnotic in the effect on the *Bonarenses* of such words as *gran*, *lujo*, *inmenso*. The races are always that *gran reunion sportiva*, every bride of a well-known family is one of *nuestras bellezas mas renombradas;* when you go to a party you enter *al inmenso* hall and climb *la gran escalera* and your hostess is certain to be one of our *lujosas señoras*.

And yet, in spite of all the solemn affectation and ambitious glitter, you never quite miss the feeling of the great, open, wholesome *pampa* just beyond the city roofs. On your way from the bank to the steamship office, only a step from the stock exchange, you walk through Tattersall's, between rows of Durhams and Herefords, with pedigrees and prizes hanging on the doors of their pens, and Cockney grooms rubbing them down and hissing between their teeth. In more tropical South America, milk, unless safely boiled, is almost unknown; here, tiled dairy lunches are



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scattered all over town and people drop in for the little caramel slabs of *dulce de leche*, just as they spend pennies for slot-machine chocolate at home. There is always good roast beef and steaks, good cream and butter, and the *pampa* partridges are as cheap as our ordinary chicken. In the busy street with its pastry shops and *peluquerias* you can almost seem to smell the wind blowing in from the open range; beyond the smoke and glare of the music hall, freshening and transmuting it, lies always the vision of the *pampa*, endlessly rich, moist, fertile, immeasurable. And all these lacquered papas and richly upholstered mammas become rather wholesome farmers or shop-keepers, who have made a quick clean-up of it and are now having their holiday. At their best, they are really quite splendid, at the worst theirs is an amusing and rather exhilarating vulgarity.

Nothing so well gathers up and visualizes the various ingredients of this individuality as the Jockey Club races and the "Corso," the Avenida Sarmiento afterward on a bright Sunday afternoon. It is in character that the Jockey Club should be the most widely known social organization of Buenos Aires. The exclusive club is, of course, the "Circulo de Armas," or "Circulo," as it is generally called. Only native Argentinians may belong to it and there, to-day, is effected the political manœuvre of which you read in the papers next week or next month. The Jockey Club, however, is where the stranger is put up, its marble entrance stair and statue of Diana, its luxurious baths and fencing rooms are town show-places, and when Mr. Root came, for instance, it was the Jockey Club and not a club with a commercial or political name which naturally prepared to give the great ball. Its race track, or "Hipodromo," is in Palermo, at the end of the city's politest avenue, and thither the city's torrent pours on a great day, in much the same social brilliance, and dominated by much the same collective enthusiasm, with which a purely Spanish population pours toward the bull fight.

". . . From an early hour the *Avenida Alvear* presented a more than ever animated overture to that great spectacle which unrolled itself in the Hipodromo. In the brilliant sun of an afternoon, golden and gentle, a torrent of vehicles, interminable, rumbling, discharged themselves into the course, covering the Avenue and all its length with movement, reflections and noise. A dull, incessant rumbling—broken only by the crack of whips and the hoarse and nervous snorting of automobiles, ravenously pushing their impertinent snouts in between the multitude of carriages—vibrated for hours under a cloud of dust raised and spread by the steady stream of vehicles which, fighting for their places, arrived and spread out in kaleidoscopic movement, full of vibrations and prismatic reflections"—thus the gifted *cronista* of "El Diario," in a rolling Castilian which these jerky words can but faintly suggest, the day Mr. Root was there. I watched the procession that afternoon, at the turn where the *Avenida Alvear* curves into the *Recoleta*, until the lancers and cuirassiers came galloping down the asphalt clearing the way. They poured by at a quick trot—innumerable young men, one hand on the cane, one twirling upward the eternal black moustache; lacquered victorias with silver bells on the tongues and Marcelled ladies under shimmering parasols, fighting the way with rickety old hired hacks bearing tourists or on-shore sailors; many smug family chariots—Papa and Mamma, overdressed and rather pudgy, with expressionless faces; facing them, riding backwards, the two little girls, sitting very straight, like expensive dolls, their little legs, bare above half-stockings, doubled under the seat as stiff as any coachman's.

". . . All Buenos Aires poured toward the Hipodromo. Above this swift and restless caravan the spirit of the *fiesta* floated and laughed in an atmosphere gilded by the autumnal sun. It was a lavish spectacle of contentment, of spirits absorbed for the moment in the coming sport—regulars eager to try their *palpitos*, simple-minded folk who carried the "sure-thing" safely tucked away in their pocket. Dreamers of fortune, these, lulled by the music of the trot. And out of the vague intonation of all this multitude there came, here and there, like a breath of fresh air, the glimpses fluttering, elegant, of luxurious carriages carrying radiantly dressed ladies, the luminous note of undulating ribbons and plumes standing out like a spring-like, feminine bouquet against the black mass of those absorbed by the passion of sport. . . ."

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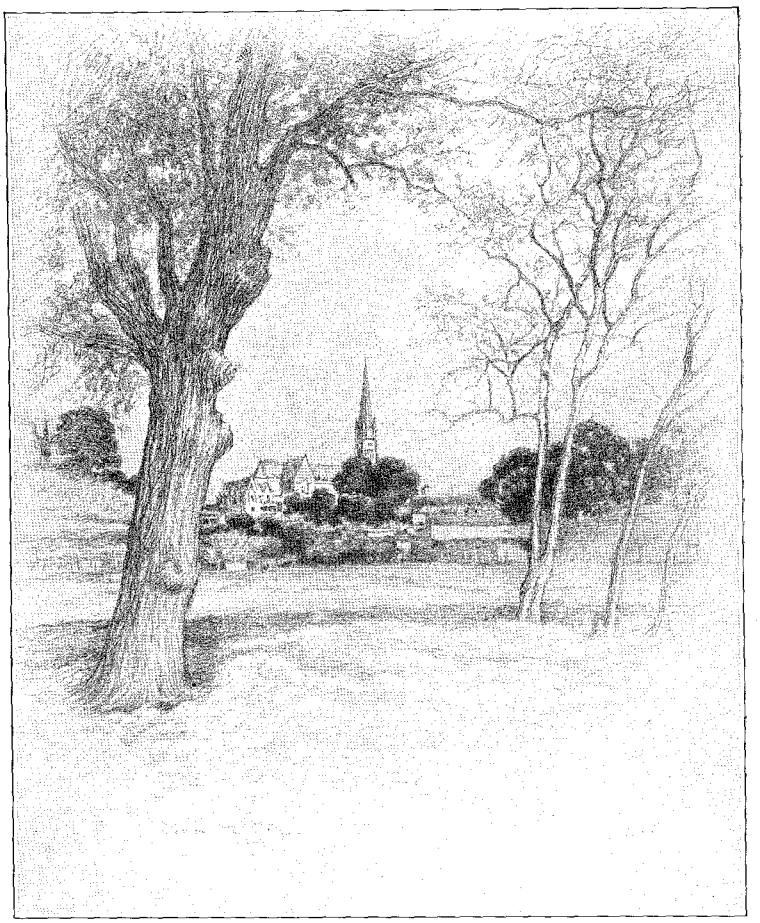

A church in the suburbs of Buenos Aires.

During the races this army of carriages was lined up along the curb facing the middle of the street, for blocks, with mounted police at intervals like cavalry officers. The instant the races were over this stiff line kaleidoscoped again and everybody pelted away toward the Avenida Sarmiento, there to file round and round between the palms and indulge that passion for staring which is one of the common heritages of city crowds. At rare intervals in this "Corso" passed a group that might have been lifted out of Lima, one of those families—in black generally—whose faces were fashioned after the same fine patrician model, with marvellously white skin, vivid black hair and great dark eyes with eyebrows that might have been pencilled by a Japanese. There is an expression in such faces which reminds one grotesquely of a bloodhound, with his dome-shaped head and drooping melancholy eyes. Beautiful they often were at the same time, and infinitely sad—even the little girls with their quaintly barbarous tiny diamond earrings and the little boys in patent-leather sailor hats—until the black they wore seemed naturally to belong to them, as if, in all this new-rich riot, they wandered lonely, sorrowing for the forgotten days of Spain. More often, however, it was but a procession of expensive human upholstery—smug fathers, contented looking matrons, like Italian orange-women fallen into a fortune, crowding four lines deep, in a sort of splendid lacquered chaos. And the young engineer in from the "bush" and the steamship's under officers fresh from sea, roaming hungrily about in their hired victorias,



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drink this in, too, and tell you afterward—and I imagine with truth—that there is nothing quite like it in the world.

Before Buenos Aires covered as much ground as it does to-day, the *Calle Florida*, now the polite downtown shopping street, was the scene of the carriage parade, and, with characteristic conservatism—as if in New York, carriages should go down from Central Park at twilight and file solemnly through Twenty-third Street—the "Corso" really ends by crowding through this business street. It is only wide enough for two rows of carriages, one going down and one up, so close together that the occupants might almost shake hands with one another or with the spectators on the sidewalk, and when festooned from end to end with lights, as it was when Mr. Root was there, it glares and sparkles like a ball-room. And in this relentless glare, from the lights overhead, from milliners' and *patisserie* windows, the strange procession of faces flows jerkily by—powdery old ladies, blinking in the shelter of their broughams, tourists and on-shore sailors, quiet, oblivious mothers with their children, the *chanteuses* from the music halls lolling back in their victorias and lavishing smiles. The young men smile back, with cynical good humor, twirling their black moustachios the while, and the line flows on past the Grand Hotel, the Jocky Club, past the "Sportsman" and into the Avenida again, round and round, till dinner time comes, and it melts away.

This witching hour having arrived, what vague premonitory rays of the evening's possibilities begin to flash up from behind the imminent horizon of food? Imagine yourself stepping to the newspaper kiosk at the corner of Florida and the Avenida and there running an eye down the column of theatre announcements—in this "El Diario" of August 17, for instance, in the closing days of the Buenos Aires season. First of all, of course, is the opera, which means, socially, just what it does at home, except that "grand" opera, as we quaintly describe it, comes in the south equatorial winter—that is to say, in July and August. German music is not much enjoyed, but all the familiar Italian and French operas are given and the Italian companies generally contain at least a few thrifty singers who are to be heard at the Metropolitan a few months later on. The house is not so large as that vast and gloomy auditorium and the spectacle not so much "grand" as it is pretty—*linda* and *preciosa*, as the South Americans say. Everything, even to the scene-shifters, in their white stockings and powdered wigs, seems arranged to make a neat and well-ordered picture. The two lower tiers of boxes which enclose the parquet in the continental fashion, leaving no place for "standees," are adorned by members of the Families. The third tier is one black-and-white horseshoe of men; the fourth, women, most of whom are in street dress, and in the balcony above are herded the encore fiends, hissers and general trouble-makers. The boxes of the two lower tiers are shallower and more open than those in the Metropolitan and the ladies who—perhaps because of the Spanish habit of leaving social gayeties to the unmarried—seem younger than our veteran houris, sit close together facing the rail, much as though they were in the front row of the balcony. Everyone seems to be intimately acquainted with everyone else, the red and gold of the walls mellows and enriches this vivacious horseshoe like the crimson hangings of a portrait gallery, and there is about the whole something at once brilliant and all-in-the-family which is charming to see.

After *the* opera season is over, and often even during it, less ambitious opera may be heard at various theatres in town. The "San Martin," for instance, announces the opening to-morrow evening of its season of French opera-comique; in another fortnight, the spring "grand" opera season begins at the Teatro Marconi—an Italian company and a repertoire of thirty operas—while even the Opera itself is presently to be turned over to a George Edwardes London Gaiety Company for twenty performances of musical comedy. Here, too, on Sunday evening next, the Italian actress, Tina di Lorenzo, begins her Buenos Aires engagement with "Magda." To-night, at the Odeon—a theatre filling about the same position as our New Lyceum—Mme. Suzanne Despres, with Mme. Larparcerie-Richepin and a Paris company play "Denise;" at the Politeama Argentino—a sort of Hammerstein's—Fregoli, the lightning-change man, gives his farewell performance; at the "Teatro Nacional," Señor Podesta's Argentine company presents several one-act Argentine plays—and so on

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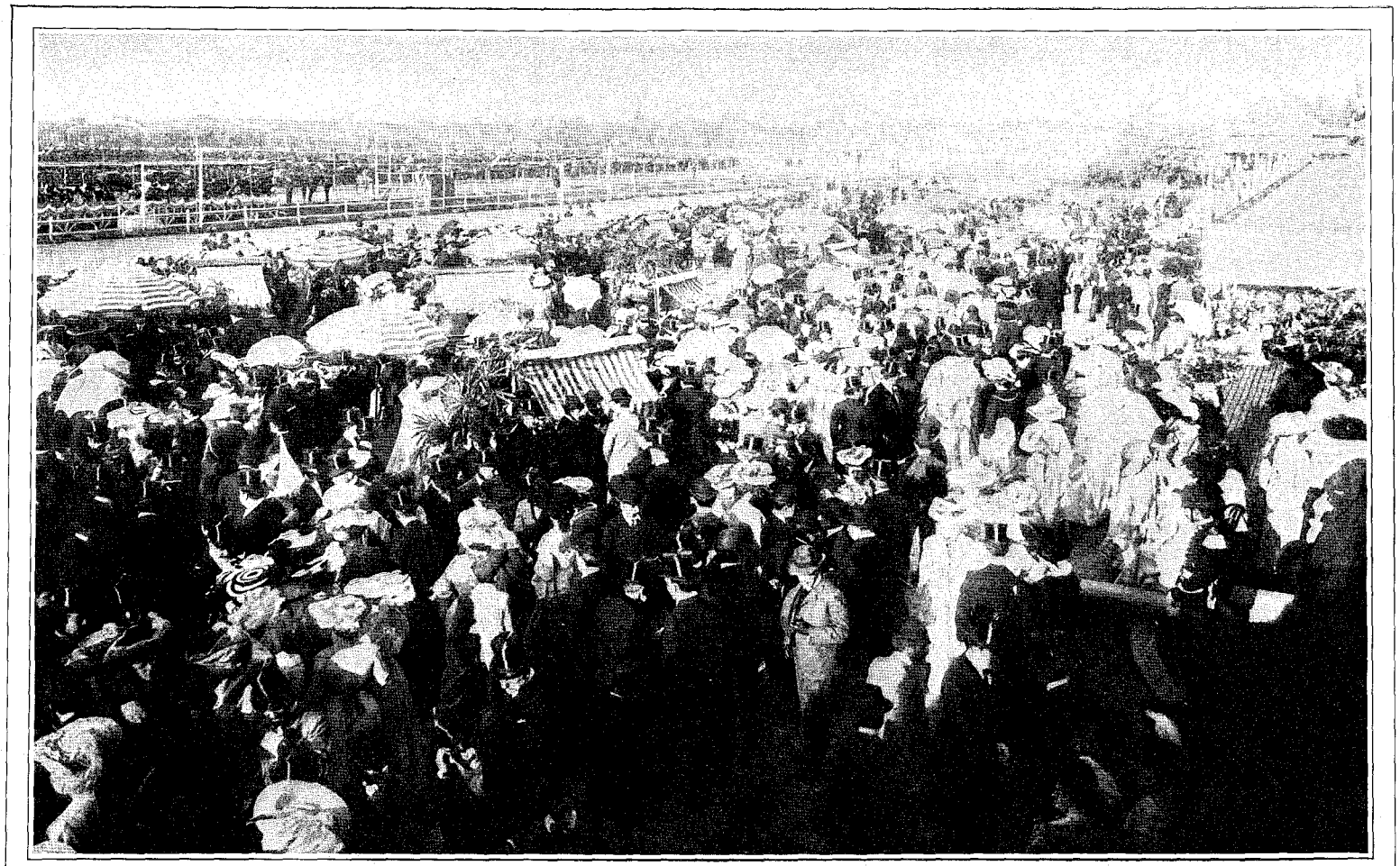

The Jockey Club Hippodrome on a Sunday afternoon.

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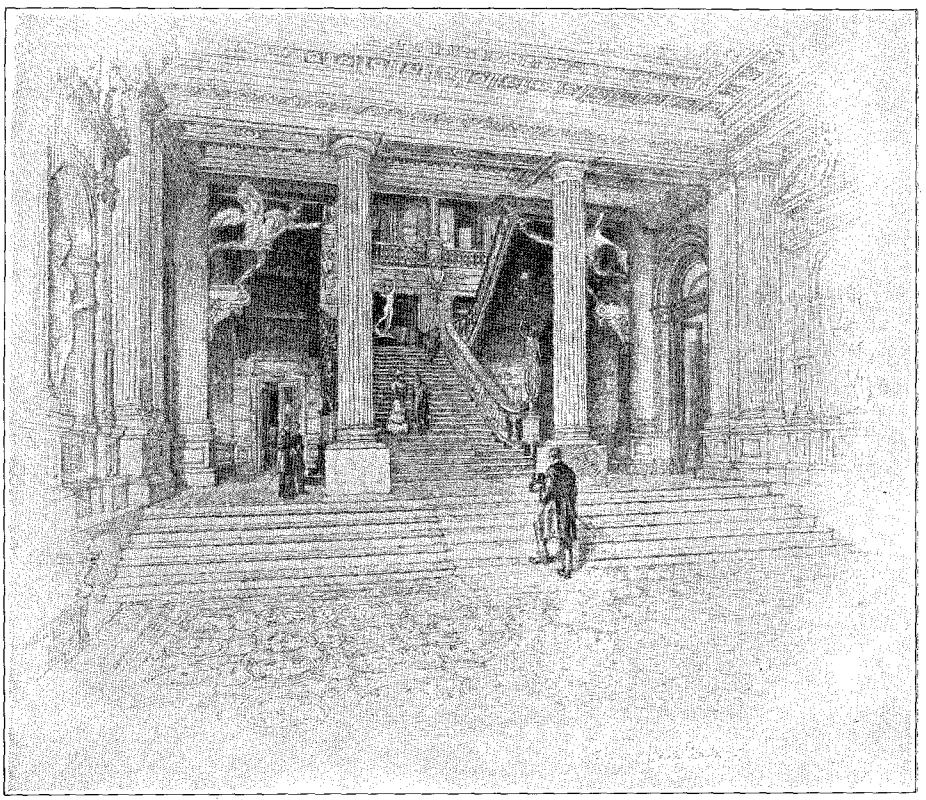

The interior of the Jockey Club.

down a variegated list including Italian farce, Spanish *zarzuelas*, a boy musical-prodigy at Prince George's Hall, and even a polite indoor circus at the Coliseo Argentino of Mr. Frank Brown. A great fuss is being made, you will observe, over the coming visit of Otero—direct from Paris, with M. Jacquinet, the famous mimic, and a company picked from the Gymnase, Vaudeville, Athenee and Capucine.

This interesting lady had just sailed when I was in Buenos Aires, and on all the bill-boards, in gigantic handwriting, was scrawled the impressive sentence: "*Je suis parti avec ma compagnie*—Otero." When her ship touched at Teneriffe this was changed to "*j'arriverai le vingt-trois*—Otero," and when she reached Montivideo, a night's journey from the metropolis, all the blank walls and bill-boards bore, above her signature, the single orphic word "*Demain!*" I had to leave Buenos Aires before the first performance, but I was told afterward—as a proof of the sophistication of the Bonarenses—that in spite of her inspired press-agent and a rather sparkling past, La bella Otero's visit, as far as the general public was concerned, fell quite flat.

It is, indeed, not a public altogether easy to please. It finds, of course, much amusement in *zarzuelas* and Latin farce which would bore a North American audience, and it is satisfied with things which those accustomed to the elaborate finish and attention to detail which characterize New York and London "productions," even when there is no art in the acting, would find crude and slovenly. There are the same general differences here that there are, for instance, between the "Merchant of Venice" put on by Mr. Southern and that acted by Novelli. But they have a critical instinct common to Latins, the great Continental artists—Bernhardt, Coquelin, Réjane, Novelli and the like—are as likely to visit the Argentine as the States, and many who do not come here at all, but are of the first, or all but the first, rank in their own



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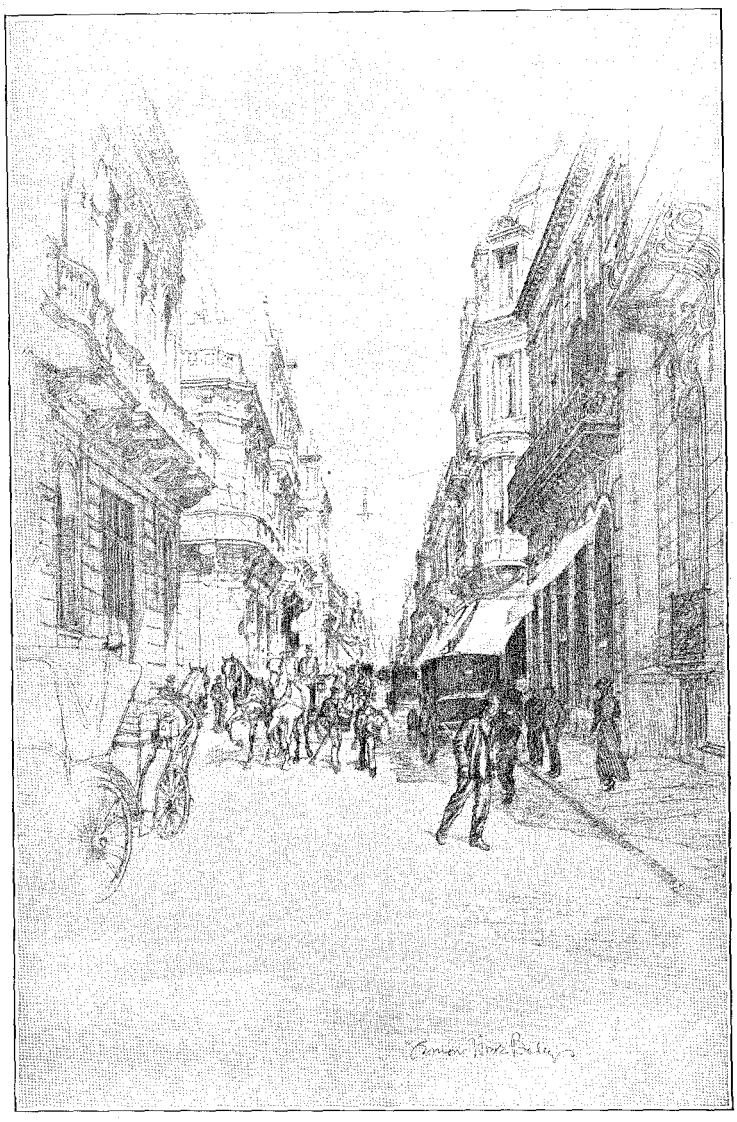

Calle Florida—the polite down-town shopping street.

country—like Mme. Despres, for instance, or Tina di Lorenzo, visit Buenos Aires regularly and present there European successes long before they are heard of here. Thus Mme. Despres, who was appearing in the Sardou plays and a French translation of "A Doll's House," aroused the greatest interest with some of the plays of Henry Bernstein, none of whose work has yet been seen in this country, in spite of its great success in Paris.

Here in Buenos Aires, the Spanish literariness is stiffened and sharpened by a modern tendency toward realism and the scientific point of view. It shows in literary criticism as well as in political editorials and it prevents the hasty swallowing of a piece of work merely because it happens to be finely finished. "When"—to quote a typical comment which I ran across in the "Nacion" one day—"the national scene has become fixed and definite—and all nations have such scenes—the time has come to write a work really national and characteristic—



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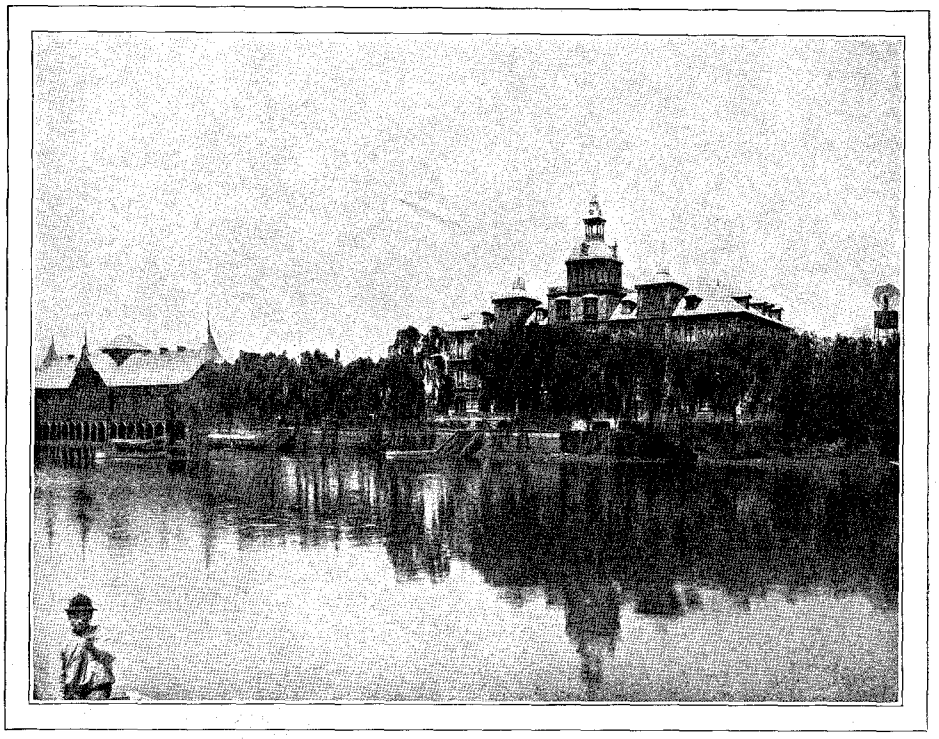

In the suburbs of Buenos Aires.

one that will live. On the other hand, when the author busies himself in constructing artificial decorations, fanciful and false, whose unreality no one can explain, it is impossible to build anything solid and durable. You will have precious miniatures, painstaking engravings which will delight the quintessential taste of dilittantes, but never those great pieces of work which compel universal admiration. In the literature of our country there are too many of these works of ephemeral brilliance and circumscribed merit. And we shall presently demonstrate why the time has come. . . ."

After encountering a point of view so sane and un-Caribbean, it was especially interesting to see a play written by a South American on a South American subject—the four-act drama "Chacabuco" by Alberto del Solar—and to read what the reviewers said about it the next morning. "Chacabuco" was the decisive battle in which San Martin did for independence in the South what Bolivar did in the North. It was not a very good play, but no worse than our own military dramas, and by changing Chacabuco to Lexington and the Andes to New England farms, it could, I dare say, be transferred to Broadway with average success. The curtain rose on an Andean camp, the snowy Cordilleras in the background, to the right, soldiers sitting round a fire, to the left women working over clothing and bandages and a militant priest hammering on an anvil. There were bugle calls and troops marching across the back-drop and the scene ended with a really admirable illusion of a vista of lighted tents. In the second and third acts, showing interiors in Santiago, the wicked Royalist General discovered papers showing that the hero and the heroine had been communicating with General San Martin and he threw the two into prison. A word from the lady would have set them both free, but she behaved as a heroine should, and in the last act Chacabuco was fought off stage and the patriot army rushed in just in time to rescue the two lovers, while the sun of a new day rose jerkily up the back-drop. It was not a Belasco sun, but a tolerable one for all that, and there were clouds, too, breaking



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away one after another, and even a tiny marching army silhouetted against them and moving across the horizon like a child's train of cars. The piece was such a straight appeal to gallery patriotism that the Latin-American of our popular misconception would have swallowed it with unthinking avidity, yet it was not so received either by the audience or the critics next day.

"According," said the *Prensa*, "to the assertions of the author and the programme, this is an historical drama. Properly speaking, it is a love-story, which unrolls across a long series of episodes of the campaign fought by the army of the Andes. Chacabuco suggests mighty forces. It is a focus of marshal glory which is lit from afar, from very far, by the principal episode of this drama of Del Solar. It would be very hard to tell the story, following all the threads from the first to the fourth act, because the anecdote, the basis of any dramatic work, has been sacrificed to the exigencies of a brilliant *mise en scène*. As an historical drama, indeed, it doesn't exist, and the solemn matron of history has only lent a few trifles of her household furniture which are juggled into those polychromatic "effects" which satisfy the easy public. . . . All of the first act, with the exception of the costumes and scenery, was a lamentable reduction of men and things. The appearance of San Martin marching with a regular step as if he were behind a hearse had no logical explanation nor truth to history. Frankly, it was a scene of marionettes, unnecessary to the principal anecdote, which, reduced to its proper proportions and worked out, might, with its valiant persecuted hero and its Portia-like heroine, serve as the basis of a work of poetry and real dramatic dignity. . . "

There are about six million people in Argentina to-day, and well over a million of these—far too large a number for a city which does little manufacturing and for a country whose chief business is raising cattle and wheat—are herded in the capital. Of these *portenos*—the name by which the inhabitants of Buenos Aires have been known since the days when Argentina was a loose confederation and the inland states were continually combating the pretensions of the "people of the gate"—nearly one-half are foreign born. The remainder, however tangled their origin may be, are at least overwhelmingly Latin, and more and more Latin, with each year's immigration, must the general population become. So many float in and out, particularly the laborers who come over for the harvests and return to Europe with their pay, that immigration figures may not quite be taken at their face value. Such as they are, however, they show between 1857 and 1905 a total immigration of 2,461,107, of whom nearly 140,000 landed in that last year. Of these immigrants 1,488,084 were Italians, 507,853 Spaniards, 176,853 French—that is to say, out of the 2,461,107, 2,172,790 were Latins. Of the rest, Austria, Germany and Great Britain each sent between thirty and forty thousand, there were some twenty-six thousand Swiss, 20,000 Belgians and some 127,000 altogether from other corners of the world. There is practically no aboriginal race left in Argentina, and there are almost no negroes—nothing to correspond to that inert Indian and *chollo* mass which forms the bulk of such populations as Bolivia's and Peru's, nor to the mulattos and *mestizos* which so far outnumber the whites of Brazil. Except for a few Indian descendants—many of the capital's mounted police have the high cheek-bones and hawk-eyes of the Southern Indians, and fine-looking fellows they are—Argentina, and especially its capital, is practically a white man's country.

Nearly forty thousand Englishmen have made their homes down here and brought along with them their church and schools, their foot-ball and cricket and polo. English capital has always been heavily invested in Argentina—it was the depreciation of Argentine currency following a lavish issue of incontrovertible notes in 1890 which sent Baring Brothers into liquidation—and to-day the railroads which web the *pampa* and carry one across the continent to Chile are mostly in British hands. The greater proportion of British colonists live in or near Buenos Aires—at Hurlingham, for instance, or Belgrano, whence you can see them hurrying into their offices of a morning just as commuters do at home. They have two newspapers, the *Standard* and *Herald*, and the Phœnix Hotel, where some live and the newcomers tarry while getting their bearings, is almost as much a boxed-up fragment of the British Isle as the Royal Mail boat that one steps into from the wharf



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at La Guayra. It is worth while, after such a day as I have suggested at the races and theatres, to step down the Calle San Martin the next morning before one's *desayuno* enthusiasm has evaporated into the Phœnix lounging room, just to see the British faces and hear the talk, and—figuratively glancing over the shoulder of some ruddy old gentleman buried in his morning's *Herald* or *Standard*—catch a few reflections from the life of this little transplanted world.

They're reading the home news, of course, for one thing—"the anxiety felt over Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's continued indisposition," specially cabled and double-leaded; Cambridge's victory in the University match at Lord's, the Newmarket Meeting, and Dinnerford's easy win of the Princess of Wales's Stakes; the Henley Regatta—if the Grand Challenge Cup *had* to be won by a foreign crew, toward no one would less grudge be felt than toward the Belgians. They're always raced in the English sporting spirit, at any rate, and been welcome.

As for sport, however, there's plenty here at home. Sixteen foot-ball matches were played off yesterday—Belgrano won from Quilines, 2 goals to 0—"a fast game all through, but science conspicuous by its absence." Alumni beat Belgrano Extra 2 to 1 in the second round of the cup-tie competition, Estudiantes won from Barracas at Palermo, the feature of the game being the really remarkable goal-keeping of Coe, who went back from forward on account of his bad toe. The Captain's team won from the Secretary's in the golf match at Lomas—"The links in tip-top condition and weather fine." There was racing, both at Hurlingham and Palermo—a huge crowd at the latter place to see the first of the three-year-old classics. Sport on the whole fairly good, though "backers' barkers had a bad time of it." Segura won from start to finish in grand style and "though the stable connection hadn't let her run loose—as the ticket to her name showed plainly enough—the masses were on Geisha, who ran creditably, but far from brilliantly, and was palpably on the fine side."

Mr. Monsch avers, in the advertising columns, that his is "the only real English restaurant in town," and he offers as special dishes for this day, Monday, "Roast pork with apple-sauce, boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce and steak and kidney pudding." Miss Muriel Francis, Typist—can she be really real—awaits work at her office, 65 Congallo. The English Book-exchange offers Winston Churchill's "Coniston"—the subtle bookseller evidently hoping that many will think this is *our* Winston—and Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle"—the last word, it seems, since Zola's "J'Accuse." Ploughs and disc cultivators, white Wyandottes and Scotch collie pups are recommended and honest Messrs. Coghill and Sidebottom offer ten beautiful Shorthorn bulls, just imported, and three magnificent Suffolk stallions, to which—conveniently arranged for Spanish readers—Mr. David Calder adds "8 *sobresalientes padrillos Clydesdale*," imported from the "*reputadas cabañas inglesas de Marquis de Londonderry*."

There have been amateur theatricals at Belgrano. All excellent, of course, but Mr. Bookhouse, "as the frog-eater in that exquisitely funny farce, '*Ici on parle français*,' was particularly immense." The Belgrano Ladies' Mandolin Club thank those who so kindly assisted in the children's dance and play held on Friday last, but beg to remind the editor that he neglected to mention that "figuring on the stage with becoming prominence were the allegorical personages—Britannia, John Bull and Uncle Sam." Mr. J. McGavin Greig sailed yesterday for England on a combined business and pleasure trip. He will be greatly missed by his Belgrano Rugby friends.

The daily letter from Montevideo, a night's journey across the mouth of the great Plata, brings the news that the golfing weather has been wretched. The "first function given by the entertainment society at Victoria Hall was, however, a great success and listened to by a large audience, including the British minister and his family." Mr. H. G. Morton sang "O Promise Me" and Mr. Percy Permain of "yours"—so they speak of each other's bank of that mighty river—"certainly a side-splitting comic vocalist of considerable talent, proved a tower of strength and was recalled half a dozen times or more for each song."

Nothing in Buenos Aires interested me so much as its newspapers, and certainly in few things can it face comparison more confidently. Just what the "189 daily and peri-

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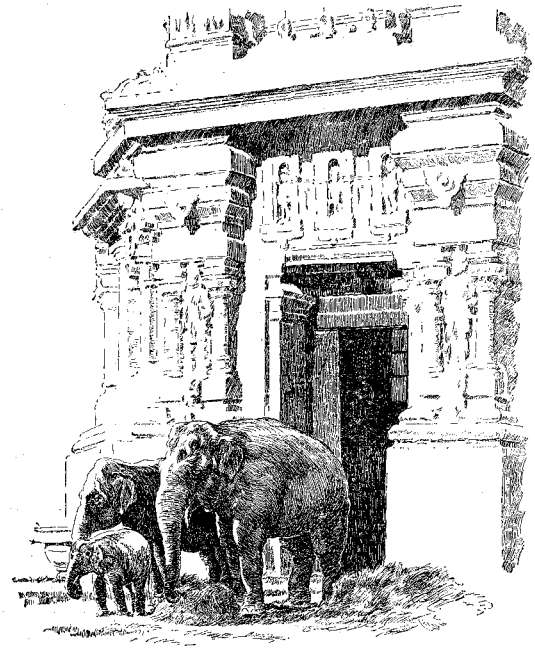
odical newspapers" may be of which the statisticians tell—"157 edited in Spanish, 14 in Italian, 2 in French, 6 in English and 8 in German"—I cannot say. The ones you pick up from the newsstand, in addition to the two little sheets already mentioned, which are only valuable for their gossip of the English colony, are *La Prensa*, *La Nacion* and *El Diario*, and possibly *El Pais* or *La Razon*. Of these *La Prensa* is the one best known abroad. When there is an earthquake on the West Coast or a war on the other side of the world or big news in town, *La Prensa's* whistle blows and all the town within earshot knows that something has happened. If you are an Antarctic explorer, a famous scientist, or some other semi-public personage, *La Prensa* may invite you to occupy during your stay the luxurious apartments provided in its building for such distinguished guests. If you are too poor to employ a doctor you can go to *La Prensa's* dispensary. You may take English lessons in its language department or use its library free of expense and if properly acquainted be invited to its concerts and lectures. Like its lesser rival of the West Coast, *El Mercurio* of Valparaiso and Santiago, *La Prensa* is the property of a rich family, which takes as much trouble to maintain the paper's prestige as it might to develop a new orchid. Its office building, situated on the Avenida de Mayo, only a stone's throw away from the Calle Florida is fitted up as elaborately as a club. The reporters have their grill-room, the proprietor his private living apartments—which he never uses—and the presses and all the rest of the equipment follow the latest European and North American ideas. It prints cable news from all over the world and fourteen large pages, the first three of which are want advertisements set in microscopic type. The amount of advertising of this sort reminds one of the New York *Herald*, whose position, indeed, it rather duplicates among the papers of Buenos Aires. It is the one of which foreigners have always heard, just as the New York *Herald* is generally the only North American paper which South Americans know about. It is more entertainingly written and far more important editorially than our *Herald*, however, and although it has less political weight than *La Nacion*—which might be compared to the *Times*—and is less clever and witty than



The first elephant who could claim to be an Argentine.—Page 554.

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*El Diario*—it is the paper most generally read by the man in the street.

*El Diario* is the Buenos Aires *Sun*. When Mr. Root came to the capital of Uruguay, he was received like a visiting monarch. Editorials headed "*Homenaje*" acclaimed *El ideal Americano*." There were pages of pictures of himself and his family, even those quaint apocryphal anecdotes generally found only in obituaries, and on the fences and blank walls a proclamation exhorted the citizens of Montevideo "to embody in the most solemn and eloquent manner possible, their part of the tribute of homage to the eminent statesman" and "to strike a lofty note of urbanity," which, it was hoped, would "constitute an expressive demonstration of culture." When Mr. Root came to the capital of the Argentine there were just as many pictures in the papers, just as much bunting and hundreds of times as many electric lights; but besides the cruiser that accompanied him, he was met by excursion steamers and a launch full of the Argentine alumni of American colleges, wrapped in oilskins like undergraduates at New London and waving college banners; the humorous journals published cartoons showing President Roosevelt waving Mr. Root about as his literal "right arm," whimsical references were made to the amount of practical good which might be done with the money about to be spent for his entertainment, and some of the papers published polite, but extremely sarcastic editorials, pointing out the decline in the influence of old-fashioned diplomacy and of ambassadors of the old school.

"Mr. Root, said *El Diario* that very afternoon while he was being whirled about town in a cloud of galloping lancers and cuirassiers, "will not search for the basis of his judgment in the . . . honors, exaggerated or not, which our Government bestows upon him. . . . A politician as eminent and as keen as he knows very well that these international alliances are formed solely under the pressure of the needs of commerce and by the stimulus of selfish interests. If he will consult our statistics he will perceive that it is with the European nations that we maintain an interchange of products, the United States being our strong rival. Our cereals and our beef, our hides and wool, have no place in the United States—a country which produces and exports these same articles. . . . Let us receive most kindly, then, our illustrious guest. But if we resist certain tendencies of the Pan-American Congress, and President Roosevelt and his illustrious Minister, let him understand that we do so inspired only by the purest patriotism and the highest interests of our country. . . . Statesmen can no longer shut up in a box, so to speak, the collective thought and interest of a nation. . . . Modern means of communication often give greater efficiency to an experienced and practical commercial agent than to a polished ambassador, master of all the arts of Metternich. . . . Let us be sincere; let us be of our own time; let us make a diplomacy of real interests, living real life with open lungs."

In these Buenos Aires papers, the Spanish virtuosity in "slinging" words is restrained and sharpened by hard-headed editors and that keener critical sense which charges the atmosphere of a modern sophisticated city. They keep the color and charm without the prolixity and fine writing, and of all of them *El Diario* is the cleverest and most entertaining. It was anti-American during Mr. Root's stay, carrying out this policy in its news stories as well as editorials, and by filling them full of realistic color and humor, yet never missing a chance to poke fun skilfully at minor details—the medals some of the reception committee had scraped together, the wonderful hat, "*dernier cri*," worn by one of them, the tremendous solemnity assumed by everyone—it contrived, while being uniformly polite, to throw a light veil of ridicule over the whole proceeding. The New York *Sun* could not have done it better if conditions had been reversed and it had put all its star reporters on the job. If the Honorable Elihu Root took the trouble to carry a bundle of Buenos Aires papers with him, his dry and quiet humor must have received considerable agreeable stimulant during the *Charlestown's* long journey through the Straits.

Midway between the news stories and the serious editorials of our papers are the *crónicas*—a kind of writing at which these Latin journalists are particularly good. In these *crónicas*, half description and half comment, they can expend that sensibility of which they have so much, and the way they do squander it, is, to the tongue-tied

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Saxon, perennially astonishing. Day after day this "flub-dub"—to borrow the slang of Park Row—which our reporters would spend hours of midnight oil upon and probably try to sell to a magazine—appears, necessarily dashed off at the reporter's unthinking speed, yet finished "literary," full of atmosphere and feeling. From such a *crônica*, the description of the crowd going to the races was quoted. The same reporter's fine Italian hand, if one is not mistaken, is shown in this *Agua Bendita Sin Bendiciones*," (Holy Water That Gets No Benediction), which appeared one afternoon during the week of insistent mists and rain that preceded Mr. Root's arrival.

"*Insistente, fastidiosa, casi implacable*"—the slow, clinging rhythm of the words, detached from any meaning, brings back those melancholy afternoons, when it seemed as though the breath of the *pampa* itself was drifting through the lighted streets and one could almost smell the infinite stretches of grass, saturated, blanketed in mists, dripping with rain—"*Insistente, fastidiosa, casi implacable, la lluvia envuelve hace dias la cuidad en la tristeza de su melopea gris*" . . . The whole Argentine, it appears, was enveloped in rain. It had lasted days, was likely to last some days to come.

"'*Maldito tiempo*!' exclaims the city, wet, ill-humored, spattered with mud . . ." Imperceptibly, almost, this purely literary introduction drifts into a practical consideration of the good such a rain will do an agricultural and stock-raising country and ends with the suggestion that if the President should write to the farmers, congratulating them on the *temporal*, it would be much more sensible and appropriate than most presidential messages.

Here in *La Nacion* is a similar contribution, entitled "*La Carne es Flaca*" (Meat is Lean). Our *cronista* begins with a description of the crowded streets during the illumination the night before. "We felt," he observes, "a certain intimate satisfaction in beholding such a fiesta, which seemed to bring nearer to realization that which we have desired for so long, that Buenos Aires should be a great city, not only in population——

"*La carne es flaca* . . ."

"This phrase was made more interesting by being pronounced by a handsome woman in the full vigor of life—'*la femme de trente ans de Balzac*'—who was talking to her companion in front of a shop window, whither they had been swept by the crowd.

"'And dear!' exclaimed her companion. Several people turned to listen, smiling sympathetically, but the two women, absorbed in their own ideas, went on as though no listeners were there.

"'The kilo which cost forty centavos yesterday, I paid fifty for to-day and they say it's going up still further.'

"'My butcher tells me the same thing. Living is a horror here! One *can't* live in Buenos Aires!'

"Which doesn't prevent their spending hundreds of thousands on useless things—at least superfluous ones."

"In the middle of that kaleidoscopic multitude, apparently care-free and satisfied with the present moment, amused and animated by the spectacle, this conversation had a unique interest. No stage manager could put on the theatre stage a piece so saliently true to life, so full of psychological suggestion, and effective because of its very simplicity. For no one could convey to the stage the impression produced by this sudden appearance of household cares in the very midst of the fiesta, in that whirlwind of artificial life . . ."

Moralizing on the lesson which certain types of politicians might learn from these women—who showed how even a thing apparently as simple as housekeeping required constant thought, not to be cast aside even in holiday moments—our *cronista* drifts into a consideration of the cost of living in Buenos Aires, the effect of recent strikes and boycotts and the sad phenomenon that, in spite of prosperity and the brilliance of the capital, prices of necessities are constantly increasing.

"On this problem," he concludes, "the luminous torrents of the streets shed no light." Nor did it seem likely that the echo of such conversations would ever reach the municipality. And, after despairing somewhat over the fatuity of past legislation, he wishes that a new municipal régime might be established "into whose deliberations might enter two or three administrators like those whom he had listened to the night before in the Calle Florida."

For life in the Argentine capital is not all lights and amusement and rather strident pleasure, and I should convey a wrong im-

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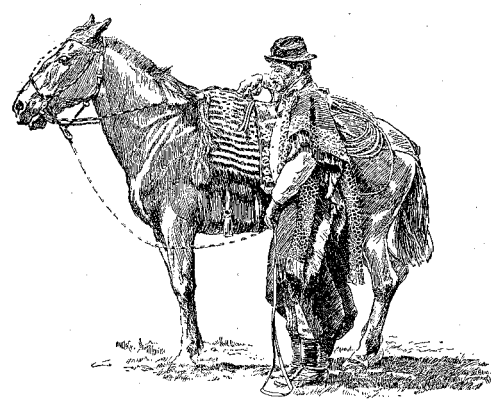
pression if, in accenting somewhat the note which differentiates it most obviously from other South American capitals, I should make it seem so. It has none of Lima's charm of antiquity, none of the land-and-water beauties of Rio but it has something else, made up of graceful compactness and finish, of vigor, sophistication and comfort. There are people who attract, not because they are refined or highly educated or have discriminating noses, but because they are extremely alive. Cities sometimes do the same.

Things are done well in the City of Good Airs. There are good things to eat, comfortable rooms to live in, places where a man can get his exercise and outdoor sport. After the tropics, the gringo feels like a man who has been hopping from foothold to foothold in a swamp and steps at last on solid ground. The creature comforts of a capable, wide-awake, well-arranged city soothingly envelope him. The *cochero* knows where he wants to go, the waiter knows what he wants to eat. The mounted policeman, in breastplate and horse-tail helmet, rides him back with the rest of the crowd and does it so quietly and with such sophisticated nonchalance that he promptly conceives a passionate admiration for that policeman and his beautiful horse, falls into the communistic pride common to all city dwellers, and is ready to declare that there is no other policeman so fine in the world. The streets are clean and well kept and the buildings which line them, however gingerbready their architecture, are held within decorous maximum and minimum limits of height. Everything is near at hand. The hotel, club, bank, drive, the restaurants and theatres are all within, so to say, feeling distance. And this physical compactness and neatness, this continental glitter and activity, set here, oasis-like, combine to give the whole a certain diminutiveness and cozy intimacy. There's a "little old Buenos Aires," too.

Italians, Spaniards, French, Argentines, what you will—here they are, really living out what so many other Latin Americans dream. "Some day"—so soliloquizes the man across the table, as you sit on a restaurant balcony looking out at the blue Caribbean, or watching the droll *pereza* moving an inch a minute along a tree trunk or the lazy *mestizos* drowsing in the sun—"Some day, somebody'll step in here and bring these fellows up standing and teach them how to live. They can't govern themselves and somebody else must. And there won't be anything here until they do." At other places and times you hear orators telling what the future will bring; how this continent is the preordained home of the Latin race, which will pour down from crowded Europe to a new-world reincarnation. Well here it is—and this is the significantly interesting thing about Buenos Aires—this prophecy fulfilled. No one has stepped in—rather all the world has—not as conquerors, but following the same laws which have brought Italians over to dig our ditches and Scandinavians to our Northwestern wheat-fields. And here is a city, as Latin as Naples or Barcelona, all worked out and swinging along, strong, self-sufficient, and very much alive—the hint of what all Latin America may some day be.



A Guacho—a cowboy of the Argentine pampa.

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# THE TRIUMPH OF AIRLY SPRING

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom

"WHEN airly spring meets mid-winter you can count on winter winnin', for it has had time to accumulate something."

The venerable Martin Holmes spoke metaphorically, and his attitude made his meaning clear, for one hand was pressed against his chest in the region of his wallet and with the other he was pointing to Willie Calker, typifying the budding season of the year. The boy understood. He uncoiled his woollen muffler to disclose lips curling in contempt, and with a step backward placed himself out of range of the old man's cane.

"I can't pickter Nellie Zook marrying you for anything but money, Martin," he said.

Expecting that the retort would be the hickory weapon driven viciously at him, he was astonished when Mr. Holmes broke into a loud cackle, beating the floor with his cane in accompaniment. "You will see—you will see," cried the ancient. "I'm going to give you an objeck lesson. It ain't that I'm in love with Nellie, but I do get tired of the way you boys carry on like we old ones had lost all our charms. Why, only charity on our part gives you any chance at all, yet when you have kep' company with a dozen or so weemen and have married three or four times, such like affairs do cease to interest you—they have no real importance."

Assisting himself with his stick and the back of the chair, Mr. Holmes climbed to his feet and stood shaking on his rheumatic legs. He had no intention of leaving the store, for pleasant company was gathered there and it was still two hours until supper. Rising thus, he was assuming an attitude of defiance; he was announcing to the world that he had entered the lists against yonder diminutive knight and would fight for the hand of the fair Nellie. The lady was just sixteen and Martin had passed seventy. Moreover, he had buried two wives, and it was well known in Six Stars that he was now devoted to the Widow Harshbarker and would marry her but for the opposition of her grandsons. So it was not to be wondered that on hearing this challenge the company exploded with merriment; that Piney Cridle blew all the fire out of his pipe; that Preacher Holloberger lost his habitual expression of sanctity; that Stacy Whoople slapped his knees with his great hands and cried "a good un—a good un." They knew the mind of their old friend. They knew that he had met Willie Calker many times before in battles of wit and that never was midwinter so happy as when hurling his withering blasts at "airly spring." The new attack was rather startling, but any absurdity might be expected from this eccentric soul, and he had been beaten so often by the dreaming boy that it was not altogether surprising to see the next assault in an unexpected quarter.

Willie Calker alone did not laugh. He was in love. True love never laughs. Lovers and lunatics alike are moonstruck. The same arrow that pierces the heart paralyzes the sense of humor. A month ago he would have jeered at this ancient enemy whom he had faced so often and so often beaten, but now the dearest hope of his life was assailed and he saw only a vindicative desire for revenge. He was angry and with right. First, he was angry because Martin Holmes had discovered his great secret and had revealed it to the whole store company. For that alone the boy might have forgiven him. But true to his malevolent nature the old man had gone further and had jeered at the holiest of all human emotions, speaking of it scoffingly as a matter of no importance. Had this hardened creature ever felt as though his heart were resting on his stomach and his ribs had caved in; had he ever lost his appetite even for hot doughnuts and heard the kitchen clock strike ten night after night as he tossed sleepless in bed? Thus was Willie suffering. True, he was enjoying it, and would have cared little if, in glancing at man after man on bench and counter, he had met there either sympathy or hostility. What he did see were eyes filled with levity, and he wanted to run from them, but could not retreat before his



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ancient foe. That Martin to beat him would venture as far as matrimony he doubted; that he would stop at no perfidy to make trouble was certain. So the boy held his ground in defiance.

"Don't let them josh you, Willie," said Ned Smith, turning from his task of rearranging the jewelry case to give his small friend a look of encouragement.

"Joshing?" the face of Martin Holmes assumed a severe expression, and so earnest was he in look and tone that his companions began to fear he really was serious. "Boys, I'm not joshing. These young ones must have an objeck lesson. I am tired of their airs, tired of their vanity, tired seeing them at church sociables flirting with all the pretty girls and leaving us old fellows to talk to super-anovated widows about their 'various husbands." The speaker sent a meaning glance at Eliphalet Harshbarker, which the store noticed and accepted as a formal renunciation of all claims to the widow's hand, but it was still dazed by the announcement that he had transferred his affections to the youthful Miss Zook. Martin saw the effect of his shot in the silence which followed. "You can't understand," he went on. "The reason the boys has everything their own way is simply because we old fellows don't try. We have the experience; we have the money and yet we set back with the deef old weemen and watch the young ones gambol. It is the pocketbook that does the real billin' and cooin'—not that I want to belittle looks and talkin' ability—but in the long run an old man with $300 a year and a house needn't fear a young one with a jack-knife and twenty-two cents."

Again the horny hand was patting the wallet significantly. Stepping forward Mr. Holmes tried to reach his rival and lay the other on his head in kindly fashion, but the boy dodged.

"Don't think I am spited again' you, sonny," said the old man, undisturbed by the ill grace with which his advances had been received. "I have explained that love really isn't a matter of as much importance as you think, and when I have cut you out, you'll soon get over it, and you'll be mighty glad I got the girl, and you'll thank me, and mebbe sometime you'll see how as I was your best friend."

His best friend—extending one hand in reconciliation and with the other patting the wallet which was to assail his life's happiness? Willie clasped his own hands behind his back, drew himself up to his full height and gazed steadily at his tormentor, his rival.

"I suppose you think she will be your lady at the apron and necktie party tonight," he said, tauntingly.

Before replying Mr. Holmes dropped into his chair and in an attitude of nonchalance. "I assume nothing when it comes to apron and necktie parties. If I am fortunate enough to draw the cravat that matches the lady's apron—well and good. If not, well and good. You can't win a heart at one church sociable. Mebbe this will be a long siege."

"And mebbe you won't last it out," was the retort.

"Now don't take advantage of my years," the other remonstrated gently, undisturbed by the laughter which greeted the sally. "You'll age yourself, and it is remarks like that as makes me more determineder than ever to give you a real good objeck lesson. How old are you, anyway?"

"Thirteen and three-quarters," was the proud answer.

"And how do you cal'late to support a wife at your age?"

"Didn't Widow Hockewout wait five year for Elmer Barefoot?" returned Willie loftily. "Hasn't Miss Hannaberry been watching fifteen year for her drummer to come back to Six Stars and marry her? Now I don't allow that Nellie Zook would wait that long for you, Martin, but——"

Mr. Holmes was a man of quick changing moods. With an inarticulate cry he made a drive at his rival with his stick. Caught off his guard by the other's apparent good humor, Willie had to save himself by a backward leap. But he had hit home and was satisfied. So, plunging through the door and closing it behind him with a triumphant bang, he ran away to the mill-dam to seek there the healing balm of solitude.

Every man has his great passion, and one only. It is that of his boyhood. In his maturer years he may suffer a score of times the pangs of unrequited love, but the heart strings are stretched and the pain

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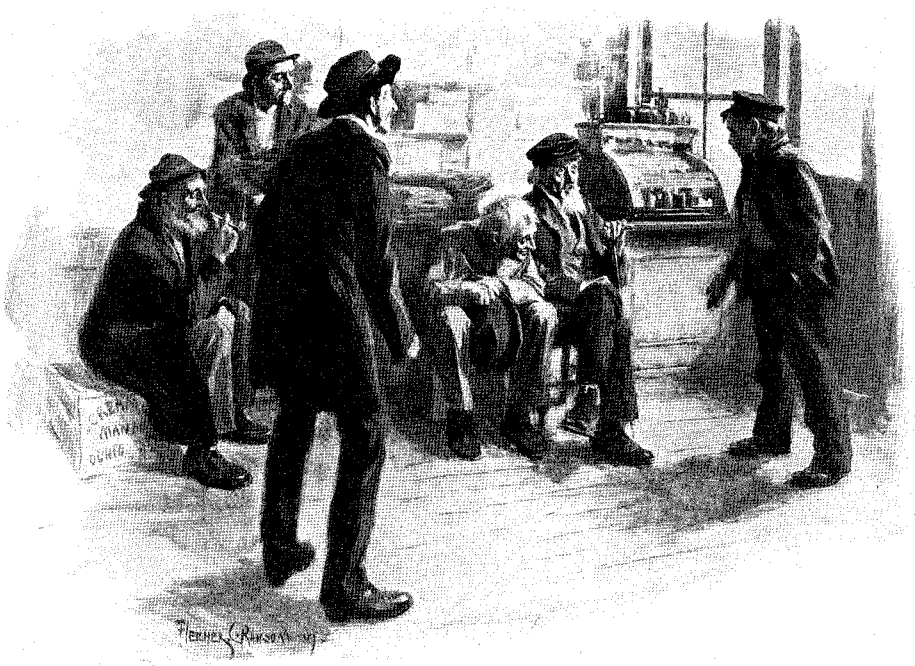

"I don't allow that Nellie Zook would wait that long for you, Martin."—Page 572.

is less intense. Years have brought him wisdom. Experience gives him comfort. Even in the greatest depths of suffering he knows that time will lay its healing hand upon him and that some day he will look back with wonder on his delirium and even offer up thanks to his gods. With the untutored boy it is different. He suffers as children suffer to whom has not come the consolation of philosophy. He loves. He loves violently. He builds high castles in the air; his fancy ranges wider, for behind him lies no trail of unfulfilled dreams. He is a savage, wounded unto death, lost in the desert, not knowing that he is to come again to friends and life and forget his dolorous wanderings. It was thus with Willie Calker. He loved Nellie Zook with all the ardor of his thirteen and three-quarters years. Only in her company did he really live, and in a hundred ways she had given him evidences that she returned that love. A hundred times he had seen it in her quiet eyes; a hundred times she had spoken to him in responsive silences. Did he doubt his reading of these unwritten messages, he remembered the way she had of lingering for him after school, and more than once she had "stuck up" for him when his courage was assailed by a barbarous lad from the wild ridge country. There would seem, then, no reason for him to suffer, to retreat before the verbal shafts of Martin Holmes, to take himself to the loneliness of the mill-dam and sit moodily watching the unruffled water till night fell.

The truth was that Mr. Holmes, with the acumen of his spiteful nature, had placed his finger on the festering thought which was poisoning the love-sick brain. The disparity of two years in ages could be swept away. What troubled the lad was the seven long years that lay between him and complete happiness. He looked back over his life; he divided it in two. Seven long years—that length of days stretched before them, days filled with this strange heaviness of heart, before they could be with each other always in their home. Their home! It was not to be the plain frame house of Six Stars, but was modelled after the mansion of the doctor down in Pleasantville, and had a double front door, with panes of blue glass there-



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Until order was restored.—Page 577.

in, and at each side were cosey bow-windows; and it was all kind of catty-cornered and surmounted by a cupola; and before it, on the little lawn, stood two white plaster cupids. He had built a beautiful residence in the air, but it stood, mist enshrouded, at the end of seven years. Could she wait that long? Of his own constancy he had no doubt. Never having loved before, that he should love again seemed impossible. But he knew that women were hard to win; he had heard that they were harder still to keep. Their very inconstancy made them lovelier, for what was worth having was worth fighting for to hold. Fate might part them. Then he would go down the dreary waste of years alone and would die murmuring her name. It would almost be worth while to lose her if he could go on to a death so beautiful, and in some way she would hear of it and know too late of the faithful heart she had spurned. It must have been the sadness of the November day, the gray of the evening shadows, the death-like quiet of the water that brought him to this state of sweet despondency. His was one of those dreamy natures which revel in trouble, and this day every hand was against him. He knew that in the end he would stand up and strike back, but meantime he found strange peace in melancholy, and he did not stir from his retreat till the mill ceased its rumbling and the increasing silence roused him.

Rising, the boy peered over the elder-bushes that sheltered him from profane eyes, and saw the door of the store open and Martin Holmes come out, leading the homeward march to supper. The old man was laughing. Stopping on the porch, he turned to the little company of his followers, beat his cane on the floor and gesticulated with unusual energy. His harangue ended, the others began to laugh gayly, and Moses Pole slapped his old crony on the back. Willie Calker knew of whom they were speaking. Such unanimity could have but one cause. They were conspiring against a common foe. His heart-sickness was forgotten, and, whistling boldly, he appeared from his hiding-place, came swinging down the race, past the mill, over the square, and with a careless hop,



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skip and a jump, shot under the very noses of the conspirators and went on home.

The boy's conjecture was right.

"Of course you understand this is just an idee of mine to josh Willie," Mr. Holmes said with a dry cackle. "I have no intention of marrying Nellie Zook. 'Deed and double, I've no idee of marrying any one—twicet is enough. Nor am I altogether sure that at my age I could cut that boy out, but we haven't forgot how he has won all our money guessing hogs, was always in the front at revivals and yet could never remember donation parties; like Stacy Whoople, a vain creature, who spent on dress alone each year enough to carry the gospel to seven Chinamen or to support a missionary for three weeks in the heart of Africa; like the others of the frivolous company who wasted so many precious hours in the glow of the store-stove. Last Spring, when his salary was twenty dollars short for the quarter and the ladies of the church had sought to

"Take all the extrys, my dear, ice-crim, bananas, everything."—Page 577.

and how he kep' Stacy Whoople poor and how he spoiled Mr. Spink's posey song. He has got to be took down or this town won't hold him. United we stand, diwided we fall, as the fellow says. United we can corner the neckties at the sociable, and once let me get the cravat that matches Nellie Zook's apron and you'll die a-laughing—you will."

The store stood united. With one accord it rallied to the support of its venerable leader, for it had suffered much at the hands of Willie Calker. It placed its pocket-book at the disposal of Mr. Holmes, it followed his instructions to the letter, and for a time that night it did almost die a-laughing. Looking around his crowded parlor, the Rev. Mr. Spink saw only an answer to his prayers. It must be this, he said, that brought a man like Martin Holmes, for fifty years a persistent wanderer from the fold; like Moses Pole, who make up the deficit with a strawberry festival, every man of them had gone to the circus in Pleasantville to squander, in vicious pleasure, money needed in a better cause. But they were here. Mr. Spink forgot the past and was devoutly thankful. He smiled benignly on his people. He even laid a kindly hand on Willie Calker's head and held it in a paternal vice while he whispered to Miss Hannaberry to tell Mrs. Spink and the ladies in the kitchen that so many people had come it would be necessary to use great care in helping the oysters. Having taken this precaution, he climbed to a chair and silenced the company by raising a pastoral hand.

"The first thing on the programme is the distribution of the aprons among the ladies. Then the gentlemen will proceed to the entry and for one quarter—twenty-five cents—purchase a necktie from Miss Hannaberry. Every gentleman will kindly

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Mr. Holmes took up the call, shrilly and commandingly, "Ed-die—Ed-die Zook."—Page 579

find the lady whose apron matches his tie, and will fall in line, arm in arm with her, and escort her to the dining-room, where they will enjoy the bountiful feast provided by the Aid Society."

The pastor was about to get down when Miss Hannaberry halted him and whispered vigorously in his ear. His gesture in reply caught the glass dome on the mantle, and case, stuffed bird and all, went crashing to the floor. Much confusion followed, as there was a general rush to gather up the fragments, and the expressions of regret and sympathy were many and loud. When quiet had been restored, Mr. Spink brushed aside the mishap lightly.

"It is a matter of sorrow to me that this lovely ornament which you gave to my wife and myself last Christmas has been ruined," he said with a genial smile. "But let us forget our troubles in the gladness of the moment. I am informed that there is present the usual predominance of the fair sex and if all the ladies are to enjoy the feast, it will be necessary for some of the gentlemen to eat twice. I am sure they will remember the cause and be generous."



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The gentlemen were remarkable in their ardor for the cause. Hardly had the pastor finished speaking before a line, headed by Mr. Holmes, was standing at the necktie table.

A moment later came from Miss Hannaberry the exultant cry, "Mr. Holmes has bought two ties."

A fervent amen from Mr. Spink and a loud clapping of hands greeted the generous old man as he appeared at the parlor door.

"Mr. Cridle has bought two ties, too," called Miss Emily, excitedly.

Mr. Spink began to think he was dreaming and pushed towards the door.

"Mr. Whoople has bought three ties," shouted Miss Hannaberry.

This announcement was too much for the ladies of the party. They forgot the injunction to remain lined around the wall till some one claimed them, and made a rush for the entry. The pastor had to call on Miss Hannaberry to halt the sale until order was restored. He had just succeeded in arranging everyone in their places again when Miss Emily's shrill voice rang out once more, "The ties is all."

This was the good woman's way of announcing that the market had been cornered. Not a tie was left, and before her still stood a dozen men, every one with money in hand, impatiently waiting to buy. At their head was Willie Calker. He rapped the table with the quarter his mother had given him to spend, and demanded to know if that meant that he was not to have any oysters.

"It means, sonny," said Mr. Holmes gently, "that you are seeing what gold can do. Put up your money and take this extry tie of mine."

This magnanimous behavior on the part of his rival astounded the boy. He looked up with wide-open eyes, but it was into a kindly, smiling face. Could this be his enemy of the afternoon, this nice old man bidding him save his money and accept from him the gift of an oyster supper and the companionship of some lovely unknown?

"Let bygones be bygones," pursued Mr. Holmes softly.

The lad's heart melted. For the moment he forgot, and muttering his thanks he took the proffered gift, and having now no interest in the problem raised by his less fortunate fellows, hurried to the parlor to find the companion of his good fortune. He had hoped that it would be Nellie Zook. He had nearly prayed that it would be. The chance was one in twenty only. Yet as though to claim her, he ran to the corner where she stood demurely waiting. His high hopes fell. The red checks of her apron sent them tumbling, and he turned from her with misty eyes, uncheered by the thought that Rhoda Barefoot and Pearl Cridle, each lovely in her way, were eyeing him expectantly. He cared little now who wore small green polka-dots, and had he discovered her in time, he would have fled. But the Widow Harshbarker had sharp old eyes, she loved oysters, and was in no mind to wait. She fell upon Willie and caught him; to make matters worse, she kissed him. The sole solace of his situation was that he could not talk to her, as she quickly severed the lines of communication by giving him her ear-trumpet to carry.

Now the boy understood what was hidden behind the smiling mask of Martin Holmes, and he comprehended the machinations of which he was the victim, for before him, heading all the line, waiting for the dining-room door to open, stood his ancient enemy, and on his arm was Nellie Zook. It seemed to Nellie, too, as though chance had dealt hard with her, and she could have sat down and cried in disappointment. But she, too, was soon to learn the soothing power of gold. Never before had she realized what a man Mr. Holmes really was. He might be more than seventy; his face was wizened and his voice was shrill; he groped the way to the table with a stick; yet he was amazingly jolly; he was wonderfully kind; he was marvellously generous. Money seemed to have no value to him. When Mrs. Spink asked if she would have oysters stewed or fried, Mr. Holmes became almost wrathful, slapped his wallet on the table and ordered both; Miss Zook was his lady and she must eat everything there was.

"I want you to understand, Nellie," he began in a voice just loud enough for Willie Calker to hear across the table, "that I am your es-cort for the entire evening and I am willing to pay. Take all the extrys, my dear, ice-crim, bananas, everything."



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This kind injunction was obeyed, for Nellie was a robust young person, and the night drive down from the ridges in the cold wind had sharpened her appetite. In the joy of the feast she forgot her youthful lover over the way, while he, on his part, watched her with increasing agony. He soon finished the simple repast to which he was entitled without additional payment, but the widow ordered more. It was for herself only, much to his chagrin. When Mrs. Harshbarker got out her purse and called for fried oysters, he looked at her longingly, yet she seemed not to see him. He wanted to run away, but did not know how. Glancing about him, he met a score of eyes filled with levity. Moses Pole was pointing him out to Rhoda Barefoot, and Stacy Whoople deliberately stopped Miss Hannaberry as she was passing with a plate of pickles and asked her if she had noticed who Willie Calker was keeping company with now. Poor Willie! His chair became one of torture. He might stare steadily at the wall before him and see nothing but its whiteness, but he could not close his ears to the shrill voice of his rival. He heard him order ice-cream for Nellie; he heard them planning to go to Pleasantville the next week to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; he heard her inquire softly if she might have a banana. These were all things he would give her in time if she would only wait, but apparently, having them now, she had forgotten him. In vain he tried to catch just one tender glance. Her eyes were fixed on her plate except when she looked at her ancient adorer to suggest that they might have something more. The power of gold! Willie realized it. Could this be the same girl who had lingered for him after school, who had sent him messages on her slate, who had defended him against the aspersions of the boys from the ridges? He scraped his chair along the floor and coughed. She did turn, but only to say that she guessed she would have some lemonade.

"That's right, my dear," cried Mr. Holmes gallantly, getting out a dime to settle the new score. "Don't stop till you are good and ready, for there is one thing I never am, and that is mean about money."

Willie Calker could endure the torment no more. To leave now was running before the enemy, but he was desperate. He had lost all faith in women, all sense of duty to them. Knowing that he was bound by every rule of the sociable to devote himself to Mrs. Harshbarker for the entire evening, that etiquette required him to sit bolt upright, staring into space till she had signified her readiness to return to the parlor, he deliberately took advantage of her deafness, dropped her ear-trumpet on the floor and fled. Piney Cridle called to him to stop, but he ran the faster, out of the house into the kind darkness.

Mr. Holmes believed that at last he had beaten Willie Calker. The boys all said so. One after another they slipped over and slapped him on the back and declared that it certainly was a "good un"; it was worth the money they had spent to see Willie setting there boiling over, to see him glaring at Widow Harshbarker and then trying to ketch Nellie's eyes, to watch his expression when he found he was forgotten for a few oysters and some lemonade. The old man beamed all over at the success of his little joke, but while his heart opened, his wallet closed, and he put it away. When Miss Zook thought she would like some more ice-cream, he suggested that it would be much nicer to go to the parlor and play "Going to Jerusalem." There he quickly became the leading spirit of the whole company. He left his cane in the corner and was "it" in "Blindman's Buff," and almost lost his voice counting as leader of one side in the game of "Animals." Even Mr. Spink's heart melted towards him, and the good pastor remarked to Miss Hannaberry, as she was leaving, that he believed the success of the sociable to be largely due to Mr. Holmes; it did him good to see such a jovial, boyish spirit in that weather-beaten frame. It happened that Mr. Holmes, overhearing the remark, became somewhat intoxicated with popularity and stayed till the last guest had left, so that when Mr. Spink closed the door upon him he found himself standing alone on the front porch with Nellie Zook, looking up and down the moonlit street. A solitary light gleamed across the way and there was no sound save distant footfalls as the last of the revellers turned the corner at the mill.

"How did you come, my dear?" asked the old man, now assuming a paternal attitude and speaking in a tone of anxiety, for there was no vehicle in sight.

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"My little brother Eddie brung me down in the buggy," the girl answered. Then she began to call: "Ed-die—Ed-die." There was no answer. The single light over the way went out, and the whole village seemed wrapped in sleep.

Mr. Holmes took up the call, shrilly and commandingly, "Ed-die—Ed-die Zook."

Listening, they heard only a dog barking at the moon, and the rattle of dead leaves as a chill gust of wind swept up the street. Miss Zook drew her shawl closer around her, and sinking down on the steps tried to fight back the tears with her mittens.

"He must have drove home," she whimpered.

Mr. Holmes turned up his coat collar and blew on his hands, for the air was biting, and in a moment of vanity that evening he had replaced his cardigan jacket with a linen waistcoat. He patted his companion soothingly on the head, but the quiver in his voice betrayed his own great fear.

"Now don't get high-sterics, dear," he said. "Eddie must be somewheres, and if worst does come to worst, you can stay here at Mr. Spink's."

"Pa is setting up for me," returned Miss Zook, her voice rising to a wail.

"Well, I won't desert you. Now don't cry; don't get all het up over nothing. I'll see you home." The words were fair, but the chattering tones were not such as to inspire confidence, and looking up at the bent figure, now shivering at her side, the girl broke into tears.

"It is two mile, Mr. Holmes, and there's a burying-ground to pass," she sobbed.

"Mighty souls!" Despair took possession of the old man, and he sank down on the steps beside her, gazing vacantly at the street. The moonlight searched out every hitching post, every shelter for boy and beast, and revealed nothing that could give him hope.

"Ed-die—Ed-die!" he shouted again. As if in mockery there came from the shadow of the porch across the way the sound of an accordion, soft at first, then swelling louder into a sentimental melody. It brought the old man to his feet, and he stood with a hand to his ear, listening.

"What's that piece he's playing?" he asked sharply.

From tears, Miss Zook broke into a titter, which she tried to smother with a corner of her shawl.

"It sounds like Willie Calker," exclaimed Mr. Holmes, from sheer habit lifting his cane to a position of defence. "What *is* that piece?"

The question came as a command sharply given, and the girl sidled along the step to safe distance before she answered, "Seeing Nellie Home."

Quicker came the music, more mockingly than ever, turning now into a pæan of triumph. The old man tried to shout, but his voice broke, and for a moment he stood in helpless wrath, shaking his stick at the hidden player. Recovering himself, he hobbled across the street, and, leaning over the picket fence, peered into the shadow.

"Willie," he whispered hoarsely.

"Well, Martin," came the boy's calm voice from the darkness.

"Have you seen Eddie Zook anywhere with his buggy?"

Willie appeared boldly at the edge of the porch, for the pickets guarded him, and he knew that long before his enemy could reach the gate he would be safe indoors.

"Why, he went long ago," he answered carelessly, "you was very kind to me, Martin, and I thought mebbe you would like to es-cort Nellie home, so I tol' him——"

"Tol' him what?" interrupted Mr. Holmes.

The stick was wavering over the fence fiercely.

"That you wanted to take care of his sister," the boy replied; "you seemed so attentive, and it's moonlight, and she 'pears to like you."

The stick fell despairingly to the old man's side. He realized his helplessness, for the fence held him at bay, and he could only smother his anger and resort to soft persuasion.

"I was just joshing you, sonny," he said. "Why, of course, I thought you'd see that, and I never dreamed you would carry the joke so far."

This insinuating address left the lad unmoved. "Keeping company with Widow Harshbarker is no joke," he returned grimly. "I don't wonder you gave her up for Nellie Zook, and you certainly did spend money like you was in earnest. You otter marry her."

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Mr. Holmes tried to laugh, but he was very cold, and his feigned mirth could not hide the chatter of his teeth nor the convulsive tremble of his frame. "I only wanted to show you how fickle weemen are, sonny," he said plaintively. "Now I'll turn her over to you. It's a nice night to walk, and moonlight."

"You have certainly taught me a lesson, Martin," Willie responded, as though really grateful to his old friend. "You said this afternoon that some day I'd thank you for cutting me out, and I do."

"But I can't take her home besides," cried Mr. Holmes.

Willie played a few soft bars on the accordion, as if he no longer had any concern about the girl. Mr. Holmes shouted at him, but he only played the louder, till addressed in low pleading tones that seemed to forecast surrender.

"It's moonlight, Martin," he said, "and a nice night for walking, and there's a burying-ground to pass."

"And she is a pretty girl, Willie," put in the old man brightly.

"I'll do it providing——"

"Thank you, sonny. I know'd you'd help your old friend; of course you see it was all just a joke."

"Providing you give me sixty cents," cried the boy, raising his voice to a tone that allowed no argument.

"Sixty cents to es-cort a lady home!" The chivalrous old man was shocked at such a proposal. He leaned over the fence, with his hands extended in pleading. "Why, Willie, why, Willie, I never thought it of you — 'deed and double, I didn't."

"Well, these love affairs are really of no importance," returned Willie gravely. "It's gold that counts—specially when you are saving up for something."

"To get married, I s'pose," said Mr. Holmes, for the moment forgetting his sufferings in a loud cackle.

The lad was not in a mood for joking. "I had that idee once," he replied, "and I was kind of getting something together, but to-night I've changed my mind—I have learned. Why, I wouldn't take Nellie Zook nor any girl home if I didn't need the money. You mowt put it there on the gate-post, Martin, and I'll get it after you leave."

Mr. Holmes declared that this was a hold-up. If there was one thing he would not suffer, it was robbery, and he shook his stick in defiance. Replying, Willie declared that business was business; a two-mile walk, on a moonlight night, with a mere girl, and passing a graveyard, was worth at least sixty cents. Met by such firmness, the other softened a little and argued that while he was not exactly being robbed, the treatment was not altogether what he had expected, for he had only been joking, and he did hope that his young friend would not carry the joke too far. His resolution was unshaken, even though he was bitter cold and a sharp puff of wind caught his coat-tails and would have swept him off his feet had he not clung to the fence for support. Only when Willie guessed he would go to bed did Mr. Holmes give any sign of breaking.

"I'm not a millionaire, sonny," he said plaintively.

But he was combating a relentless purpose. A few hours had wrought a marvellous change. The boy who had sat by the mill-dam in the evening's shadow, yearning for love or death, had regained his heart and hardened it, and was bartering away the very hours of which he had dreamed, which once he deemed worth life itself. New visions filled his mind. The residence in the air, the catty-cornered house with the fine cupola and the plaster cupids on the lawn had crumbled into ruins. He was done with women, and with a love that could be smothered under a few oysters and a plate of ice-cream. For him a life of freedom; for him the chase, the tense silence of the hunt, the battle with the denizens of the woods; for him the still nights and the mysterious murmur of the dark creek, as he silently waded through its pools and rapids a-giggin' for eels. That was living. Only the weak could really love, and he was strong. Being strong, he had no pity. He saw no longer a hated rival, but simply a business opportunity, and if the bent, shivering old man, clutching the pickets, turning to him in the moonlight a face full of pleading, called for sympathy and charity, he had none to give.

"Sixty cents is a good deal of money," said Mr. Holmes, now fumbling in his pocket.

"And when I figger that the boys in the

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store will die a-laughin' to-morrow, it seems like it otter be more," returned Willie musingly. "And besides——"

"Besides what?" demanded Mr. Holmes.

"I'm afraid you mightn't like it," replied the lad, drawing back into the darkness.

"Like what?"

"Well, you see, I won't get but fifty cents," Willie cried. "I gave Eddie Zook a dime for driving home."

"Mighty souls!" Stepping back from the fence, the old man stood staring open-mouthed at his tormentor. With a quick gesture he sent his wallet flying at the boy. "There's seventy-one cents, sonny," he cried. "It's all I've got and it mowt be well if you didn't mention generally around town how as airly spring really won."

Turning with a melancholy cackle, he fled, as fast as his legs and cane could carry him, toward home. He had no fear of the boys, for he knew that with Willie Calker business was business. He was right. They even had no suspicion of the real truth when, a few days later, a quick succession of sharp explosions was heard in the woods below the store. It was an unusual noise, and Piney Cridle called to Irving Killowill, who was rolling a hoop up the street, and demanded an explanation.

"It's Willie Calker," Irving answered. "He has bought him a repeatin' rifle."

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# THE AUTOMOBILE OF TO-MORROW

## By Herbert Ladd Towle

THE automobile has not yet found itself. In the crude mechanical sense it has nearly—not quite—arrived. Legally it is still in the Dark Ages, doing penance for the sins of its graceless youth. Socially it is a fad, a blatant crier of surplus wealth, a separator—automatic and horribly efficient—of the Fool and his Money, a double-barrelled trouble-maker that is always loaded, a Problem, a Tempter, a touchstone of good breeding, a giver of fiercely clutching, overwhelming transport—anything you will, almost, except the docile, faithful, economical servant of your early dreams.

Such is the automobile to-day. What will it be to-morrow? Must we—the motorists—always mix apologies with our praise, and accept the disfavor of our old-fashioned friends, not perhaps for ourselves, but for our favorite recreation? Must it always be necessary to inoculate the nicest people we know with the speed fever, before they can find a good word for "those horrid killing machines"? Must the automobile always label its owner a sport and a spender, a lover of excitement, a rough-rider over the rights and feelings of his fellows? Is there no room in motoring for the finer sensibilities, for the graces of humanity?

Possibly not, as automobiling goes to-day. But let us consider. No strong demand for an attainable object is ever long unsatisfied. Hitherto the motorist's prime demand has been for speed; and naturally he got it, as fast as the builders of automobiles could solve the problems of pure speed. Does that mean that speed is the last as well as the first requirement of the automobile owner? If not, we may be sure that the other requirements, if reasonable, will be met in their turn. Palpably there are others—reliability, for example, which is almost coördinate with speed. Then there are economy of repairs, safety, and comfort on rough roads. Every one of these is loudly demanded to-day, and every one is moving apace to satisfactory fulfilment. Already it is possible to say that nearly every motor accident reported is due to negligence or recklessness, not to any defect in the car. Already the demand for comfort has led to the adoption of springs, flexible running gears, and shock absorbers, leaving little to be desired save the adoption generally of improvements found to-day only in scattered instances. Even now the best cars stay out of the repair shop—save

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for small tinkering or accidental damage—for from five to twenty thousand miles; and improvements in bearings and lubrication, in materials and refinements of detail, have brought down even the cost of a general overhaul to figures a mere fraction of those necessary a few years ago.

Beginning, then, with speed and ending with economy, the conscious demands of the motorist are rapidly being satisfied. And durability, resistance to the shocks of accident, and elegance of form and color are rapidly being added. The enthusiast will tell you that the automobile is already nearly perfect. Its cost, he admits, is still high; but a few more years will see it reduced by simplification of factory processes, and even now the life of a good car is such that the first cost, spread over a hundred thousand miles or more of road service, is not excessive. In the smaller sizes, any motorist can mention runabouts and low-powered touring cars which cost less, mile for mile, than horses, and which are nearly as free from ailments.

You listen for a while to the enthusiast, and, being or hoping to be a motorist yourself, you are almost persuaded that the automobile is, after all, about as good as finite human skill can make it. Then you recall those lovable old ladies of your acquaintance, to whom it is still the killing-machine; and you are aware that, even if it never killed anyone, and never ran over a dog or a chicken, they would still detest it. Why? Partly, you hasten to point out, for the way it is abused. It is not pleasant for an elderly lady out driving to be set upon by a whirling dervish, whose car darts into view around a bend in the road, avoids her peaceful conveyance by a sudden swerve, and vanishes amid a rattle of exhausts that grows fainter with marvelous rapidity. The dervish, no doubt, is having most exhilarating sport. It is fine training for eye and nerve, this instantaneousness of thought and action. But somehow that clever twist of the steering wheel, which saved her rig from demolition, fails to win applause from the lady in the carriage. She remembers that the situation was not of her seeking; that her safety was at the mercy of a stranger, of whose fitness or even sobriety she knew nothing; and that the motorist, while taking much less than half the risk, was getting all the fun. She is aware, moreover, that "fun" is the motorist's sole object, and that he takes his trifling share of risk, and burdens the public with its bigger share, wholly for his selfish pleasure. And the comet's trail of dust, a mile or two long, which marks his progress and chokes her speech, does not add to her enthusiasm. More probably, when she can articulate, she has some pointed comment ready on our friend's lack of manners, and the opportunity given him by a high-powered car of displaying his deficiency. Were the automobile never so safe, she declares, she would not class herself with such paragons of boorishness by setting foot in a motor car.

Somewhat shaken, it may be, by the vigor of the gentle lady's denunciation, and inwardly conscious that most of it is well deserved by its careless object, you consider the subject afresh. If there were no motor dervishes, and old-fashioned gentle folks weighed the automobile purely on its merits, would it stand in better favor? Doubtless it would. But would they love it as they do their horses? Would they buy it? A mental picture rises before you of the average automobile—noisy, dusty, mechanical, vibrant with its fretful pistons; and you know that they would neither buy it nor regret their lack. Something besides speed, reliability, economy, and safety (for the motorist) is still lacking. And it is something whose lack, though the motorist seldom appears to be conscious of it, is painfully visible to the non-motorist, who is still looking for his early ideal of a car.

And that early ideal was—what? Oh, pshaw! You once had some such foolish notion yourself; but, if you are a motorist and "wise," you have long since kicked it into the rubbish heap with the rest of your young and impractical enthusiasms. But what was it? Well, if murder must out, you did, once upon a time, when the automobile was a dream anyway, and imagination was unhampered by facts, conceive of the future motor car as a *horseless carriage.* How the motoring veteran smiles at that term to-day! What recollections it awakes of short, high-wheeled mechanical buggies; of futile, ridiculous little motors that boiled and coughed and shook under the box bodies by which they were artlessly "concealed;" of carburetors whose mixture was always wrong; of ignition wiring that broke

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down on every trip; of bearings that ran hot, chains that climbed their sprockets and snapped, piping that leaked, gears that slipped or stripped their teeth, wheels that parted company with their axles, and axles that broke, steering gears that came adrift when only the very moderate gait of the prodigy saved its passengers alive—and so on, down the endless list of once familiar troubles. It is small wonder that the pressing cry for a perfected mechanism, for accessibility, and for wheelbase and centre of gravity suited to rear propulsion and higher speeds, caused those innocent parodies of carriage comfort to become objects of mockery. And indeed, the mockery was justified, for the early inventors sought the shadow without the substance, the form of the carriage minus every quality that has endeared Old Dobbin to his friends.

No, the "horseless carriage" of which we dreamed was not the jarring, disintegrant mechanical buggy of unwept memory. Let me endeavor to put in words what it was and is:

A vehicle swift, but not compulsorily swift; a vehicle which, if the owner elect, may be driven as slowly as a carriage—as slowly, indeed, as a horse walks—and which will maintain this foot pace indefinitely, without overheating, without danger of stalling, and without making any demand on the driver's thought or care save to guide it; a vehicle whose motor simply propels, silently and smoothly, with none of the rasping chatter and vibration wherewith the average automobile motor proclaims its presence; a vehicle whose internal functions are as far as possible automatic, so that the driver does not have to think at frequent intervals of lubrication, of carburetor adjustment, of cleaning spark plugs, and the like; a vehicle which handles as readily at one speed as at any other—which responds as promptly to the throttle when running at a foot pace in high gear as at forty miles an hour, and which will therefore accelerate, even from a crawl, without shifting gears; a vehicle whose necessary control members—gear shift, brakes, throttle and spark—are so readily operated, with so little need of expert skill, that the owner may not merely learn in a few days to handle them, but may thereafter drive without the necessity of making his car and its management the sole figure in his thoughts.

In a word, the ideal automobile should be not simply fast, reliable, economical, comfortable, and safe. It should also be absolutely under command, perfectly "flexible" at all speeds, devoid of limitations which force its owner to choose one speed, for the sake of controllability, when he would prefer a different speed, and devoid also of such superfluous mechanical reminders as sound and vibration, which constrain even the non-driver to think of the manner in which he is propelled, when he would rather forget the manner and enjoy the fact.

In a word, again, it should be a machine, but a machine so perfected as to be mechanically self-effacing. We say of the good driver that he seems a part of his car; but the perfected automobile should be like a part of its driver, as a perfect musical instrument seems to enter into the personality of the player. We do not think of strings, hammers, pedals and sounding boards when De Pachmann plays; why should our friends be compelled to give their attention to the motor's performance and to our dexterity in driving, rather than to the scenery round about them, when we take them for a spin?

The average automobile of to-day is a machine, aggressively and all the time. It cannot help being a machine, of course; but the trouble is that it is an imperfect machine. It is to the ideal automobile what the mechanical piano-player is to the virtuoso, or the stage moon to divinely shining Luna herself.

Does this sound harsh? Here is a fair test. You, Madam—you who have motored with your husband for two seasons or more, and have got safely past the mere newness of the thing—if you had your honeymoon to live over again, would you spend it in a fast automobile? Perchance part of that real honeymoon, years ago, was spent threading long leafy solitudes behind an ambling nag, who knew his way and followed it, though the reins drooped unheeded and soul spoke to soul from ardent eyes. Or perhaps it was spent drifting down some sheltered river in a canoe, amid smiling pastures, whispering forests, and tangled brushwood riotous with the tints of June. Or you may have

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wandered away into the hills, and sat hand in hand by little brooks, and rowed on crystal, pine-fringed lakes, and gazed for hours from some height at the green and misty-blue panorama rolling far away to meet the bending sky. Would you have exchanged one hour of that new Eden, solemn, tender and beautiful, for ten hours of furious dusty road-pounding? Would you have felt like a bride, thus begoggled and swathed till Eve would not have known her daughter, watching endless stretches of road for bumps, bracing yourself in your seat five or ten times a minute as the car hit a gully or a water bar, too busy to notice the woods, the fields, the distant hills—much less store them in your memory—and arriving at your destination with hair and coat one uniform dun color, your eyes smarting, and a desire for sleep heavy upon you?

Suppose you had a car, as fast as you please, within reason and common sense, but a car that you could use like a carriage when the mood was on. Suppose you could drive out to see the country, and *see* it. Suppose your friends understood your invitation to mean, not a scorch in a whizzing machine, with no time to see aught but a hundred yards of highway just ahead, but a leisurely, delightful, effortless ramble. Suppose you did not feel limited to the improved roads, with their familiar scenes and too familiar traffic, but could plunge into the woods, explore hidden by-ways rarely pressed by wheels, and roam at will through valley and pasture and upland, unmindful of mileages, but rich in the joy of viewing Nature at her best. Suppose, moreover, that your car, like a well-bred child, were seen but not heard; suppose that, slow or fast, the motor never forced itself on your notice by mere pointless noise or tremor, and that you never had to think of radiator or bolts or whatnot loosened by over-speed.

It is true that there is no necessary connection between macadam and scenery, and there are roads so rough that no motor vehicle is likely ever to be built which will travel them with comfort to its occupants. The man who loves his car will never enjoy jamming it by brute force through deep mud or sand. But the fact remains that the motorist picks the improved highways, while the man behind the horse chooses the by-roads as being both more picturesque and less infested by the motor scorcher.

The public at large, observing the marked affinity between automobiles and crushed stone, says "speed craze" and hunts for restrictive laws. But the whole reason lies somewhat deeper. The finer shades of control were wholly lacking in the automobile of a couple of years ago, and are found to only a limited degree even in the best cars to-day. The orthodox motor car resents being held back, and shows it by overheating in the motor and radiator. Indeed, it is somewhat rare to find a four-cylinder car that will consent on a country road to run slower than ten miles an hour in high gear. When the trick is attempted, the motor pops, backfires, and presently stops. So, if one wants to run slowly without jockeying, he must drop into intermediate gear; this allows the motor to turn faster, and the car to run slower; but these very facts result in heat being generated more rapidly than the slow-moving radiator can disperse it, and presently the cooling water boils. Now, a boiling radiator is a less pleasing adjunct to a car than a hammering radiator is to a steam-heated flat, and the vine-clad slopes of Arcady would fail to charm the motorist under whose nose that kind of an eruption was in progress.

But that is not the whole story. The car which will not run "dead slow" in high gear will not accelerate in high gear except at ordinary road speeds. That means that if its driver slows down for whatever reason, he must drop back into intermediate gear to get up speed again. But changing gears, especially in the older types of cars, requires some skill. It is a mental interruption at best, and in a crisis there is the chance that a false motion may bring disaster. Consequently the average driver of an inflexible car avoids slackening below his effective high-gear speed as much as possible, and comes to regard slow-downs as a nuisance to be avoided.

Is not the result plain? The motorist simply adapts himself to his car. He cannot drive slowly enough to enjoy the scenery and forget the car; therefore he forgets the scenery and devotes himself to putting the miles behind him. Because he cannot get true, wholesome, well-bred pleasure, he

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takes excitement—the excitement of swift motion, of quick decision and nervy driving. And because he cannot slow right down without partially sacrificing control, he "takes a chance" at blind road intersections, at railway crossings, and in dodging traffic. Intent only on getting the most out of his machine, he keeps his own side of the road, and expects all others at their peril to do the same. He rushes by a frightened woman driver rather than offer help, relies on his horn or siren to clear the way ahead, and gives a dog the bare chance of a swerve if he is in good humor; while the foolish chickens lay their necks under his wheels with no chance at all. In his purposeless haste he charges through villages, "cuts off" teams that have the right of way, and performs strange feats of sudden braking when some other reckless scorcher runs athwart his path. The speed craze is a vital fact to be reckoned with; but it has not grown unaided. The inflexible car has from the first been its most powerful abettor.

But even the most confirmed speed crank gets tired of his risky sport in time. If he starts with a small car and advances year by year to the seventy horse-power racing runabout, satiety may be a long time coming. If he tries to hasten his education by omitting the small car, he is not unlikely to figure in a highly colored wreck story, an adventure which—if he survives it—may or may not cure his infatuation. But the average mortal, whose resources are not unlimited and whose head is neither empty nor wholly turned by the new diversion, begins to sober a little after his second or third season, and to ask himself whether, after all, the costly upkeep of a fast car is worth the risks it brings. The novelty of the sensation wears off, while the bills go on; and at length a balance is reached where the motorist inquires whether the automobile may not give him some less ephemeral pleasure than mere velocity.

As with the individual, so with the motoring public at large. To-day the number of novices is a large proportion of the total; as the automobile fills its market, the novices will figure in steadily diminishing ratio. The speed craze in the larger sense has probably reached its height to-day, and its decline is impending. Even now there are many symptoms of its passing. One of these is the general demand—irrational enough to the engineer, yet with a strong justification in the psychology of the man who drives—for cars that will do "stunts" in high gear, notably hill-climbing. The real though unconscious demand is not for a one-gear car (that will probably never come, for irrefragable engineering reasons), but for a car that does not require trained skill in gear-changing; and *that* is something which is absolutely sure to come. Another symptom is the popularity of the six-cylinder car. For reasons too technical to be given here, a six-cylinder internal combustion motor will run slower, both idle and loaded, and will accelerate better from "dead slow," than the four-cylinder motor of like power, other conditions being equal. The "six," again, is in perfect mechanical balance, and therefore practically free from vibration, whereas even the smoothest four-cylinder motor's running balance is only approximate, and its passengers are wonted to the vibration, rather than unconscious of it. If you delve a little deeper into the science of the car, you find that the carburetor—that inconspicuous little organ which evaporates the gasolene to make the power-producing explosive mixture—has more to do with the motor's flexibility than any other one thing about the car. The old carburetors functioned properly only within a narrow range of motor speeds; we are finding out to-day how to make a perfect mixture, whether the speed be six miles an hour or sixty. And with flexibility, aided by certain tricks of design in valves and gears, come quiet running and freedom from overheating.

The soundless, smooth-running, perfectly flexible car—what I like to call the Gentleman's Car, because a gentleman can drive it without violence to good-breeding or to his finer æsthetic appreciation—is not far distant to-day. Most of its elements are already present, some on this car, some on that; and in time they or their equivalents will be united in all the best machines. Because of its almost perfect smoothness and flexibility—its appeal to the æsthetic sense, in short—I look to see the "six" accepted as the high-water mark of excellence for cars of over, say, 24 horse-power, until the time, now indefinitely remote, when the gas or steam turbine is made a

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success for vehicle propulsion. In lower powers the vibration of the "four" is not so marked as to thrust itself on the passengers' notice, and the flexibility, while not perfect, is sufficient for the moderate speeds intended.

Another point worth naming, in connection with flexibility, is weight. A heavy car with a given engine accelerates correspondingly slower than a light car, and the effect on the driver is nearly as demoralizing as that of an engine which will not run slow. The present tendency is for luxurious body equipment to run away with ease and delicacy of control; and this has a further ill effect in multiplying tire troubles, which are a notable destroyer of the motorist's peace of mind. Light weight means higher cost for materials and workmanship, but it is worth all it costs. I do not believe a "cheap" machine will ever be quite satisfactory as a Gentleman's Car, though when it is new it may run as smoothly as the best; but on the other hand, with due progress in manufacturing skill, it will not be necessary to pay a fancy figure to secure perfect running qualities. We shall not need to revise our definition of the word gentleman to fit the owner of the Gentleman's Car of to-morrow.

So let us be sure that the automobile is no passing fad; that it has "come to stay," as well as to go. But let us also be sure that the automobile which does bid defiance to the whims of fashion will be no mere mechanical penny-dreadful, no pink-elephant whetter of an unnatural thirst for speed, but a docile, well-bred, faithful servant, a time saver, a giver of wholesome open-road exhilaration, a solace as well for tired brain and over-wrought nerves.

When that car arrives, will the nicest people you know deride it? Try them and see!

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# THE CRY OF THE SOIL

## By Edith Rickert

Author of "The Reaper."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

THE chief of her regrets was that she herself had brought the two together. She had not anticipated any particular danger from a man who could write so naïvely young an epistle as Mr. Jeremiah Fetterling had sent to her, claiming introduction on the strength of having been born in her native town. She had read his letter and tossed it into the waste-paper basket, smiled and reconsidered, pen in hand. Hayward would be coming on Sunday as usual, she reflected; and too much Hayward was a wearisome thing. Why not be kind and ask this youth also to tea?

By Sunday she had forgotten him. There was a driving rain and she had hoped for a single lapse on the part of her irreproachable suitor; but he came in a cab, prompt, fleckless as usual. Aunt Nina dozed over a novel in the little library, with open door. The rain beat on the asphalt, the fire droned, Hayward talked, Katherine yawned in spirit and smiled politely. Ten years, twenty years of this . . . after all, it was her own doing . . . she wished to marry Hayward for sufficient reasons of her own.

"Mr. Fetterling," announced the maid.

Hayward stopped short in the midst of his "Just as I" . . . and adjusted his glasses upon the intruder.

Katherine, partly for relief and partly in penitence for having forgotten him, was sweetly cordial as she brought him up to the fire.

He was clearly dazed by his surroundings. There was room for doubt whether he had ever been in a Queen Anne drawing-room before. Katherine, with no sign of watching, was interested to see how it affected him, piece by piece. Bare, he thought it, horribly cold and bare; he studied the cream-colored panelled walls

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with evident interest. Doubtless he was of the plush variety of mind. He did not seem to appreciate her water-colors; doubtless he wondered why she had not her family portraits in crayon round about her. She saw his eye lighten as it fell upon her tinkling old Broadwood, picked up at Lord Hepplecombe's sale; doubtless the young man fancied himself musical. He had a good deal of voice over against Hayward's Eton drawl; she fancied he might be one to sing "The Warrior Bold" to an assembly of delighted young women; or—there was another song came back to her dimly out of the memories of her youth when she was still familiar with picnics—"Juanita," that was it. She shut her eyes and could still hear the twang of it from the throat and guitar of one college boy, who had been among her earliest admirers.

She recalled herself with a start. The young man looked very uncomfortable in one of the straight-backed arm-chairs that alone the style of the room permitted; but none the less she was stirred to amazement by a sudden realization that instead of drawing off Hayward, or leading him on, or bringing him out, or anything, he was politely ignoring that gentleman, who looked very surprised and very rigid, and was demanding her whole attention for Centreville, their common town.

"How long since you have seen the old place?" he wished to know. She found herself wondering whether he bore the name of the chief Centreville tailor—Grubbs, that was it—on the lining of his neat blue serge, which contrasted so oddly with the other man's frock coat.

And upon hearing that it was upwards of twenty-five years, he had blurted out: "Why, you must have been a baby in long clothes!"

"On the contrary," she answered serenely, "I was a mature little girl; I must have been nearly eight." She read at once in his eyes that he was not accustomed to women who spoke plainly of their ages; also, that he had suffered a slight shock upon discovering her to be so old, whereupon she gathered that he was doubtless a year or two younger.

She felt a certain restiveness in Hayward, notwithstanding his polite calm, and made an effort to follow up the topic of his choosing before the disturbing element came in. But these were the most antagonistic two that she had ever paired socially. Hayward refused pointedly to be drawn into Centreville; and the young man from that town seemed fully content to gaze at his hostess with an open admiration that made her rather nervous, and to discourse free-heartedly of names that she could barely recall with an effort. He pulled up short and seemed content with eloquence of looks when Hayward demanded his turn. In the end, she grew rather pettish with Centreville and wished it had never produced this promising youth, this country engineer, now wandering so far out of his natural orbit.

At this point, Hayward took his departure, quite three-quarters of an hour earlier than usual; indeed, he left just as tea was coming in, on the plea of a slight indigestion, which exercise would doubtless remedy better than food. She did not press him to stay, being vexed at a look of faintly amused disgust in the corners of his eyes; but he was amiable enough. "Till Wednesday," said he—he did not confine his wooing to the Sabbath—and with a stiff bow to his successor went into the library to take leave of Aunt Nina.

Immediately after, that lady entered in a great flutter, barely pausing to hear the stranger's name: "My dear, I quite forgot until this moment that I promised Milly I'd look in to tea. Mr. Hayward has kindly promised to drop me there. That's his cab now."

So they two were left alone over the Beleek cups. Either the fact or the unwonted beverage so exhilarated the Centreville man that he dropped his Apostle spoon on the rug, then had to stoop for it and grow red and apologize and prevent Katherine's ringing for another by declaring that he did not take sugar. She smiled at the lie and solved the difficulty by most daintily laying her own spoon on his saucer. "Mine is really a form, as you will soon see, if you come to know me better."

He perceived that she spoke truth, but did not recover his poise for some seconds. She led a polite little dance of conversation: English weather, English antiquities, city churches, altar-pieces, old Masters, the new Venus, a poem on Adonis, the theatres, society, introductions; in the end, she came back to varieties of tea. The visitor was not responsive.

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"Do you remember," he asked suddenly, "Catfish Island? Were you ever out in a boat when the fish jumped clean over to the other side, and you could have caught scores in your hands, if only they'd been fit to eat?"

"No"—her tone chilled him. She was vaguely displeased with his persistence in an unwelcome topic; she did not want to talk Centreville. She added to soften her brusqueness: "It used to be a very muddy river."

He looked at her rather wistfully, seemed to study every detail of her charming and carefully thought-out dove-gray gown, before he said slowly: "Yes, the water is muddy; but the hills when they're all ablaze with sumach and the hickory woods on the Point—remember?"

Yes, she remembered very well, she assured him, drawing her lips together.

He perceived that something was wrong with the style of his conversation.

"I don't know," he said at last, "whether I'm talking to an American or not."

She lifted her eyebrows in genuine surprise: "Am I so different?"

"Yes, you're different," he answered, with a touch of anger underlying his deference. "It's my first crossing, so I don't know many English women at first hand. I suppose they are not all florid and overdressed, as we are led to believe? But you're altogether out of the line, it seems to me."

"Hybrid?" she suggested, with an uneasy laugh, as she rang for the removal of the tray.

"Why, no, your father was Deacon Brodie, of course, and your mother was pretty Sally Lamb, who broke so many soldiers' hearts during the War. I've heard all about it from my father. He used to pick up a lot of news on market-days."

Farmer Fetterling—now she remembered the name very well. She had even a misty image of a tall man rather like this one, who lived somewhere off in the backwoods and came to town in cow-hide boots and a bear-skin cap and vest. She seemed to know also that he had shot the bear. She was a little softened, however, by the allusion to her parents who had died so many years before, and left her to the mercy of this brutal world; there had been also some latent sympathy in the youth's voice that betrayed his understanding of this fact.

"As for the English men"—he continued meditatively, and took an abrupt turn of thought: "Would you call that an average specimen—I mean your friend, the man who was here this afternoon?"

She held her breath, going pale and red under the enormity of his unconscious offence. But when she spoke, she was calm enough. "Not average," said she, "but typical of a class, perhaps."

She seemed suddenly to see herself apart from herself, surveying Hayward through alien spectacles.

"I don't want to be rude," said the man from Centreville, "but just for my own enlightenment, I should like to know a few points about him."

He meant well—she was sure of that; she gratified his desire: "He is a Cambridge man, a barrister; but he has property and doesn't practice. His grand-uncle is a baronet; but there are two generations of cousins. People are beginning to say that he will be knighted some day for his social reform work or something."

"Hem," said Fetterling. "And what is his Christian name?"

"Thomas." She wondered if she looked as hot as she felt.

But his eyes were on the cool gray dress as he answered: "Couldn't call him Tom, could you?"

No, she admitted to herself that you could not call him Tom. The echo of this sentiment sounded like his death-knell in her breast. He must have been *Thomas* to his nurse. She longed to be rid of her guest. "You must come again and tell me all about Centreville," she said.

He rose at that and stood with his hands in his pockets looking awkwardly about the room; but finally he got out what he had to say: "I'm afraid it was a mistake, my coming. But I met Judge Lamb—your mother's cousin William—on Main Street just before I came away; and he said, 'Be sure you look up Kathie,' and gave me your address. I thought you'd be as glad of the home news as I was to bring it; but the moment I came into the house and saw how different it was, and looked at you and saw how you had nothing in common with the girls of our town, I felt it must be all wrong somehow, or I must be. Perhaps it's like

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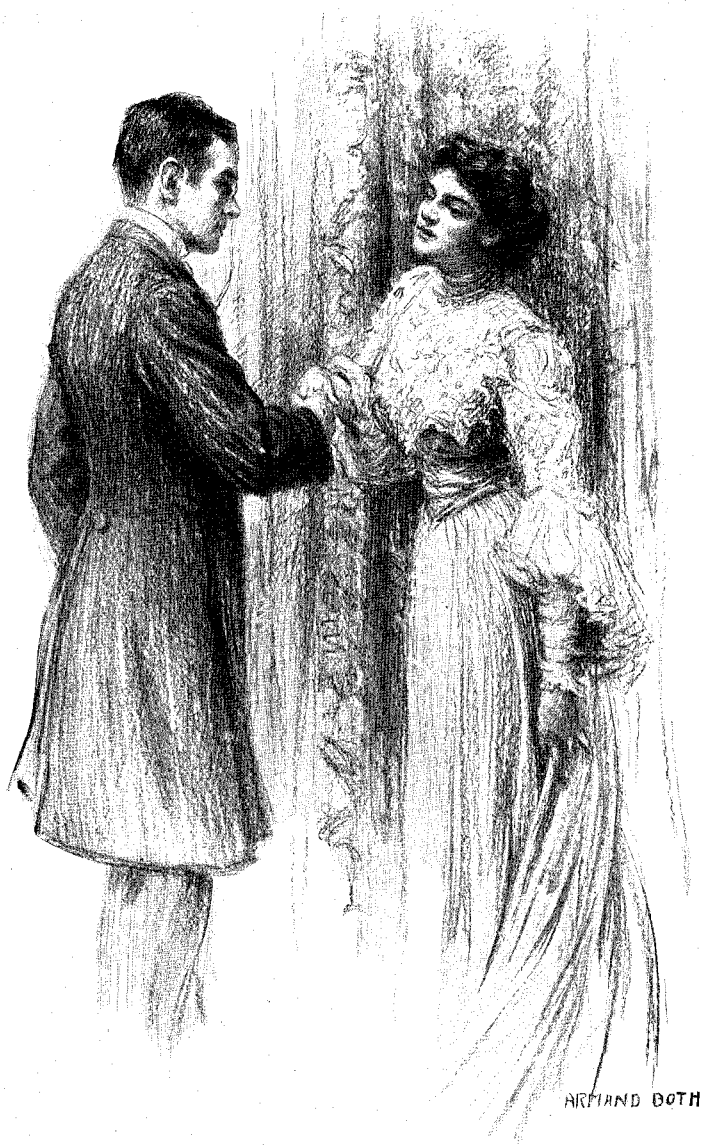


Hayward took his departure.—Page 587.

Old Masters; they're very fine but I don't appreciate 'em. Well, I'll be off. Good-bye."

She had not risen and she smiled at him above his outstretched hand: "Sit down again and waken the echoes of Centreville."

He was not unaware of the light irony of her voice, and he hesitated to be the plaything of her laughter; but he looked too long into her black-lashed luminous gray eyes and was lost. He sat down as if obediently but left the word with her.



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"You see," she leaned towards him, clasping her knees. "I was so young when we came away, so very young. Aunt Nina has always lived abroad from choice, ever since her husband died and I——"

She did not seem to know how to go on. "Don't you feel like a plant without roots?" he asked suddenly.

She looked at him with a swift quickening of interest, but made no reply. In her own heart she recognized the truth that it was through this very searching for roots that she had been led to consider *Thomas* in the light of a husband.

He was oppressively earnest: "Oh, I'm not running down this part of the world, only—well, I'm a farmer's son—when you transplant trees, you've got to take 'em young, or——"

"Or?" she encouraged him, with carefully assumed indifference.

He began again: "I don't put it well, I know; but—don't your roots sometimes cry out for their native soil?"

She was persistently indifferent: "Oh, I don't know. How? Does my native soil cry out for me?"

He bent to the fire, his chin in his two hands, in the attitude of one determined upon wrestling the problem through: "I'm not good for anything but mathematics; and this is psychology. Took two coaches to pull me through that at college. But here goes: where you're born, you know, and where you live until you begin to grow up and wonder what you're in this world for, and move about—why, seems to me, it all sort of gets into your blood and makes you what you are; and if you cut it out of your life, seems to me, you're pretty much like that bunch of chrysanthemums, nice to look at but bound to wither soon."

"You said, a while ago, that I was a transplanted tree," she objected lightly, and yet nervously.

He shook his head, with a frankly rueful smile at himself: "That's because I'm no good at talking—get all tangled up in my words. Perhaps you'd see it better if I went away, but I'm not going just this moment." She rather liked his dogged "I'll try again to show you what I mean. Take my case. You know our farm?"

She nodded: "Cousin Will and I used to go huckleberrying that way. There's a covered bridge and some of the boards are loose. I always expected the horse to step through. Has it ever happened?"

He shook out a negative: "And then?"

"And then you climb the hill and turn to the left—the wood there is white with blood-root in the spring. It's an old brown house down in the hollow, bare——"

"—square and ugly as sin—yes, that's my home," he finished for her. "Dad mortgaged it up to the hilt to send me to college"—he sighed.

She looked at him with gentle interest, but there was polite tolerance in her smile as well: "I can guess. And you have worked hard to pay it off. Now?"

"They are alive still, the old people. My younger brother keeps the farm going; but they like to think they have a hand in it. One of my sisters is married; the other engaged, but waiting——"

"Until?" she asked, in her light tone that suggested an etching in speech.

He went scarlet: "Until I marry, I suppose. It isn't fair to leave the old people to themselves, or to keep sis out of too many years of her own life; but I don't know, if I took home the wrong sort of girl——"

"Your career?" There was a tinge of acidity now in her lightness. "Why not let your brother——?"

"David?" He added musingly, almost as if he had forgotten her presence: "Why, Dave is sitting up nights to grind his way through college. He wants to be a lawyer, and he's getting old to begin now, nearly twenty-two——"

She was suddenly weary of his talk: what had Centreville farms and struggles for careers to do with a house in Barton Street? "Ah, well—" she sighed.

"Don't you see? he continued his exposition. "This is my one and only fling. I've saved up the money to come and study European bridges and roadbeds. But I'm rooted in Centreville. It's got to do for me. I must go back and——"

"—give Dave his chance," she concluded the sentence for him. "Tell me, do you want to go back, or are you being noble?"

She blushed at the impertinence of her question. He felt rather its scoffing, and answered, with a grim twist of the mouth: "It's my home, I guess."

"But you like it here?" she persisted.

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The Centreville man stooped to pick up his spoon.—Page 587.

He agreed readily: "It's delightful, but it isn't *me*—or mine. I haven't made my meaning clear, I think. . . . Good-bye."

She was singularly reluctant to let him go, although the strange disturbance in her world of feeling, which he seemed to have brought, was far from pleasant.

With the freedom born of seniority, she pressed him to come again; but won only a half reluctant promise to "look in," if he



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could "make the time," when he returned to sail from Liverpool.

Alone, she dismissed him from her thoughts, noting with some surprise that a distinct volition was needed for that purpose.

She chose to turn over the events of the coming week: Monday, the exhibition of enamels—she might have invited the young man, had he shown instincts of appreciating such things. . . . Dinner with the Gawthornes. Sir Henry was a capital mimic—Katherine flushed, remembering his graphic illustration of the eating by Americans, of what he termed "Indian maize." The worst of it was, she could not define the source or object of her own anger. Tuesday, Aunt Nina would be "At Home"; people would come and drink tea, and there would be music. . . . At Centreville, why, of course, at Centreville—things were much the same, the world over!—But in the old days, when she was a little girl, she seemed to remember that people sat on porches and drank raspberry shrub—some way it was all different. Wednesday, they were going to the theatre with Hayward. Now what was there in the picture of the three of them in the stalls to call up a memory of her old swing? Yet there it was: the great white-pillared brick-floored porch, the swift flight between the rain-water hogshead and the rafters. On the one side, the old-fashioned settee where mother sometimes helped Sophie with the currants or peas—it seemed always currants and peas—if dinner pressed. It had a ruffled calico cushion, the settee, faded green with a white pin-spot. On the other side, the Virginia creeper hung in long trails, half screening the well, into which a little girl with a safe-guarding hand on her shoulder, might gaze miles and miles to see the one spark of light that showed the black water.

She was staring full at the cabinet of rare china that she had collected—Lowestoft, Crown Derby, Chelsea, Bristol, Worcester—when the magic was wrought. She had thought the cupboard Sheraton, but it grew palpably into an old yellow thing of no style at all, possibly made by a village carpenter; and within, high up were mother's best glass and choicest preserves: towards the middle, father's nightcap (gingerbread and lemons and sugar, the boiling water to be added from the kettle on the hob); and here too was a basket dish always full of apples, mother's work-box, and carefully piled back numbers of magazines (the something *Depository? Repository*, was that it?), and on the bottom shelf were Kathie's toys. . . .

She sprang to her feet and crossed the room to touch the piece of Sheraton to make sure that it was real, and yet somehow through a thin veil of old white panelling and mezzotints and Sheffield candlesticks, she seemed to see her father's brick house with its mahogany furniture and oval portraits in gilt frames; even more, she seemed to feel the breath of one special day, when she lay under the bush of the ruddy flowering quince and sang to a ladybird among the tall grass-blades. . . .

Her aunt came in presently and found her absorbed in *Papillons*.

But this was only the beginning of the process. For days and weeks after Jerry's (how else could one think of the boy?) visit, everything in Katherine's daily experience associated itself with some other thing in that early life of hers that had so utterly vanished. If she visited a friend's garden: "Balsams? We used to have them at home. It's years since I have seen any. We always called them lady-slippers. It was the wrong name, I know. . . . Yes, exquisite, but I almost prefer the old-fashioned cabbage-roses. . . . There was a small red bud that we called shrub—just that—almost the first thing in the spring. Father always sent me some in letters if I happened to be away from home. . . .

The curious thing was that the most absurdly diverse topics led to the same thinking. Tiger-shooting in India aroused the memory of an old buffalo-robe in her father's office; deaths from sunstroke reminded her of the spring-house at home where all things were kept cool in running water; the Crusades suggested a chromo in her bedroom at home.

She did not consciously extend the comparison to the two men, perhaps because Hayward required her attention so completely that he left no room for thought of any other. Through the summer, he approached the crisis in his affections, until in October he had the desired assurance from Katherine's lips; but when he asked further confirmation of her affectionate

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*Drawn by Armand Both.*

When the magic was wrought.—Page 592.

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opinion, she was distressed: "Oh please wait—wait till——"

She set no limit; but on the next occasion, when he brought his irreproachable ring, he had his reward. Shortly after Katherine looked at herself in the glass, rather grimly: "Lady Hayward, *née* Brodie of Centreville, U. S. A. I'm ashamed of you! I can't think why on earth you did it, except— Well, it was time; and you have been so long away that I wonder——?"

There came a Sunday when she had genuinely a headache and sent Hayward with her aunt to evening service at the Abbey.

It was no collusion on her part that made the one servant deaf while the other was out; but Jerry Fetterling, in the rain, thanked his good luck when she herself opened the street door to him. All at once Hayward's flowers in the drawing-room smelled sickly; she had a longing to dump them into the street, in his returning path.

They talked a little of his trip, but he was not expansive; and she scarcely listened, being absorbed in wondering why she persistently held her left hand concealed.

"Since you were here," she said abruptly, "I have been thinking much of—of Centreville."

"Ah?" said he, with the intonation almost of a physician. "Is it calling?"

For answer she closed her eyes, clasped her hands, covering the left, and broke into a rapture of memory that left scarcely a stone untouched in that ugly little iron-smelting town among the hills of Ohio.

He waited until she was breathless and paused for comment; and waited still, until she asked, "Well, have you nothing to say?"

He rose and stood before her on the hearth, the color wavering in his brown face: "Yes—only two words. Come home."

"Ah," said she with her pretty artificial smile; but it ended in a sob as she buried her face in her arm: "O Jerry, I *am* homesick!"

He touched her shoulder with a trembling hand: "Jerry—you said Jerry?"

Then she resumed her self control: "That was nothing—it's gone now. And you see I must stay here because—because I've—taken root. . . . "

Perhaps it was not without intention that she clasped her hands so that he saw the sparkle of the ring. "Yes," he said quietly, "that looks like a root. I must be going."

She gazed up at him with a curious piteous dependence: "But, you see there is nothing. . . . What can I do?"

Then the fibre of the man came out clearly: "You must obey the stronger cry. Love here—home there."

They were still looking at each other in some strange hypnotized fashion when the church-goers were upon them.

Katherine rose to meet them, twirling her ring between her two hands, with an expression that neither her aunt nor Hayward had ever seen before.

"My dear," began the older woman before she saw Jerry, "we were speaking of the honeymoon. . . . "

"I am afraid," said Katherine deliberately, "that there won't be a honeymoon. I'm afraid I'm too homesick to stay here any longer. . . . and I think I'm going back by the next boat—no, Jerry not yours —And I don't mind losing your money, Aunt Nina, if only I've got enough of my own to live in the old house again. I'm— I'm going home to—my own people—the living and the dead—and—Jerry, you explain. . . . "

She broke away from the amazed trio; and left Fetterling to play champion, with such hope for the future as he might derive from the situation, of that madness of hers, which he had called the cry of the soil.

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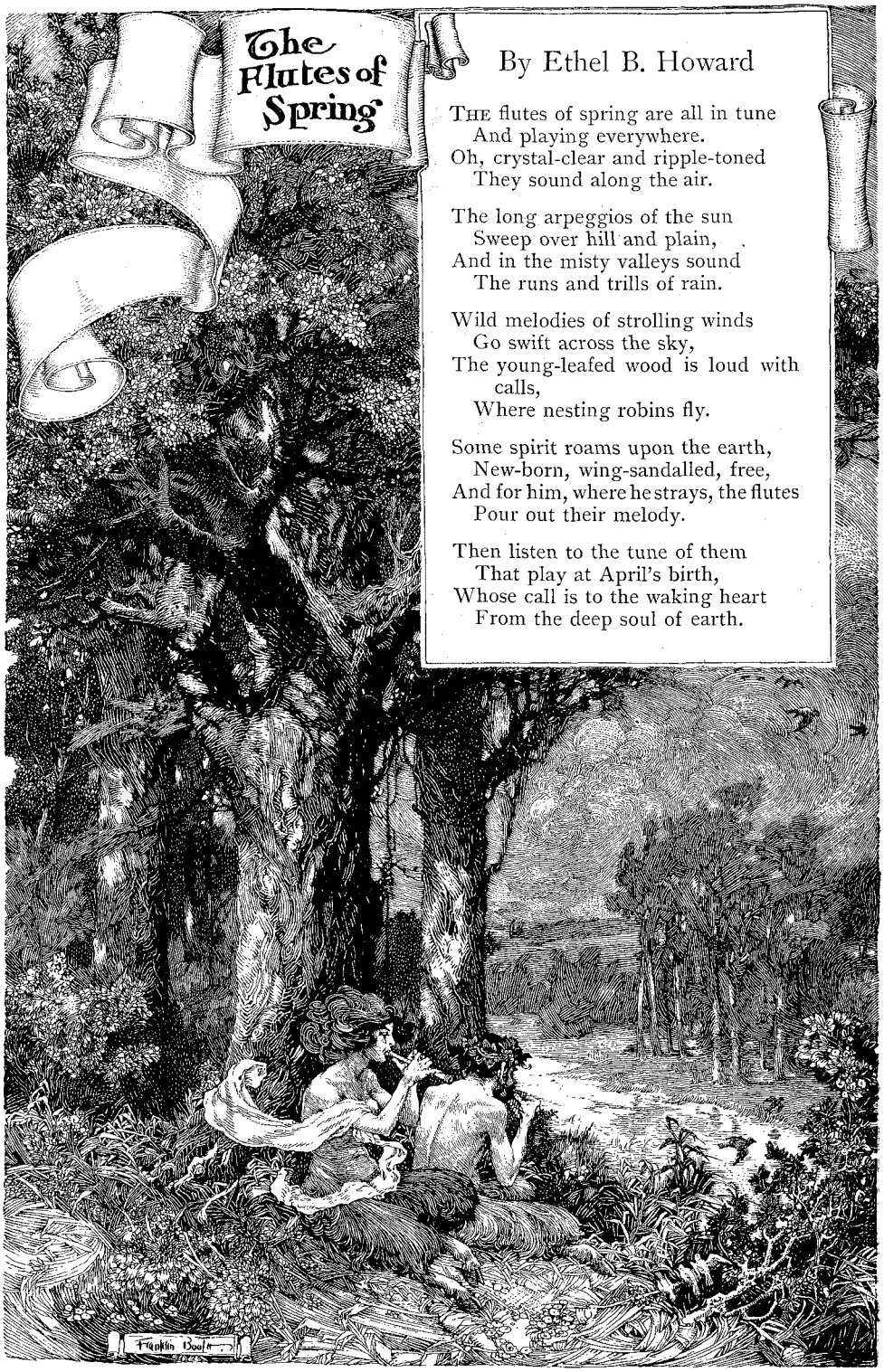


By Ethel B. Howard

THE flutes of spring are all in tune
And playing everywhere.
Oh, crystal-clear and ripple-toned
They sound along the air.

The long arpeggios of the sun
Sweep over hill and plain,
And in the misty valleys sound
The runs and trills of rain.

Wild melodies of strolling winds
Go swift across the sky,
The young-leafed wood is loud with calls,
Where nesting robins fly.

Some spirit roams upon the earth,
New-born, wing-sandalled, free,
And for him, where he strays, the flutes
Pour out their melody.

Then listen to the tune of them
That play at April's birth,
Whose call is to the waking heart
From the deep soul of earth.

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*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"You haint never goin' to marry him."—Page 608.

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# THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

## XVI

THE in-sweep of the outside world was broadening its current now. The improvement company had been formed to encourage the growth of the town. A safe was put in the back part of a furniture store behind a wooden partition and a bank was started. Up through the Gap and toward Kentucky more entries were driven into the coal, and on the Virginia side were signs of stripping for iron ore. A furnace was coming in just as soon as the railroad could bring it in, and the railroad was pushing ahead with genuine vigor. Speculators were trooping in and the town had been divided off into lots—a few of which had already changed hands. One agent brought in a big steel safe and a tent and was buying coal lands right and left. More young men drifted in from all points of the compass. A tent-hotel was put at the foot of Imboden Hill, and of nights there were under it much poker and song. The lilt of a definite optimism was in every man's step and the light of hope in every man's eye.

And the Guard went to its work in earnest. Every man now had his Winchester, his revolver, his billy and his whistle. Drilling and target-shooting became a daily practice. Bob, who had been a year in a military school, was drill-master for the recruits, and very gravely he performed his duties and put them through the skirmishers' drill—advancing in rushes, throwing themselves in the new grass, and very gravely he commended one enthusiast—none other than the Hon. Samuel Budd—who, rather than lose his position in line, threw himself into a pool of water: all to the surprise, scorn and anger of the mountain onlookers, who dwelled about the town. Many were the comments the members of Guard heard from them, even while they were at drill.

"I'd like to see one o' them fellers hit me with one of them locust posts."

"Huh! I could take two good men an' run the whole batch out o' the county."

"Look at them dudes and furriners. They come into our country and air tryin' to larn us how to run it."

"Our boys air only tryin' to have their little fun. They don't mean nothin', but someday some fool young guard'll hurt somebody and then thar'll he hell to pay."

Hale could not help feeling considerable sympathy for their point of view—particularly when he saw the mountaineers watching the Guard at target-practice—each volunteer policeman with his back to the target, and at the word of command wheeling and firing six shots in rapid succession—and he did not wonder at their snorts of scorn at such bad shooting and their open anger that the Guard was practising for *them.* But sometimes he got an unexpected recruit. One bully, who had been conspicuous in the brickyard trouble, after watching a drill went up to him with a grin:

"Hell," he said cheerily, "I believe you fellers air goin' to have more fun than we air, an' danged if I don't jine, if you'll let me."

"Sure," said Hale. And others, who might have been bad men, became members and, thus getting a vent for their energies, were as enthusiastic for the law as they might have been against it.

Of course, the antagonistic element in the town lost no opportunity to plague and harass the Guard, and after the destruction of the "blind tigers," mischief was naturally concentrated in the high-license saloons—particularly in the one run by Jack Woods, whose local power for evil and cackling laugh seemed to mean nothing else than close personal communion with



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old Nick himself. Passing the door of his saloon one day, Bob saw one of Jack's customers trying to play pool with a Winchester in one hand and an open knife between his teeth, and the boy stepped in and halted. The man had no weapon concealed and was making no disturbance, and Bob did not know whether or not he had the legal right to arrest him, so he turned, and, while he was standing in the door, Jack winked at his customer, who, with a grin, put the back of his knife-blade between Bob's shoulders and, pushing, closed it. The boy looked over his shoulder without moving a muscle, but the Hon. Samuel Budd, who came in at that moment, pinioned the fellow's arms from behind and Bob took his weapon away.

"Hell," said the mountaineer, "I didn't aim to hurt the little feller. I jes' wanted to see if I could skeer him."

"Well, brother, 'tis scarce a merry jest," quoth the Hon. Sam, and he looked sharply at Jack through his big spectacles as the two led the man off to the calaboose: for he suspected that the saloon-keeper was at the bottom of the trick. Jack's time came only the next day. He had regarded it as the limit of indignity when an ordinance was up that nobody should blow a whistle except a member of the Guard, and it was great fun for him to have some drunken customer blow a whistle and then stand in his door and laugh at the policemen running in from all directions. That day Jack tried the whistle himself and Hale ran down.

"Who did that?" he asked. Jack felt bold that morning.

"I blowed it."

Hale thought for a moment. The ordinance against blowing a whistle had not been passed, but he made up his mind that, under the circumstances, Jack's blowing was a breach of the peace, since the Guard had adopted that signal. So he said:

"You mustn't do that again."

Jack had doubtless been going through precisely the same mental process, and, on the nice legal point involved, he seemed to differ.

"I'll blow it when I damn please," he said.

"Blow it again and I'll arrest you," said Hale.

Jack blew. He had his right shoulder against the corner of his door at the time, and, when he raised the whistle to his lips, Hale drew and covered him before he could make another move. Woods backed slowly into his saloon to get behind his counter. Hale saw his purpose, and he closed in, taking great risk, as he always did, to avoid bloodshed, and there was a struggle. Jack managed to get his pistol out, but Hale caught him by the wrist and held the weapon away so that it was harmless as far as he was concerned; but a crowd was gathering at the door toward which the saloon-keeper's pistol was pointed, and he feared that somebody out there might be shot; so he called out:

"Drop that pistol!"

The order was not obeyed, and Hale raised his right hand high above Jack's head and dropped the butt of his weapon on Jack's skull—hard. Jack's head dropped back between his shoulders, his eyes closed, and his pistol clicked on the floor. Hale knew how serious a thing a blow was in that part of the world, and what excitement it would create, and he was uneasy at Jack's trial, for fear that the saloon-keeper's friends would take the matter up; but they didn't, and, to the surprise of everybody, Jack quietly paid his fine, and thereafter the Guard had little active trouble from the town itself, for it was quite plain there, at least, that the Guard meant business.

Across Black Mountain old Dave Tolliver and old Buck Falin had got well of their wounds by this time, and though each swore to have vengeance against the other as soon as he was able to handle a Winchester, both factions seemed waiting for that time to come. Moreover, the Falins, because of a rumor that Bad Rufe Tolliver might come back, and because of Devil Judd's anger at their attempt to capture young Dave, grew wary and rather pacificatory: and so, beyond a little quarrelling, a little threatening and the exchange of a harmless shot or two, sometimes in banter, sometimes in earnest, nothing had been done. Sternly, however, though the Falins did not know the fact, Devil Judd continued to hold aloof in spite of the pleadings of young Dave, and so confident was the old man in the balance of power that lay with him that he sent June word that he was coming to take her home. And, in truth, with Hale going away again on a

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business trip and Bob, too, gone back home to the Bluegrass, and school closed, the little girl was glad to go, and she waited for her father's coming eagerly. Miss Anne was still there, to be sure, and if she, too, had gone, June would have been more content. The quiet smile of that astute young woman had told Hale plainly, and somewhat to his embarrassment, that she knew something had happened between the two, but that smile she never gave to June. Indeed, she never encountered aught else than the same silent searching gaze from the strangely mature little creature's eyes, and when those eyes met the teacher's, always June's hand would wander unconsciously to the little cross at her throat as though to invoke its aid against anything that could come between her and its giver.

The purple rhododendrons on Bee Rock had come and gone and the pink-flecked laurels were in bloom when June fared forth one sunny morning of her own birth-month behind old Judd Tolliver—home. Back up through the wild Gap they rode in silence, past Bee Rock, out of the chasm and up the little valley toward the Trail of the Lonesome Pine, into which the father's old sorrel nag, with a switch of her sunburnt tail, turned leftward. June leaned forward a little, and there was the crest of the big tree motionless in the blue high above, and sheltered by one big white cloud. It was the first time she had seen the pine since she had first left it, and little tremblings went through her from her bare feet to her bonneted head. Thus was she unclad, for Hale had told her that, to avoid criticism, she must go home clothed just as she was when she left Lonesome Cove. She did not quite understand that, and she carried her new clothes in a bundle in her lap, but she took Hale's word unquestioned. So she wore her crimson homespun and her bonnet, with her bronze-gold hair gathered under it in the same old Psyche knot. She must wear her shoes, she told Hale, until she got out of town, else someone might see her, but Hale had said she would be leaving too early for that: and so she had gone from the Gap as she had come into it, with unmittened hands and bare feet. The soft wind was very good to those dangling feet, and she itched to have them on the green grass or in the cool waters through which the old horse splashed. Yes, she was going home again, the same June as far as mountain eyes could see, though she had grown perceptibly, and her little face had blossomed from her heart almost into a woman's, but she knew that while her clothes were the same, they covered quite another girl. Time wings slowly for the young, and when the sensations are many and the experiences are new, slowly even for all—and thus there was a double reason why it seemed an age to June since her eyes had last rested on the big Pine.

Here was the place where Hale had put his big black horse into a dead run, and as vivid a thrill of it came back to her now as had been the thrill of the race. Then they began to climb laboriously up the rocky creek—the water singing a joyous welcome to her along the path, ferns and flowers nodding to her from dead leaves and rich mould and peeping at her from crevices between the rocks on the creek-banks as high up as the level of her eyes—up under bending branches full-leafed, with the warm sunshine darting down through them upon her as she passed, and making a playfellow of her sunny hair. Here was the place where she had got angry with Hale, had slid from his horse and stormed with tears. What a little fool she had been when Hale had meant only to be kind! He was never anything but kind—Jack was—dear, dear Jack! That wouldn't happen *no* more, she thought, and straightway she corrected that thought.

"It won't happen *any* more," she said aloud.

"Whut'd you say, June?"

The old man lifted his bushy beard from his chest and turned his head.

"Nothin', dad," she said, and old Judd, himself in a deep study, dropped back into it again. How often she had said that to herself—that it would happen no more—she had stopped saying it to Hale, because he laughed and forgave her, and seemed to love her mood, whether she cried from joy or anger—and yet she kept on doing both just the same.

Several times Devil Judd stopped to let his horse rest, and each time, of course, the wooded slopes of the mountains stretched downward in longer sweeps of summer green, and across the widening valley the tops of the mountains beyond dropped

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nearer to the straight level of her eyes, while beyond them vaster blue bulks became visible and ran on and on, as they always seemed, to the farthest limits of the world. Even out there, Hale had told her, she would go some day. The last curving up-sweep came finally, and there stood the big Pine, majestic, unchanged, and murmuring in the wind like the undertone of a far-off sea. As they passed the base of it, she reached out her hand and let the tips of her fingers brush caressingly across its trunk, turned quickly for a last look at the sunlit valley and the hills of the outer world and then the two passed into a green gloom of shadow and thick leaves that shut her heart in as suddenly as though some human hand had clutched it. She was going home—to see Bub and Loretta and Uncle Billy and "old Hon" and her step-mother and Dave, and yet she felt vaguely troubled. The valley on the other side was in dazzling sunshine—she had seen that. The sun must still be shining over there—it must be shining above her over here, for here and there shot a sunbeam message from that outer world down through the leaves, and yet it seemed that black night had suddenly fallen about her, and helplessly she wondered about it all, with her hands gripped tight and her eyes wide. But the mood was gone when they emerged at the "deadening" on the last spur and she saw Lonesome Cove and the roof of her little home peacefully asleep in the same sun that shone on the valley over the mountain. Color came to her face and her heart beat faster. At the foot of the spur the road had been widened and showed signs of heavy hauling. There was sawdust in the mouth of the creek and, from coal-dust the water was black. The ring of axes and the shouts of ox-drivers came from the mountain side. Up the creek above her father's cabin three or four houses were being built of fresh boards, and there in front of her was a new store. To a fence one side of it, two horses were hitched and on one horse was a side-saddle. Before the door stood the Red Fox and Uncle Billy, the miller, who peered at her for a moment through his big spectacles and gave her a wondering shout of welcome that brought her cousin Loretta to the door where she stopped a moment, anchored with surprise. Over her shoulder peered her cousin Dave, and June saw his face darken while she looked.

"Why, Honey," said the old miller, "have ye really come home agin?" While Loretta simply said:

"My Lord!" and came out and stood with her hands on her hips looking at June.

"Why, ye ain't a bit changed! I knowed ye wasn't goin' to put on no airs like Dave thar said"—she turned on Dave, who, with a surly shrug, wheeled and went back into the store. Uncle Billy was going home.

"Come down to see us right away now," he called back. "Ole Hon's might nigh crazy to git her eyes on ye."

"All right, Uncle Billy," said June, "early ter-morrer." The Red Fox did not open his lips, but his pale eyes searched the girl from head to foot.

"Git down, June," said Loretta, "and I'll walk up to the house with ye."

June slid down, Devil Judd started the old horse, and as the two girls, with their arms about each other's waists, followed, the wolfish side of the Red Fox's face lifted in an ironical snarl. Bub was standing at the gate, and when he saw his father riding home alone, his wistful eyes filled and his cry of disappointment brought the step-mother to the door.

"Whar's June?" he cried, and June heard him, and loosening herself from Loretta, she ran round the horse and had Bub in her arms. Then she looked up into the eyes of her step-mother. The old woman's face looked kind—so kind that for the first time in her life June did what her father could never get her to do: she called her "Mammy," and then she gave that old woman the surprise of her life—she kissed her. Right away she must see everything, and Bub, in ecstasy, wanted to pilot her around to see the new calf and the new pigs and the new chickens, but dumbly June looked to a miracle that had come to pass to the left of the cabin—a flower-garden, the like of which she had seen only in her dreams.

## XVII

TWICE her lips opened soundlessly and, dazed, she could only point dumbly. The old step-mother laughed:

"Jack Hale done that. He pestered yo'

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pap to let him do it fer ye, an' anything Jack Hale wants from yo' pap, he gits. I thought hit was plum' foolishness, but he's got things to eat planted thar, too, an' I declar hit's right purty."

That wonderful garden! June started for it on a run. There was a broad grass-walk down through the middle of it and there were narrow grass-walks running sidewise, just as they did in the gardens which Hale told her he had seen in the outer world. The flowers were planted in raised beds, and all the ones that she had learned to know and love at the Gap were there, and many more besides. The holly-hocks, bachelor's buttons and marigolds she had known all her life. The lilacs, touch-me-nots, tulips and narcissus she had learned to know in gardens at the Gap. Two rose-bushes were in bloom, and there were strange grasses and plants and flowers that Jack would tell her about when he came. One side was sentinelled by sun-flowers and another side by transplanted laurel and rhododendron shrubs; and hidden in the plant-and-flower-bordered squares were the vegetables that won her step-mother's tolerance of Hale's plan. Through and through June walked, her dark eyes flashing joyously here and there when they were not a little dimmed with tears, with Loretta following her, unsympathetic in appreciation, wondering that June should be making such a fuss about a lot of flowers, but envious withal when she half guessed the reason; and impatient Bub eager to show her other births and changes. And, over and over all the while, June was whispering to herself:

"My garden—*my* garden!"

When she came back to the porch, after a tour through all that was new or had changed, Dave had brought his horse and Loretta's to the gate. No, he wouldn't come in and "rest a spell"—"they must be gittin' along home," he said shortly. But old Judd Tolliver insisted that he should stay to dinner, and Dave tied the horses to the fence and walked to the porch, not lifting his eyes to June. Straightway the girl went into the house to help her step-mother with dinner, but the old woman told her she "reckoned she needn't start in yit"—adding in the querulous tone June knew so well:

"I've been mighty po'ly, an' thar'll be a mighty lot fer you to do now." So with this direful prophecy in her ears the girl hesitated. The old woman looked at her closely.

"Ye ain't a bit changed," she said.

They were the words Loretta had used, and in the voice of each was the same strange tone of disappointment. June wondered: were they sorry she had not come back putting on airs and fussed up with ribbons and feathers that they might hear her picked to pieces and perhaps do some of the picking themselves? Not Loretta, surely—but the old step-mother! June left the kitchen and sat down just inside the door. The Red Fox and two other men had sauntered up from the store and all were listening to his quavering chat:

"I seed a vision last night, and thar's trouble a-coming in these mountains. The Lord told me so straight from the clouds. These railroads and coal-mines is a-goin' to raise taxes, so that a pore man'll have to sell his hogs and his corn to pay 'em an' have nothin' left to keep him from starvin' to death. Them police-fellers over thar at the Gap is a-stirrin' up strife and a-runnin' things over thar as though the earth was made fer 'em, an' the citizens ain't goin' to stand it. An' this war's a-comin' on an' thar'll be shootin' an' killin' over thar an' over hyeh. I seed all this devilment in a vision last night, as shore as I'm settin' hyeh."

Old Judd grunted, shifted his huge shoulders, parted his moustache and beard with two fingers and spat through them.

"Well, I reckon you didn't see no devilment, Red, that you won't take a hand in, if it comes."

The other men laughed, but the Red Fox looked meek and lowly.

"I'm a servant of the Lord. He says do this, an' I does it the best I know how. I goes about a-preachin' the word in the wilderness an' a-healin' the sick with soothin' yarbs and sech."

"An' a-makin' compacts with the devil," said old Judd shortly, "when the eye of man is a-lookin' t'other way." The left side of the Red Fox's face twitched into the faintest shadow of a snarl, but, shaking his head, he kept still.

"Well," said Sam Barth, who was thin and long and sandy, "I don't keer what

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them fellers do on t'other side o' the mountain, but what air they a-comin' over here fer?"

Old Judd spoke again.

"To give you a job, if you wasn't too durned lazy to work."

"Yes," said the other man, who was dark, swarthy and whose black eye-brows met across the bridge of his nose—"and that damned Hale, who's a-tearin' up Hell-fire here in the cove." The old man lifted his eyes. Young Dave's face wore a sudden malignant sympathy which made June clench her hands a little more tightly.

"What about him? You must have been over to the Gap lately—like Dave thar—did you git board in the calaboose?" It was a random thrust, but it was accurate and it went home, and there was silence for a while. Presently old Judd went on.

"Taxes hain't goin' to be raised, and if they are, folks will be better able to pay 'em. Them police-fellers at the Gap don't bother nobody if he behaves himself. This war will start when it does start, an' as for Hale, he's as square an' clever a feller as I've ever seed. His word is just as good as his bond. I'm a-goin' to sell him this land. It'll be his'n, an' he can do what he wants to with it. I'm his friend, and I'm goin' to stay his friend as long as he goes on as he's goin' now, an' I'm not goin' to see him bothered as long as he tends to his own business."

The words fell slowly and the weight of them rested heavily on all except on June. Her fingers loosened and she smiled.

The Red Fox rose, shaking his head.

"All right, Judd Tolliver," he said warningly.

"Come in and git something to eat, Red."

"No," he said, "I'll be gittin' along"—and he went, still shaking his head.

The table was covered with an oil-cloth spotted with drippings from a candle. The plates and cups were thick and the spoons were of pewter. The bread was soggy and the bacon was thick and floating in grease. The men ate and the women served, as in ancient days. They gobbled their food like wolves, and when they drank their coffee, the noise they made was painful to June's ears. There were no napkins and when her father pushed his chair back, he wiped his dripping mouth with the back of his sleeve. And Loretta and the step-mother—they, too, ate with the knives and used their fingers. Poor June quivered with a vague newborn disgust. Ah, had she not changed—in ways they could not see!

June helped clear away the dishes—the old woman did not object to that—listening to the gossip of the mountains—courtships, marriages, births, deaths, the growing hostility in the feud, the random killing of this man or that—Hale's doings in Lonesome Cove.

"He's comin' over hyeh agin next Saturday," said the old woman.

"Is he?" said Loretta in a way that made June turn sharply from her dishes toward her. She knew Hale was not coming, but she said nothing. The old woman was lighting her pipe.

"Yes—you better be over hyeh in yo' best bib and tucker."

"Pshaw," said Loretta, but June saw two bright spots come into her pretty cheeks, and she herself burned inwardly. The old woman was looking at her.

"'Pears like you air mighty quiet, June."

"That's so," said Loretta, looking at her, too.

June, still silent, turned back to her dishes. They were beginning to take notice after all, for the girl hardly knew that she had not opened her lips.

Once only Dave spoke to her, and that was when Loretta said she must go. June was out in the porch looking at the already beloved garden, and hearing his step she turned. He looked her steadily in the eyes. She saw his gaze drop to the fairy-stone at her throat, and a faint sneer appeared at his set mouth—a sneer for June's folly and what he thought was uppishness in "furriners" like Hale.

"So you ain't good enough fer him jest as ye air—air ye?" he said slowly. He's got to make ye all over agin. So's you'll be fitten fer him."

He turned away without looking to see how deep his barbed shaft went and, startled, June flushed to her hair. In a few minutes they were gone—Dave without the exchange of another word with June, and Loretta with a parting cry that she would come back on Saturday. The old man went to the cornfield high above the cabin, the old woman, groaning with pains real and fancied, lay down on a creaking bed, and June, with Dave's wound rankling, went out with Bub to see the new doings in Lonesome Cove. The geese

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cackled before her, the hog-fish darted like submarine arrows from rock to rock and the willows bent in the same wistful way toward their shadows in the little stream, but its crystal depths were there no longer —floating saw-dust whirled in eddies on the surface and the water was black as soot. Here and there the white belly of a fish lay upturned to the sun, for the cruel, deadly work of civilization had already begun. Farther up the creek was a buzzing monster that, creaking and snorting, sent a flashing disc, rimmed with sharp teeth, biting a savage way through a log, that screamed with pain as the brutal thing tore through its vitals, and gave up its life each time with a ghost-like cry of agony. Farther on little houses were being built of fresh boards, and farther on the water of the creek got blacker still. June suddenly clutched Bud's arms. Two demons had appeared on a pile of fresh dirt above them —sooty, begrimed, with black faces and black hands, and in the cap of each was a smoking little lamp.

"Huh," said Bub, "that ain't nothin'! Hello, Bill," he called bravely.

"Hello, Bub," answered one of the two demons, and both stared at the lovely little apparition who was staring with such naïve horror at them. It was all very wonderful, though, it was all happening in Lonesome Cove, but Jack Hale was doing it all and, therefore, it was all right, thought June —no matter what Dave said. Moreover the ugly spot on the great, beautiful breast of the Mother was such a little one after all and June had no idea how it must spread. Above the opening for the mines the creek was crystal-clear as ever, the great hills were the same, and the sky and the clouds, and the cabin and the fields of corn. Nothing could happen to them, but if even they were wiped out by Hale's hand she would have made no complaint. A wood-thrush flitted from a ravine as she and Bub went back down the creek—and she stopped with uplifted face to listen. All her life she had loved its song, and this was the first time she had heard it in Lonesome Cove since she had learned its name from Hale. She has never heard it thereafter without thinking of him, and she thought of him now while it was breathing out the very spirit of the hills, and she drew a long sigh for already she was lonely and hungering for him. The song ceased and a long wavering cry came from the cabin.

"So-o-o-cow! S-o-o-kee! S-o-o-kee!"

The old mother was calling the cows. It was near milking-time, and with a vague uneasiness she hurried Bub home. She saw her father coming down from the corn-field. She saw the two cows come from the woods into the path that led to the barn, switching their tails and snatching mouthfuls from the bushes as they swung down the hill and, when she reached the gate, her step-mother was standing on the porch with one hand on her hip and the other shading her eyes from the slanting sun—waiting for her. Already kindness and consideration were gone.

"Whar you been, June? Hurry up, now. You've had a long restin'-spell while I've been a-workin' myself to death."

It was the old tone and the old fierce rebellion rose within her, but Hale had told her to be patient. She could not check the flash from her eyes, but she shut her lips tight on the answer that sprang to them, and without a word she went to the kitchen for the milking-pails. The cows had forgotten her. They eyed her with suspicion and were restive. The first one kicked at her when she put her beautiful head against its soft flank. Her muscles had been in disuse and her hands were cramped and her forearms ached before she was through—but she kept doggedly at her task. When she finished, her father had fed the horses and was standing behind her.

"Hit's mighty good to have you back agin, little gal."

It was not often that he smiled or showed tenderness, much less spoke it thus openly, and June was doubly glad that she had held her tongue. Then she helped her step-mother get supper. The fire scorched her face, that had grown unaccustomed to such heat, and she burned one hand, but she did not let her step-mother see even that. Again she noticed with aversion the heavy thick dishes and the pewter spoons and the candle-grease on the oil-cloth, and she put the dishes down and while the old woman was out of the room, attacked the spots, viciously. Again she saw her father and Bub ravenously gobbling their coarse food while she and her step-mother served and waited, and she began to wonder. The

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women sat at the table with the men over in the Gap—why not here? Then her father went silently to his pipe and Bub to playing with the kitten at the kitchen-door, while she and her mother ate with never a word. Something began to stifle her, but she choked it down. There were the dishes to be cleared away and washed, and the pans and kettles to be cleaned. Her back ached, her arms were tired to the shoulders and her burned hand quivered with pain when all was done. The old woman had left her to do the last few little things alone and had gone to her pipe. Both she and her father were sitting in silence on the porch when June went out there. Neither spoke to each other, nor to her, and both seemed to be part of the awful stillness that engulfed the world. Bub fell asleep in the soft air, and June sat and sat and sat. That was all except for the stars that came out over the mountains and were slowly being sprayed over the sky, and the pipings of frogs from the little creek. Once the wind came with a sudden sweep up the river and she thought she could hear the creak of Uncle Billy's water-wheel. It smote her with sudden gladness, not so much because it was a relief and because she loved the old miller, but—such is the power of association—because she now loved the mill more, loved it because the mill over in the Gap had made her think more of the mill at the mouth of Lonesome Cove. A tapping vibrated through the railing of the porch on which her cheek lay. Her father was knocking the ashes from his pipe. A similar tapping sounded inside at the fireplace. The old woman had gone and Bub was in bed, and she had heard neither move. The old man rose with a yawn.

"Time to lay down, June."

The girl rose. They all slept in one room. She did not dare to put on her night-gown—her mother would see it in the morning. So she slipped off her dress, as she had done all her life, and crawled into bed with Bub, who lay in the middle of it and who grunted peevishly when she pushed him with some difficulty over to his side. There were no sheets—not even one—and the coarse blankets, which had a close acrid odor that she had never noticed before, seemed almost to scratch her flesh. She had hardly been to bed that early since she had left home, and she lay sleepless, watching the firelight play hide and seek with the shadows among the aged, smoky rafters and flicker over the strings of dried things that hung from the ceiling. In the other corner her father and step-mother snored heartily, and Bub, beside her, was in a nerveless slumber that would not come to her that night—tired and aching as she was. So, quietly, by and by, she slipped out of bed and out the door to the porch. The moon was rising and the radiant sheen of it had dropped down over the mountain side like a golden veil and was lighting up the white rising mists that trailed the curves of the river. It sank below the still crests of the pines beyond the garden and dropped on until it illumined, one by one, the dewy heads of the flowers. She rose and walked down the grassy path in her bare feet through the silent fragrant emblems of the planter's thought of her—touching this flower and that with the tips of her fingers. And when she went back, she bent to kiss one lovely rose and, as she lifted her head with a start of fear, the dew from it shining on her lips made her red mouth as flower-like and no less beautiful. A yell had shattered the quiet of the world—not the high fox-hunting yell of the mountains, but something new and strange. Up the creek were strange lights. A loud laugh shattered the succeeding stillness—a laugh she had never heard before in Lonesome Cove. Swiftly she ran back to the porch. Surely strange things were happening there. A strange spirit pervaded the Cove and the very air throbbed with premonitions. What was the matter with everything—what was the matter with her? She knew that she was lonely and that she wanted Hale—but what else was it? She shivered—and not alone from the chill night-air—and puzzled and wondering and stricken at heart, she crept back to bed.

## XVIII

PAUSING at the Pine to let his big black horse blow a while, Hale mounted and rode slowly down the green-and-gold gloom of the ravine. In his pocket was a quaint little letter from June to "John Hail"; thanking him for the beautiful garden, saying she was lonely, and wanting him to come soon. From the low flank of the mountain he stopped, looking down on the

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cabin in Lonesome Cove. It was a dreaming summer day. Trees, air, blue sky and white cloud were all in a dream, and even the smoke lazing from the chimney seemed drifting away like the spirit of something human that cared little whither it might be borne. Something crimson emerged from the door and stopped in indecision on the steps of the porch. It moved again, stopped at the corner of the house, and then moving on with a purpose, stopped once more and began to flicker slowly to and fro like a flame. June was working in her garden. Hale thought he would halloo to her, and then he decided to surprise her, and he went on down, hitched his horse and stole up to the garden fence. On the way he pulled up a bunch of weeds by the roots and with them in his arms he noiselessly climbed the fence. June neither heard nor saw him. Her underlip was clenched tight between her teeth, the little cross swung violently at her throat and she was so savagely wielding the light hoe he had given her that he thought at first she must be killing a snake; but she was only fighting to death every weed that dared to show its head. Her feet and her head were bare, her face was moist and flushed and her hair was a tumbled heap of what was to him the rarest gold under the sun. The wind was still, the leaves were heavy with the richness of full growth, bees were busy about June's head, and not another soul was in sight:

"Good morning, little girl!" he called cheerily.

The hoe was arrested at the height of a vicious stroke and the little girl whirled without a cry, but the blood from her pumping heart crimsoned her face and made her eyes shine with gladness. Her eyes went to her feet and her hands to her hair.

"You oughtn't to slip up an' s-startle a lady that-a-way," she said with grave rebuke, and Hale looked humbled. "Now you just set there and wait till I come back.'

"No—no—I want you to stay just as you are."

"Honest?"

Hale gravely crossed heart and body and June gave out a happy little laugh—for he had caught that gesture—a favorite one—from her. Then suddenly:

"How long?" She was thinking of what Dave said, but the subtle twist in her meaning passed Hale by. He raised his eyes to the sun and June shook her head.

"You got to go home 'fore sundown."

She dropped her hoe and came over toward him.

"Whut you doin' with them—those weeds?"

"Going to plant 'em in our garden." Hale had got a theory from a garden-book that the humble burdock, pig-weed and other lowly plants were good for ornamental effect, and he wanted to experiment, but June gave a shrill whoop and fell to scornful laughter. Then she snatched the weeds from him and threw them over the fence.

"Why, June!"

"Not in *my* garden. Them's stagger-weeds—they kill cows," and she went off again.

"I reckon you better c-consult me 'bout weeds next time. I don't know much 'bout flowers, but I've knowed all my life 'bout *weeds*." She laid so much emphasis on the word that Hale wondered for the moment if her words had a deeper meaning—but she went on:

"Ever' spring I have to watch the cows fer two weeks to keep 'em from eatin'—those weeds." Her self-corrections were always made gravely now, and Hale consciously ignored them except when he had something to tell her that she ought to know. Everything, it seemed, she wanted to know.

"Do they really kill cows?" June snapped her fingers: "Like that. But you just come on here," she added with pretty imperiousness. "I want to axe—ask you some things—what's that?"

"Scarlet sage."

"Scarlet sage," repeated June. "An' that?"

"Nasturtium, and that's Oriental grass."

"Nas-tur-tium, Oriental. An' what's that vine?"

"That comes from North Africa—they call it 'matrimonial vine.' "

"Whut fer?" asked June quickly.

"Because it clings so." Hale smiled, but June saw none of his humor—the married people she knew clung till the finger of death unclasped them. She pointed to a bunch of tall tropical-looking plants with great spreading leaves and big green-white stalks.

"They're called Palmæ Christi."

"Whut?"

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"That's Latin. It means 'Hands of Christ,'" said Hale with reverence. "You see how the leaves are spread out—don't they look like hands?"

"Not much," said June frankly.

"What's Latin?"

"Oh, that's a dead language that some people used a long, long time ago."

"What do folks use it nowadays fer? Why don't they just say 'Hands o' Christ'?"

"I don't know," he said helplessly, "but maybe you'll study Latin some of these days." June shook her head.

"Gettin' *your* language is a big enough job fer me," she said with such quaint seriousness that Hale could not laugh. She looked up suddenly. "You been a long time git-gettin' over here."

"Yes, and now you want to send me home before sundown."

"I'm afeer—I'm afraid for you. Have you got a gun?" Hale tapped his breast-pocket.

"Always. What are you afraid of?"

"The Falins."

She clenched her hands. "I'd like to *see* one o' them Falins tech ye," she added fiercely, and then she gave a quick look at the sun.

"You better go now, Jack. I'm afraid fer you. Where's your horse?" Hale waved his hand.

"Down there. All right, little girl," he said. "I ought to go, anyway." And, to humor her, he started for the gate. There he bent to kiss her, but she drew back.

"I'm afraid of Dave," she said, but she leaned on the gate and looked long at him with wistful eyes.

"Jack," she said, and her eyes swam suddenly, "it'll most kill me—but I reckon you better not come over here much." Hale made light of it all.

"Nonsense, I'm coming just as often as I can." June smiled then.

"All right. I'll watch out fer ye."

He went down the path, her eyes following him, and when he looked back from the spur he saw her sitting in the porch and watching that she might wave him farewell.

Hale could not go over to Lonesome Cove much that summer, for he was away from the mountains a good part of the time, and it was a weary, racking summer for June when he was not there. The stepmother was a stern taskmistress, and the girl worked hard, but no night passed that she did not spend an hour or more on her books, and by degrees she bribed and stormed Bub into learning his A, B, C's and digging at a blue-back spelling book. But all through the day there were times when she could play with the boy in the garden, and every afternoon, when it was not raining, she would slip away to a little ravine behind the cabin, where a log had fallen across a little brook, and there in the cool, sun-pierced shadows she would study, read and dream—with the water bubbling underneath and wood-thrushes singing overhead. For Hale kept her well supplied with books. He had given her children's books at first, but she outgrew them when the first love-story fell into her hands, and then he gave her novels—good, old ones and the best of the new ones, and they were to her what water is to a thing athirst. But the happy days were when Hale was there. She had a thousand questions for him to answer, whenever he came, about birds, trees and flowers and the things she read in her books. The words she could not understand in them she marked, so that she could ask their meaning, and it was amazing how her vocabulary increased. Moreover, she was always trying to use the new words she learned, and her speech was thus a quaint mixture of vernacular, self-corrections and unexpected words. Happening once to have a volume of Keats in his pocket, he read some of it to her, and while she could not understand, the music of the lines fascinated her and she had him leave that with her, too. She never tired hearing him tell of the places where he had been and the people he knew and the music and plays he had heard and seen. And when he told her that she, too, should see all those wonderful things some day, her deep eyes took fire and she dropped her head far back between her shoulders and looked long at the stars that held but little more wonder for her than the world of which he told. But each time he was there she grew noticeably shyer with him and never once was the love-theme between them taken up in open words. Hale was reluctant, if only because she was still such a child, and if he took her hand or put his own on her wonderful head or his arm around her as they stood in the garden under the stars—he did it as to a child, though the leap in her eyes and the quickening of his own heart

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told him the lie that he was acting, rightly, to her and to himself. And no more now were there any breaking-downs within her—there was only a calm faith that staggered him and gave him an evermounting sense of his responsibility for whatever might, through the part he had taken in moulding her life, be in store for her.

When he was not there, life grew a little easier for her in time, because of her dreams, the patience that was built from them and Hale's kindly words, the comfort of her garden and her books, and the blessed force of habit. For as time went on, she got consciously used to the rough life, the coarse food and the rude ways of her own people and her own home. And though she relaxed not a bit in her own dainty cleanliness, the shrinking that she felt when she first arrived home came to her at longer and longer intervals. Once a week she went down to Uncle Billy's, where she watched the water-wheel dripping sun-jewels into the sluice, the kingfisher darting like a blue bolt upon his prey, and listening to the lullaby that the water played to the sleepy old mill—and stopping, both ways, to gossip with "old Hon" in her porch under the honeysuckle vines. Uncle Billy saw the change in her and he grew vaguely uneasy about her—she dreamed so much, she was at times so restless, she asked so many questions he could not answer, and she failed to ask so many that were on the tip of her tongue. He saw that while her body was at home, her thoughts rarely were; and it all haunted him with a vague sense that he was losing her. But "ole Hon" laughed at him and told him he was an old fool and to "git another pair o' specs" and maybe he could see that the "little gal" was in love. This startled Uncle Billy, for he was so like a father to June that he was as slow as a father in recognizing that his child has grown to such absurd maturity. But looking back to the beginning—how the little girl had talked of the "furriner" who had come into Lonesome Cove all during the six months he was gone; how gladly she had gone away to the Gap to school, how anxious she was to go still farther away again, and, remembering all the strange questions she asked him about things in the outside world of which he knew nothing—Uncle Billy shook his head in confirmation of his own conclusion and with all his soul he wondered about Hale—what kind of a man he was and what his purpose was with June—and of every man who passed his mill he never failed to ask if he knew "that ar man Hale" and what he knew. All he had heard had been in Hale's favor, except from young Dave Tolliver, the Red Fox or from any Falin of the crowd which Hale had prevented from capturing Dave. Their statements bothered him—especially the Red Fox's evil hints and insinuations one day at the mill. The miller thought of them all the afternoon and all the way home, and when he sat down at his fire his eyes very naturally and simply rose to his old rifle over the door—and then he laughed to himself so loudly that "ole Hon" heard him.

"Air you goin' crazy, Billy?" she asked. "Whut you studyin' 'bout?"

"Nothin'; I was jest a-thinkin' Devil Judd wouldn't leave a grease-spot of him."

"You *air* goin' crazy—who's him?"

"Uh—nobody," said Uncle Billy, and "ole Hon" turned with a shrug of her shoulders—she was tired of all this talk about the feud.

All that summer young Dave Tolliver hung around Lonesome Cove. He would sit for hours in Devil Judd's cabin, rarely saying anything to June or to anybody, though the girl felt that she hardly made a move that he did not see, and while he disappeared when Hale came, after a surly grunt of acknowledgment to Hale's cheerful greeting, his perpetual espionage began to anger June. Never, however, did he put himself into words until Hale's last visit, when the summer had waned and it was nearly time for June to go away again to school. As usual, Dave had left the house when Hale came, and an hour after Hale was gone she went to the little ravine with a book in her hand, and there the boy was sitting on her log, his elbows dug into his legs midway between thigh and knee, his chin in his hands, his slouched hat over his black eyes—every line of him picturing angry, sullen dejection. She would have slipped away, but he heard her and lifted his head and stared at her without speaking. Then he slowly got off the log and sat down on a moss-covered stone.

"'Scuse me," he said with elaborate sarcasm. "This being yo' school-house

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over hyeh, an' me not bein' a scholar, I reckon I'm in your way."

"How do you happen to know hit's my school-house?" asked June quietly.

"I've seed you hyeh."

"Jus' as I supposed."

"You an' *him*."

"Jus' as I s'posed," she repeated, and a spot of red came into each cheek. "But we didn't see *you*." Young Dave laughed.

"Well, everybody don't always see me when I'm seein' them."

"No," she said unsteadily. "So, you've been sneakin' around through the woods a-spyin' on me—*sneakin' an' spyin'*," she repeated so searingly that Dave looked at the ground suddenly, picked up a pebble confusedly and shot it in the water.

"I had a mighty good reason," he said doggedly. "Ef he'd been up to some of his furrin' tricks——" June stamped the ground.

"Don't you think I kin take keer o' myself?"

"No, I don't. I never seed a gal that could—with one o' them furriners."

"Huh!" she said scornfully. "You seem to set a mighty big store by the decency of yo' own kin." Dave was silent. "He ain't up to no tricks. An' whut do you reckon Dad 'ud be doin' while you was pertecting me?"

"Air ye goin' away to school?" he asked suddenly. June hesitated.

"Well, seein' as hit's none o' yo' business—I am."

"Air ye goin' to marry him?"

"He ain't axed me." The boy's face turned red as a flame.

"Ye air honest with me, an' now I'm goin' to be honest with you. You hain't never goin' to marry him."

"Mebbe you think I'm goin' to marry you." A mist of rage swept before the lad's eyes so that he could hardly see, but he repeated steadily:

"You hain't goin' to marry *him*." June looked at the boy long and steadily, but his black eyes never wavered—she knew what he meant.

"An' he kept the Falins from killin' you," she said, quivering with indignation at the shame of him, but Dave went on unheeding:

"You pore little fool! Do ye reckon as how he's *ever* goin' to axe ye to marry him? Whut's he sendin' you away fer? Because you hain't good enough fer him! Whar's yo' pride? You hain't good enough fer him," he repeated scathingly. June had grown calm now.

"I know it," she said quietly, "but I'm goin' to try to be."

Dave rose then in impotent fury and pointed one finger at her. His black eyes gleamed like a demon's and his voice was hoarse with resolution and rage, but it was Tolliver against Tolliver now, and June answered him with contemptuous fearlessness.

"*You hain't never goin' to marry him.*"

"An' he kept the Falins from killin' ye."

"Yes," he retorted savagely at last, "an' I kept the Falins from killin' *him*," and he stalked away, leaving June blanched and wondering.

It was true only an hour before. As Hale turned up the mountain that very afternoon at the mouth of Lonesome Cove, young Dave had called to him from the bushes and stepped into the road.

"You air goin' to court Monday?" he said.

"Yes," said Hale.

"Well, you better take another road this time," he said quietly. "Three o' the Falins will be waitin' in the lorrel somewhar on the road to layway ye."

Hale was dumbfounded, but he knew the boy spoke the truth.

"Look here," he said impulsively, "I've got nothing against you, and I hope you've got nothing against me. I'm much obliged—let's shake hands!"

The boy turned sullenly away with a dogged shake of his head.

"I was beholden to you," he said with dignity, "an' I warned you 'bout them Falins to git even with you. We're quits now."

Hale started to speak—to say that the lad was not beholden to him—that he would as quickly have protected a Falin, but it would have only made matters worse. Moreover, he knew precisely what Dave had against him, and that, too, was no matter for discussion. So he said simply and sincerely:

"I'm sorry we can't be friends."

"No," Dave gritted out, "not this side o' Heaven—or Hell."

(To be continued.)

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# ALDRICH IN NEW YORK

By Ferris Greenslet

WITH CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

NOT the least fortunate occurrence of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's singularly fortunate life was the chance that, in 1852, sent him to New York rather than to Boston or Cambridge to spend his early years as a young commencer in literature. His finely individual talent would have gained little from the over-nutriment of academic studies, and in Boston in the fifties, the close, bright risen stars of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and Whittier were likely to dazzle the eye, and silence or constrain the song of the poetic beginner. In New York the chief literary potentates of the time, Bryant, Halleck, Willis, and Gen. George P. Morris, were scarcely of such magnitude as to produce this pernicious result. There was, too, in New York, a group of young men of poetic talent, in some cases of poetic genius, ready to welcome and cheer any new-comer in the Muse's Bower. And, finally, there was in the tone of this circle a certain worldliness, a disposition to render unto Cæsar the things that are indubitably his, that was an excellent corrective for the ineffective other-worldliness which was likely to befog the young New England poet in those years, and of which Aldrich, with an odd contradiction of the essential quality of his genius, had already shown premonitory vapors. Some of his finest and most characteristic poems were written during his residence in New York, and bear the clear impress of the Metropolitan Muse.

Aldrich was by no means a stranger in New York when, with a portfolio full of poems in manuscript, or cut from the "poet's corner" of the local paper, he came down from Portsmouth to add up columns of figures and check off invoices in his uncle's counting-room. In 1841 his father, Elias Aldrich, a type of the business free-lance not uncommon in those roaring forties, had settled for a time in "the Metropolis," with an office for the transaction of commission business on the water front, and a house at 41 North Moore Street. Here the poet, then five years old, spent four years, quite devoid of significant incident, so far as can now be discovered; though by an odd fortuity, in 1843, in a house just around the corner, on Hudson Street, Laurence Hutton, his friend of later years, came into the world. In 1846 Elias Aldrich moved his family to New Orleans, and there, for three years, the boy had a taste of the exotic life of that strange, half-tropical city, and seeds were sown in his fertile imagination that were to bear rich fruit in some of his earlier ventures in both verse and prose. In 1849 the cholera claimed Elias Aldrich among its victims, and his son went back to Portsmouth to live with his grandfather Bailey, to enjoy the advantages of a New England schooling before entering Harvard College, and to amass those memories of boyish escapades in the old seaport town that he was to immortalize in one of the best books of its kind in the world. But when, at the age of sixteen, his preparation was completed, it became evident that the income from the little property left by his father was scarcely adequate for his support in a college town. When, therefore, his uncle, Charles Frost, head of the prosperous commission house of Frost & Forest, proposed that he should enter his office, young Aldrich cheerfully acquiesced, and in the autumn of 1852, instead of going to Cambridge to study *belles lettres* with Professor Longfellow, he removed to "the great city," as it was even then called, and spent the next four years of his life in a busy office at No. 146 Pearl Street. New York was now to be his home for more than a decade, and the story of these years is momentous in the narrative of his life.

The circumstances of his abode there were happily calculated to give him a full measure of freedom to share the various life of the city, yet with no lack of those safeguarding ties that the young urban poet



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is likely to throw off to his cost. The fine old house at 105 Clinton Place (now 33 West Eighth Street), which, though fallen upon evil days, still stands, looking, somewhat wistfully one imagines, down the length of MacDougal Street toward Washington Square, was in 1852 the scene of a rich family life. Mrs. Elias Aldrich came on to New York with her boy, and Mrs. Frost, the mistress of the house, was his favorite aunt, only a few years older than he. Charles Frost himself was a fine type of the vigorous, successful merchant; a bluff, unconventional, warm-hearted man, whose portrait can scarcely be distinguished from Thackeray's. He it was who said when Aldrich told him that Dr. Guernsey of Harper's had just accepted a poem, and paid him fifteen dollars for it, "Why don't you send the d——d fool one every day?"

The years from 1852 to 1855 that Aldrich spent as a clerk in the counting-room of Mr. Frost's commission house seem to have left very little impress on his mind. Possibly something of his shrewdness and capacity in business matters, a capacity not very prevalent among poets, may have sprung from this early training; but from the first he occupied himself more with lyrics than with ledgers. His real life was lived in the little back hall bedroom on the third floor of the house in Clinton Place, where amid his books, his pipes, his Japanese fans, of which he was an early collector, he saw

> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream,

and wrote, as he recalled late in his life, "a lyric or two every day before going down town," printing them over various pseudonyms in the *Sunday Atlas*, a periodical that has gone even further than usual along the way of the journals of yester year.

The year 1855 marked a turning-point in the young poet's life. In that year, at the age of nineteen, he published his first volume of verse, wrote a poem which gained almost at once a national celebrity, and resigned his post in his uncle's counting-room to follow with single heart the life of letters.

"The Bells. A Collection of Chimes by T. B. A." was published early in 1855, with the imprint of J. C. Derby. In a "Proem" we are told that the volume has been entitled "The Bells,"

> Because in bells there something is to me
> Of rhythms and the poets of gone years—
> A sad reverberation breeding tears,
> Touching the finer chords of Memory!

Of the fifty poems in the volume not one was sufficiently pleasing to Aldrich's fastidious taste to be retained in any of his later collections. Yet in its fluency and variety of metre, its range of mood, its occasional gleam of vivid phrase, the book was of a fine promise. Most significant of all its traits perhaps is its queer duality of temper. Sentimentality and humor are still at war in it, and, in one poem, "The Lachrymose," they come to open blows. After exclaiming

> Perdition catch those lachrymosic bards
> That moan forever about weary earth
> And sea! as if their dismal dactyles could
> Improve it much!

the youthful poet expresses his own ambition.

> For my own part I am content if I
> Can tinker joy, making it waterproof
> To keep out tears!

For the present, however, the traditional tear is a frequent factor in his work, and the joy has something of wanness and fever. In short, the boy has not yet created his world, but is living in a misty mid-region, lighted by the reflection of the moods of his "poets of gone years."

Early in 1855 again, soon after the publication of "The Bells," Aldrich won his first secure poetic success with his "Ballad of Babie Bell." The death of a child in the Frost family gave the boy a profound and sincere sorrow that gradually grew musical in memory. Several of his early poems dealt with it, and the poetization became more perfect as time went on until in "Babie Bell" he struck a chord that found an instant response in the popular heart. The piece was written on backs of bills of lading while he was supervising the unloading at the wharves of goods consigned to his uncle's firm; it was first printed in a commercial paper, the *Journal of Commerce*, yet it seems to have swept through the country like a piece of news. It was reprinted in the provincial press from Maine to Texas,

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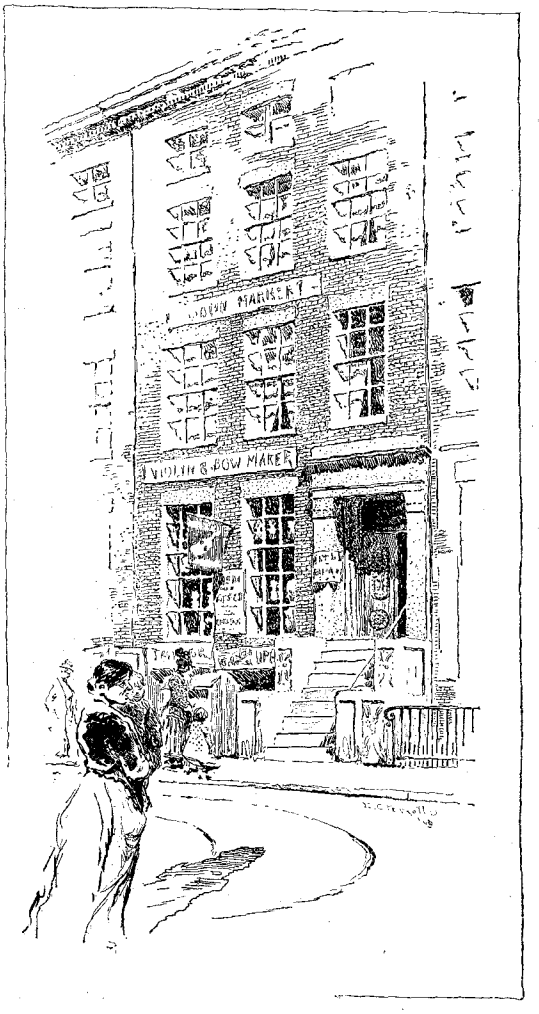
and it is hard to find one of those quaint scrap-books of the heart that our grandmothers liked to keep that does not contain it.

The sudden reputation that followed the publication of "Babie Bell" seems to have fine piece of luck. The *Evening Mirror* was but a minor interest of its owners; the mainstay of their fortunes was the *Home Journal*, then at the height of its prestige, with Willis as editor, and a young Englishman, James Parton, as sub-editor. Between the




105 Clinton Place (33 West 8th St.), where Aldrich lived in 1852.

confirmed the young poet's sense of vocation, and with the somewhat sceptical assent of Mr. Frost he left the ledgers and bills of lading to write poetry, and to serve also as the junior literary critic of the *Evening Mirror*, which was owned at that time by Willis and General Morris. Just at the end of 1855 an ill wind for certain of his contemporaries blew our young poet a twain displeasures arose. There had appeared one day in the office Willis's sister Sarah, better known as "Fanny Fern," the author of "Fern Leaves" and other popular works in the sentimental kind; she had lately divorced her second husband, and was solicitous of serializing in the *Home Journal* a novel, just finished, with "the heart throb" in it. Willis read it, but, ed-

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itorial judgment prevailing over fraternal affection, declined to give it a place in his pages. Parton, on the other hand, read it, and roundly accused his chief of an error in judgment. So far did he carry his championship that, despite the lady's somewhat disconcerting matrimonial record and her eleven years disadvantage of him in age, he contracted an engagement of marriage with her, which was speedily fulfilled. He lost in consequence his post on the *Home Journal*, whether by free or forced resignation does not appear, and the young poet-reviewer of the *Evening Mirror* was taken on in his stead.

Willis at this time was beginning to feel the approach of the malady that was eventually to cause his death, and spent much of his time at Idlewild, his country place on the Hudson, leaving Aldrich to guide the more immediate destinies of the paper. We get, in the correspondence and recollections of that period, some charming pictures of the golden-haired boy of twenty sitting in state in the august editorial chair, with a dignity no doubt enhanced by the fact that he also occupied the post of what is quaintly termed "literary adviser" to the lively and kaleidoscopic publishing firm of Derby & Jackson. A favorite reminiscence of his was of an occasion during one of Willis's absences, when seated at his desk he was composing with due deliberation an editorial which seemed to him at the time likely to arrest the ruinous course of national events. His cogitations were rudely disturbed by a loud stranger who, after purchasing from an underling some back numbers of the paper, turned to the absorbed editor with "Say, bub, get me a piece of string, will you!"

For a time Aldrich's sub-editorial assiduities seemed likely to stand in the way of verse writing, and his next book was to be in prose. Early in 1856 he contributed to the *Sunday Atlas*, a serial story, entitled "Daisy's Necklace and What Came of It," which was published in book form by Derby & Jackson in the fall of that year. "Daisy's Necklace" purports to be a burlesque of the sentimental novels of the "Alonzo and Melissa" type, at that time vastly popular in these States, but the burlesque inheres wholly in the humorous prologue and appendices. Reading it to-day one can scarcely doubt that it was originally composed by its author as a serious venture in popular novel writing. There is a fervor in many passages that precludes the possibility of the burlesque mood. But when it was finished, Aldrich's sense of humor seems to have awakened, revealed to him the absurdity of the performance, and determined him to turn it all to laughter at the end.

After a little, however, the singing impulse came back, and throughout 1857 we find him turning out fluent lyrics of the *vers de société* type, with an occasional venture in a deeper vein. Whoever would read these now must seek them in old files of the *Atlas*, the *Home Journal*, and the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, then nearing its end. But it was characteristic of him then, as all his life, to care little for the brief *reclâme* of a magazine poem, and he was soon meditating another book. He was not, however, altogether trustful of himself, and finally, in the fall of 1857, applied in his dubiety to Willis for advice. In return he received this wisdom:

"It is no harm to *keep publishing*, that I know of. Of course, you give handles to your critics *now*, which you would not with years. But you are young and can stand it. And, after all, there is something in 'damnable iteration.' I should be sorry for you if you had not faults, and the more critics can find to blame, the more they will praise—*I* found that out, long ago."

This advice, chiming so consonantly with his own inclinations, appealed to him as sound, and in the spring of 1858 he came before the public with a slender volume entitled "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth." The poem, an Arabic love story in a series of richly painted episodes, was prefaced by an affectionate dedication to Stoddard, "under whose fingers this story would have blossomed into true Arabian roses." The little book was all compact of ripening promise. Despite its sensuous, musky subject its structure is sound and cleanly-limned, and there is a fine dramatic reserve in the right places. From the whole volume Aldrich retained in later collections but two brief passages, the perfect song beginning

> O cease, sweet music, let us rest,

and the fine descriptive fragment known as "Dressing the Bride." Yet throughout there were clear foretastes of the true Al-

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drichean flavor. Not the least pleasing result of its publication was the letter that it brought the young poet from Longfellow—the first of many.

"The poem," the elder poet wrote, "is very charming, full of color and perfume as a rose. I congratulate you on your success. Some time when you are passing through Boston, I wish you would find time, or

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
From a bas-relief by Launt Thompson, 1863.

make it, to swerve aside as far as Cambridge and the old Washington head-quarters. It would give me great pleasure to make your personal acquaintance and to assure you of the interest I take in your career."

By the summer of 1858 Aldrich, at the age of twenty-two, was thus in the full tide of his early success. He was likewise as intimate as he ever became with the wits and poets of that "Literary Bohemia" of New York half a century ago that is a most singular eddy in the stream of American literature. It is time, then, to pause in our temporal march and call the roll of his early friends.

Of the older men he knew best, of course, his chiefs, Willis, and Gen. George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," which had just achieved a mundane immortality by being quoted in full in the course of a parliamentary debate on the preserving of the integrity of the British Constitution. Halleck he seems to have known well, and with Whitman there are records of several meetings, though not of the most sympathetic nature. With Curtis, who was some years his senior, there grew up a pleasant acquaintance, which later ripened into friendship. He came also into friendly relations with F. S. Cozzens, the wine merchant and humorist, author of the capital "Sparrowgrass Papers," and seems to have had some acquaintance with Bryant.

The circle of his nearer contemporaries consisted of Bayard Taylor, the Stoddards, Stedman, Mr. Winter, Edwin Booth, Launt Thompson the sculptor, and a group of journalists and magazine writers of great repute in their day, but remote and misty to ours—Henry Clapp, Jr., "Ada Clare," Fitz Hugh Ludlow, George Arnold, and Fitz James O'Brien. The careers of Bayard Taylor and Edwin Booth are known to all men; to Launt Thompson the admirable busts of Booth and Bryant, and heroic statues of Scott and Burnside, have given the sculptor's immortality, so strangely



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Richard Henry Stoddard.*
(In early manhood.)

Launt Thompson.

Edwin Booth.
(In the early 60's.)

George Arnold.

Fitz James O'Brien.

blended of tangible and shadowy elements. The three young men of the group that with Aldrich survived the century, Stoddard, Stedman, and Mr. Winter, writers all of both poetry and prose, have become familiar names wherever sound letters are loved and honored. It is perhaps something more than a coincidence that all four were New England boys.

Concerning the others a word of introduction may not be out of place. Henry Clapp, Jr., perhaps the intensest personality of the group, the "king of Bohemia," was a clever, morose little man, a hater of the brownstone respectability of his day. He died in early middle age, after a brilliant, but far from prosperous, career in variegated journalism. Jane McIlheny, or "Ada Clare," the beautiful and talented girl who was known as the "queen of Bohemia," married an actor, after a brief prismatic flight in literary journalism, and soon after died tragically of hydrophobia contracted from the bite of a pet dog. Her vivid temperament may be studied by the curious in her novel, "Only a Woman's Heart." Fitz Hugh Ludlow made a success with his weird "Hasheesh Eater," which he was never afterward able to equal. He died in 1870. Handsome George Arnold's sincere and melodious verse was collected after his early death by Mr. Winter, in whose introduction we may read the story of his kindly, ineffective life.

Of the group that failed to come through, perhaps the most engaging personality, and the one dearest to Aldrich, was Fitz James O'Brien. Born in Ireland in 1826, he had, as a young man, run through a bequest of £8,000 in two years, and come to New

*From the original drawing in the possession of The Author's Club, New York City.



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York to make a living with his pen. At first he was connected with a forgotten periodical called the *Lantern*. "When I first knew him," said Aldrich, "he was trimming the wick of the *Lantern*, which went out shortly afterward." After the extinguishing of this luminary he became a free-lance, contributing stories and poems to all the best periodicals of the day; and in "The Diamond Lens," written during a visit to 105 Clinton Place, and printed in the first volume of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he achieved a tale of imaginative marvels that still ranks among the best American short stories. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as an officer in the Union Army, and was mortally wounded in an unimportant cavalry skirmish, in February, 1862.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
From a ferrotype, 1854.

Of the ardent friendship between Aldrich and O'Brien there are many documentary and other records. The former liked to tell how once, when he had loaned O'Brien $40 for the purchase of a suit of clothes, the latter had indulged in malversation of the funds to the extent of giving a dinner with them. "He didn't even invite me," Aldrich would say sadly. A little later, owing to some misunderstanding between them, O'Brien challenged Aldrich to fight a duel. The matter was amicably arranged, however, by Aldrich's pointing out to the Irishman that, according to the *punctilio of the duello*, it was incorrect to challenge a man while one owed him money. There is also a pleasant anecdote, that once when Aldrich was keeping bachelor's hall at 105 Clinton Place, in the absence of the Frost family, O'Brien said to him, "Let's live for a week after the Venetian manner." "What's that?" said Aldrich. "Why, sleep all day and live all night," was the reply. They tried it for a time, exploring the streets all night and going to bed at seven A.M., but it seems soon to have palled on them.

Indeed, despite his close friendship with many of the men, Aldrich never went very far with the self-conscious Bohemianism that, transplanted from its native Paris soil, never attained other than an unfragrant growth. He was an occasional attendant at

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Bayard Taylor.
(In the '60's.)

N. P. Willis.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.
(1864.)

the compotations at Pfaff's famous resort in the basement of 647 Broadway. But there is plenty of evidence that he was usually glad to escape to the quiet of his little hall-room. There was a kind of critical reserve at the root of his temperament that always made noisy and promiscuous hilarity distasteful to him. Throughout his life he liked better a friend or two with their pipes, than a brilliant roomful.

The most momentous result of his association with the Bohemians was that when, in October, 1858, a new paper called the *Saturday Press* was started by Henry Clapp, to carry pure literature as it was conceived by the Bohemians, and express epigrammatic views of current pretences, Aldrich was made associate editor, and O'Brien dramatic editor.

The vivacity and epigrammatic valor of the *Saturday Press* gave it a *succes d'estime*, at least, from its first inception. On December 17, 1858, Aldrich wrote to F. H. Underwood, assistant editor of the *Atlantic*, "The *Saturday Press* is on its feet. It is growing. It will be a paper." For the first year of its life its young editors were in very hopeful spirits. It was indeed an excellent periodical, and, save only the *Atlantic Monthly*, it carried more "mere literature" than any of its contemporaries. Among its contributors, besides the editors, were Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Winter, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, and, as Mr. Howells has said, "Whoever else was liveliest in prose or loveliest in verse at that day in New York."

The youthful associate editor seems to have served the paper faithfully, writing his due quota of its "Hugoish paragraphs of one or more syllables," sharing in the editorial councils, and even joining in the defence when, as was not uncommon, persons whose names had been mentioned in the *Press* endeavored to carry the office by assault, *vi et armis*. It was in this office, too, and in his intermittent frequentation of Pfaff's, that his wit was tempered. It was give and take there by the brightest minds in New York. The retold story and the repeated *bon mot* were rigorously barred, but the new good thing was sure of applause. In this fierce light Aldrich at first played a shrinking part, but soon he became known as the wielder of a rapier that no man cared to trifle with.

Despite the variety of his occupations, he found time, in the autumn of 1859, to collect another volume of his verse, "The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems." In this volume we find for the first time a sprinkling of pieces that have gone into the body of his poetic work. Beside the titular poem, the volume contained "Cloth of Gold," "We Knew it Would Rain," "After the Rain," "Nameless Pain," "Palabras Cărinosas," "When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan," and the "Invocation to Sleep," together with twoscore pieces of a less disciplined poetic temper that the poet wisely discarded in the course of years. It was this volume apparently that Aldrich had chiefly in mind when he wrote the "L'Envoi," that appeared fifteen years later at the end of "Cloth of Gold and Other



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Poems," only to be sternly discarded from his collected works.

> This is my youth, its hopes and dreams;
> How strange and shadowy it all seems
> After these many years!
> Turning the pages idly, so,
> I look with smiles upon the woe,
> Upon the joy with tears!

After the publication of this book there were, for the first time, a few critics who publicly recognized the peculiar individuality of the best work in it, and foretold not unprecisely that keen and unmistakable flavor, that blending of haunting sentiment and airy humor in verses refined to the uttermost by tireless lapidarian toil, that is now instantly suggested to the true lover of poetry by the name of Aldrich.

Early in 1860 the *Saturday Press* came to the usual end of such belletristic enterprises. As the editor stated in his valediction, "This paper is discontinued for lack of funds, which is, by a coincidence, precisely the reason for which it was started." Aldrich took the failure with a light heart. His relation to the paper had never been more than an elastic one, and even had there been more cause for discouragement, an event soon occurred which would have availed to cheer him. For three years he had been sending verse to the *Atlantic Monthly*, then firmly established as the arbiter of taste in America, with, for one reason or another, ill success. But one fine morning, in April, 1860, his mail contained this note:

"*My dear Sir*,—I welcome you heartily to the *Atlantic*. When I receive so fine a poem as 'Pythagoras,' I don't think the check of Messrs. T. & F. pays for it. I must add some thanks and appreciation. I have put it down for June.

"Very truly yours,
"J. R. Lowell."

Twenty years later, when Aldrich had himself become editor of the *Atlantic*, he accepted the first poem Lowell sent him, with a copy of this note. Lowell promptly came in to say that he was grateful for the encouragement, and had about decided to adopt literature as a profession.

The summer of 1860 found Aldrich free for the nonce from all journalistic and editorial ties, happy as a lark in his freedom, and similarly employed in song. The thunder-clouds of civil war that were darkening over the country were soon to throw their shadow on his life, but for the moment he was more concerned with rhymes than rebellions. In July he went down to Portsmouth for the summer, as his custom was, cruising comfortably along the coast in his uncle's yacht. In the quaint old town by the sea he entered upon another of the idyllic seasons of poetic idleness and young sentiment that played so important a rôle in the furnishing of his imagination. A letter to Stoddard revives the spirit of that vanished summer:

"A mummy," he wrote, "couldn't have been more silent than I ever since my arrival in these latitudes. But the spirit of the epistolary pen has seized me this morning, and I am going to fill a page or so for the improvement of your mind. Don't fancy that pen and I have been strangers these five weeks. Bayard Taylor couldn't write more verse than I have in the same number of days. I have two $30 poems on hand, sold two to the *Atlantic*, and sent one to Harper. 'The Song of Fatima,' in the September number of the *Atlantic*, is mine. A lyric, 'The Robin,' will be in the October number. I am forty lines into a blank-verse story. So you see I have been doing better things than writing letters. . . . Is the 'little party' with you yet? Has she been writing great, big passionate little stories and picturesque poems all summer? I would like to compare poetical notes with her. I would also like to see the 'Loves,' if it is all printed—is it? It will make a splendid book and do you great credit. I hope circumstances didn't render it necessary for you to cut me out of it.—Good Lord, how contented I am here! I hate a city more than I do the devil. I would like to have this sea and sky and forest around me forever."

Not the least memorable results of that happy summer were "Pampinea," and the smooth yet ardent celebration of the "Piscataqua River," of which Longfellow wrote to him in his friendly way: "The river will always be more beautiful for that song."

But with the beginning of 1861 Aldrich's deepest interest was suddenly caught up and whirled away for a time from his lettered pursuits. Throughout the spring and summer, the season that saw the fall of Fort Sumter and the disaster at Bull Run,



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the poet had no other thought than that of serving his country on field or wave. There lies before me as I write a letter to his excellency Governor Goodwin, applying for an appointment on the staff of the colonel in command of the New Hampshire regiment. There seems to have been some delay in the decision, and when some weeks later a telegram arrived announcing his appointment to the staff of General Lander, Aldrich was away from home, and the message never reached him. In consequence, the appointment went to Fitz James O'Brien, with the result that, as Henry Clapp used to say, "Aldrich was shot in O'Brien's shoulder."

Nevertheless our poet, distinguished as he always was for a certain cheerful belligerency of temperament, could not rest content until he had smelled powder. Following Stedman's example, he applied for work as a war correspondent, and in the fall of 1861 went to the front as a correspondent of the *Tribune*, attached to General Blenker's division of the Army of the Potomac. Of his experiences in the field he had vivid memories—a typical one may be told, in his own words, in a letter to his mother, written from Washington, October 30, 1861:

"I have just returned from a long ride into the enemy's country. I have been on horseback two days—and two nights, I was going to say, but I did get out of the saddle to sleep. What a strange time I had of it. House of the New York *Tribune* and myself started on a reconnoissance under the wing of General Stapel and Staff. We had not ridden an hour through those wonderful Virginia woods when I got separated from the party, and haven't laid eyes on 'em since—excepting Ned House, who has just reached Washington, having given me up for lost. I don't quite know how it was, but suddenly I found myself alone in a tangle of dense forest and unknown roads. Close on the rebel lines, not knowing quite in what direction to turn, without a guide, and nothing to eat—you may imagine that I wished myself on the harmless banks of the Piscataqua. Well, I did. To crown all, a moonless night was darkening down on the terrible stillness; and as the darkness grew, I caught glimpses of lurid camp fires here and there—a kind of goblin glare which lent an indescribable mystery and unpleasantness to the scene. Whether these were the camp fires of friend or foe, I had no means of telling. I put spurs to my horse and dashed on—now by the black ruins of a burnt farm-house, now by some shadowy ford where a fight had evidently taken place, for I saw trees that had been barked by cannon-balls, and here and there significant mounds under which slept New England braves. I did not feel alone at such places; for my fancy beheld long lines of infantry, and parks of artillery, and squares of cavalry, moving among the shadows, in a noiseless conflict. I wish I'd time to tell you of the ride—how I stole by the sentinels, and at last, feeling that I was going straight to Manassas, stopped and held a council of war with T. B. A. It dawned on me that Washington lay in the *east*. The sun was sinking directly before me in the *west*, so I sensibly turned my horse and rode back. Gracious heavens! How many miles I must have ridden. To make a long story short, I slept on my horse's neck in the woods, we two lying cosily together, and at sunrise, oh so hungry, I saw far off the dome of the Capitol and the Long Bridge. Here I am, a year older in looks. I have feasted, and after this is mailed shall go to bed and sleep three days."

In later years he would tell how, in the course of this trying night, he suddenly discovered at the turn of a road what seemed to him in the dim light to be a guide board. Hope sprang in his breast, and he rode eagerly forward to peruse it. It was an undertaker's sign!

After a few weeks more the poet decided that his pen might be better employed than in war correspondence, and early in 1862, in vigorous health from his life in the open air, went back to Portsmouth and Parnassus. Yet his brief experience of war with its hardships and horrors, its tremendous pictures and heart-rending dramas, was of the utmost moment in improving his work. "Quite So," and "The White Feather," two of the best of his stories, are the fruitage of this experience, and in some of the finest of his poems, "Fredericksburg," "Spring in New England," and "The Shaw Memorial Ode," we have the true martial thrill in an intensity that could have scarcely been attained without the reënforcement of the imagination by living memories.

Early in 1862 Aldrich published a collection of sketches entitled "Out of His

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Head and Other Stories." If any lover of his prose should happen upon the titular story to-day, minus its title-page, he would scarcely guess its authorship from internal evidence alone. It is a striking piece of fantastic macabresque, composed in paragraphs somewhat too short, after the French manner, and with a curious anxiety for unusual rhythms. With its studied impressionism, its musically phrased murder, its startling picture of the outbreak of the cholera in New Orleans, its consistent *morbidezza*, it might almost be mistaken for an early tale of Lafcadio Hearn's. Yet at the end there is a characteristic smiling "Note by the Editor" that is pure Aldrich. Save for a private issue of "Père Antoine's Date Palm," in 1866, Aldrich published no more prose until 1868. His next volume of prose was to embody not promise, but complete attainment.

In January, 1863, there was a reorganization in the staff of a popular weekly of the time, known as the *Illustrated News*. Aldrich was installed in the post of managing editor, and was thus, after a rather miscellaneous three years fruitful in rhyme, once more entrenched behind an editorial desk, with its clutter of alien tasks. Yet not to be forgotten of the Muses, his first proceeding was to publish through his friend Carleton a collected edition of his poetry containing the pieces he most valued from the first decade of his poetic career.

The compact little volume, bound in blue and gold, in genial imitation of the Blue and Gold Series of immortals published by Ticknor & Fields, and embellished with an exquisite steel engraving of the poet after the medallion by Launt Thompson, has now become the choice treasure of a few fortunate collectors of Americana. Of the fifty pieces in it twenty are to be found in the definitive Riverside Edition, a notable increase in percentage over any previous volume. The little book is full alike of suggestion for appreciation, and provocation to critical discussion, but there lies before me a letter from Dr. Holmes that renders other comment superfluous. In its urbanity and penetration it is a model letter from a middle-aged author to a young one:

"*My dear Mr. Aldrich*,—Thank you very sincerely for your book of blossoms. I have just been reading them and find them dewy and sweet scented. 'Babie Bell' has most of your heart's color in it. 'When the Sultan goes to Ispahan' is *espiègle*, lively, poetical—'the moons of their full brown bosoms' is succulent and musky. 'The Lunch' is a little Keatsy, but very neatly carved and colored.

"'Dawn' and 'Morn,' p. 20, 'Dawning' and 'Morning,' p. 46, are, as some kind friend has told you before this, inadmissible cockneyisms. This utterance is Rhadamanthine. You must not feed too much on 'apricots and dewberries.' There is an exquisite sensuousness that shows through your words and rounds them into voluptuous swells of rhythm as 'invisible fingers of air' lift the diaphanous gauzes. Do not let it run away with you. You love the fragrance of certain words so well that you are in danger of making nosegays when you should write poems.

"There are two dangers that beset young poets—young American poets at least. The first is, being spoiled by the praise of women, the second, being disgusted by the praise or blame—it makes little difference which—of the cheap critics. You may have noticed that our poets do not commonly ripen well, they are larks in the morning, sparrows at noon, and owls before evening. One reason is that our shallow universal culture is wanting in severe standards of taste and judgment. We have no Fahrenheits and Réamurs and centigrades to gauge our young talent with, and allow it to form false estimates of itself. Now your forte is sentiment and your danger sentimentality. You are an epicure in words, and your danger is that of becoming a verbal voluptuary—the end of which is rhythmical gout and incurable poetical disorder. Let me beg you, by your fine poetical sense, not to let the flattery of insufficient persons render you too easily contented with yourself, nor yet the hideous content of reporter-critics alienate you from the love of verse (which does not seem to thrive so naturally and spontaneously as art in your great city), nor lastly your tendency to vanilla-flavored adjectives and patchouli-scented participles stifle your strength in cloying euphemisms.

"It would have been cheaper to praise without reading than to prose after doing it. Still, I think you will take these few words kindly, for they are really com-

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plimentary, much more so than the vague generalities with which I commonly clear my table of presentation copies. There is so much that is sweet and true in your best lines that I want you to be fair to yourself and pinch off all the idle buds before the summer of your fruitage. These poems are most of them must, not wine. Happy man, whose voice time will be mellowing when he is cracking those of us your preterpluperfect contemporaries!

"Very sincerely yours,
"O. W. HOLMES."

It was always characteristic of Aldrich that, himself the most fastidiously critical of poets, he was peculiarly amenable to intelligent and kindly criticism from others; and the student of his later poetry may discover how faithfully he remembered the sound advice of the Autocrat, and how richly he profited by it.

By 1863 Aldrich had become one of the notable younger literary figures of New York; he was, too, personally beloved by a singularly various circle. Let us conceive an alert, slender young man, with clear, steady gray-blue eyes, and crisp golden hair. Let us imagine his witty, winsome manner, with its slight distinguishing touch of Parnassian dignity, and we shall be tolerably well acquainted with the "lovely fellow" of his friends' recollections. Throughout his youth and young manhood he had been a favorite with that appreciative sex that always takes kindly to poets. The first stanza of his discarded Herrickean,—or perhaps we should say, more precisely Willisian,—verses "The Girls," was veracious autobiography:

Marion, May and Maud
Have not passed me by—
Arched foot and mobile mouth
And bronze-brown eye!

Yet despite his affairs of young sentiment in New York, in Portsmouth, and in Boston, the Love that makes or mars had not yet touched his life. Early in 1863, however, the true love came. In the late fall of 1862 he had met at Edwin Booth's rooms the woman who was to be his life-long companion, and from that first meeting our poet lost interest forever in "Marion, May and Maud."

In the latter months of 1863 he was engaged in preparation for the launching of a poetic argosy of a new sort. He had already written several longer poems in dramatic form, but for some years he had been desirous of doing an extended narrative in blank verse, and had been looking about for a subject that would at once give an opportunity for the employment of the Oriental imagery that he delighted in, and afford scope for the epical treatment of an ample episode. In the end, he turned to scriptural themes, and selected for his purpose the striking story of Judith. For many months the poem grew and was the centre of his thought. In his correspondence there are many allusions to it.

"Don't forget to hand me the MS. of 'Judith' to-morrow night," he writes in one letter, "I want to go over it carefully and finish it to the utmost. The alterations you suggested are admirable. I wish you would read the poem just once with a view only to find faults. See if there are not any passages where the idea is not worked out sharply. Obscurity, I think, is a kind of stupidity, and I seek to avoid it always." And again, a little later—"I would like to know what is to be done with the poem. Carleton's would not publish it because it was not long enough. The *Atlantic* refused it because it was too long, and now I have submitted it to the editor of a new literary journal (to be called *The Round Table*), who will probably fall asleep over it. 'Judith' has fallen back in good order, like the army of the Lord on the Rappahannock."

In the event, however, the poem was printed early in 1864, in *The Round Table*, with the readers of which it found great favor. "——— says the praise is as absurd as the poem," wrote Aldrich. "Poor ———! I mean to drive him *wild* by writing the finest poems God will let me." How hopefully he set about it may be seen in this letter to Bayard Taylor:

"*My dear Bayard.*—For the past few weeks I have been nursing my 'I' like an irreclaimable old egotist—shut out from books, pen, paper and the 'meaner beauties of the night.' What was all in my eye is now entirely out of it, and I celebrate the occasion ('I celebrate myself,' like Walt Whitman) by sprinkling some ink in your direction. I have been so much alone recently, that I can speak of No. 1, which I

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shall do kindly, thereby setting a right pious example to all Christian people. . . . I have just completed another poem of about 250 lines, entitled 'Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book.' It is to be published in the *Atlantic* for June or July. It is a picturesque monkish story, told in an off-hand colloquial way, and is so different from anything I have attempted that I am no fit judge of its quality. I like the thing now—but then my last child always seems the best-shaped whelp. During the past two years I have cut adrift from the influence of my favorite gods. Tennyson & Co. are good corks with which to learn to swim; but for a long stretch a man must depend wholly upon himself—the less of anybody else he carries with him, the farther he will go if he has any muscle. . . . One of the highest rewards of an artist is the conviction, in his own soul, of increasing power. For a man to be what he was, is damnable.

"Your true friend,

"TOM."

In this and the following year Aldrich's friendship with Booth, who was then at the height of his success at his Winter Garden Theatre, was constantly deepening. He likewise saw much of the artistic circle that had its centre in the old Studio Building on Tenth Street. His letters of this time contain many vivid pen-miniatures of the men he was meeting, suggesting, perhaps, that the picture-making talk of the studios was in a minor way not unserviceable to his verse and prose. Take, for example, this memorable vignette of George Augustus Sala—"Straight black hair, a round red face, and an imp of a nose—just like a prize strawberry."

As the year of 1865 went on his life became more and more marked by the assurance of happiness. The only cloud came through his love and friendship for Edwin Booth, who, after the assassination of Lincoln by his brother John, feeling that the name of Booth must be forever the synonym of infamy, shut himself moodily in his house. There for weeks and months he lived, the melancholy target for all the cruel notes and letters that came daily to his door. The only mitigation of his depression came through the friendly ministrations of Launt Thompson and Aldrich, who shared his solitude both day and night.

The record of the year, with this exception, is a record of increasing prosperity and joy. Part of the summer was spent in a visit to some friends at their home on Owasco Lake. In a letter written from there to Taylor is a quaint and charming picture of a Central New York Arcadia in the Consulship of Andrew Johnson:

"I take my departure for that place tomorrow morning. It was my intention to remain in these lovely regions one week; but my friends would not hear of so short a stay. I have made five starts for home, but each time a picnic on 'The Point,' an excursion on the Owasco, or a pilgrimage to Cayuga Lake, was purposely proposed to detain me. But my trunk is packed, and determination (to go) is the prevailing expression of my countenance. I fancy that I have made the cream of my summer's milk. To live in an old rambling cocked-hat mansion with one's betrothed—to have enough money and plenty of refined people, a choice library of 10,000 books, sunsets, moonrises, horses, boats and newly-laid eggs—what could be pleasanter? I thought to write some poems here, but I have been too happy in the flesh. I have to be a trifle melancholy—to escape from something—to write decent verse. I wanted to escape from nothing here—especially the library. On the other side of the lake—a joyous row is it across—is a place called 'Willow-brook.' A gracious little brook winds in and out among groves of willows, singing all day and all night long to one of the quaintest old houses in the world. It belongs to one Mr. Martin. The building consisted originally of *four* rooms: additions have been made from year to year until now there are thirty. There is no attempt at architecture in the thing, the extensions have been stuck on just where they were most wanted and handiest. The result, outside, would set a lover of the grotesque quite wild with pleasure: inside, the narrow by-ways and odd nooks leading into each other, make me think of midnight murders and Mrs. Radcliffe. In this shapeless old pile is a collection of books that would make your eyes stare. Shelf after shelf of rare old black-letter volumes, annotated and autographed by famous hands—original editions of almost everything that is rare. I should like to be confined there with you for two weeks, on bread-and-water rations. We'd come

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out mere souls. I suppose I cannot tempt you to envy me my content, since your own summer has been so pleasant. I would like to add your visit to Whittier to my list of congenial doings. I don't know him at all, but I think he must be a genuine fine spirit. I would also like to confiscate your delight in writing a long poem. Men who cannot write verse are ignorant of the highest earthly enjoyment—the least earthy, I mean."

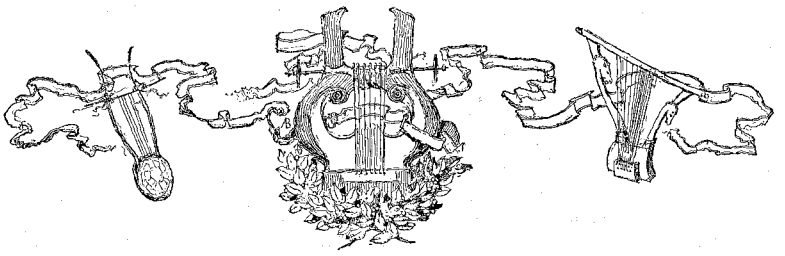
In the autumn of 1865 three events occurred which definitely mark that year as the true *annus mirabilis* of our poet's life: his collected poems were published in the authentic Ticknor & Fields Blue and Gold Series; he was established in a singularly pleasant editorial chair; and he was married.

Of the 1865 volume more than half—and all that he had written since 1863—has gone into the canon of his works. All that need be said of it now was said by Dr. Holmes in another of those admirable letters—this one written November 13, 1865:

"I have been much struck," Holmes wrote, "with the delicate grace of your descriptions and the sandal-wood aroma (if I may use so bold a figure) that perfumes all the passages which breathe of the Orient. I think some of the hints I once gave you were not ill-judged—your danger is, of course, on the sensuous side of the intellect—you see what I mean—the semi-voluptuous excess of color and odor, such as you remember in Keats's 'Endymion'—a very different thing from vulgar sensuousness. But your cabinet pictures are really so carefully drawn and so cunningly tinted that I am disposed to cease from criticism and trust your Muse to finish them according to her own sweet will."

Four days later Aldrich received the appointment to the editorial chair of *Every Saturday*, an eclectic weekly that was about to be published by the great Boston house of Ticknor & Fields. Ten days thereafter he was married and on his way to Boston, which was to be his home for the rest of his life.

As time went on, and the years brought their increasing freightage of distinction and prosperity, the Boston habit of mind became more and more deeply engrained in him, and he seldom cared to revisit the glimpses of the Bohemian moon. Yet to the very end of his life the old days in the little hall bedroom in West Eighth Street, with their high poetic dreaming, the old nights at Pfaff's or Niblo's or Booth's chambers, with their long hours of hearty fellowship, their friendly rapier-play of repartee, loomed large and bright for him through the golden mists of memory, and were a favorite field of anecdote. Nor is it perhaps too fanciful to imagine that the great rock-delving, sky-scaling, Babylonian city of New York is a little the richer for having been the home of this fine and true poet fifty years ago.



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# "THE SINGING HEART"

*(IN MEMORIAM, T. B. A.)*

## By Robert Bridges

"From Mecca to Damascus, he was known,
Hassan, the Arab with the Singing Heart.
His songs were sung by boatmen on the Nile,
By Bedaowee maidens, and in Tartar camps,
While all men loved him as they loved their eyes;
And when he spake, the wisest, next to him,
Was he who listened. And thus Hassan sung."

*From "A Prelude," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

MINSTREL of the Singing Heart,
Flute-voiced 'mid the noisy mart,
Oft men stopped their tasks to hear
Your pure voice, upraised and clear,
Singing gayly in the crowd—
Winning, bright, and never loud.
While the showmen plied their trade,
Gaudily their wares displayed,
You serene, content, apart
Lured them simply with your Art.
Toilers lingered on the road,
Listened, felt their lightened load,
Hummed the tune and trudged along
To the music of your song.
With them on the arduous way
Went some spirit, grave or gay,
Summoned by your magic spell
From that Star where visions dwell.
What a troop the kind years brought!
Sprites your nimble Fancy caught—
Hamadryads from the hills,
Naiads from the whispering rills;
Prudence and fair Nourmadee,
Edith and sweet Marjorie,
The Queen of Sheba—charming Ruth—
Brave, tragic Judith, and the youth
Beloved of all, that human boy
Tom Bailey, a perennial joy;
All are ours—his bounteous gift—
Visions that our hearts uplift—
Lyrics, with a note so fine
Herrick might have penned the line.

Now beside the Ivory Gate
Weary pilgrims pause and wait,
Longing for the old refrain—
Eager still to catch the strain;
Mute the lyre, the singer's place
Taken by an alien face!
But amid the noisy mart
Still they miss the Singing Heart
Still repeat his tuneful words
Like the carolling of birds.
Closed the Gate, the evening falls—
Pilgrim unto Pilgrim calls
"Great is Allah! Toll the knell!
"Farewell, Singing Heart, farewell!"

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# THE WILDERNESS ROAD

## By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

THE man's rugged, bronzed face went white and, with an exclamation, he jumped off his big horse and parting the under-brush at the side of the road, looked down for an instant at some object that had caught his keen eye in passing. The three horsemen who were following him reined in sharply and, from the vantage point of their saddles, looked down, too, at the dreadful Thing. The man raised fear-stricken eyes to a slender young gentleman, apparently scarcely out of his teens, who sat his bay mare easily and to the manner born, between the other two riders. But there was no answering fear on the handsome, rather reckless countenance of the young man, only a spasm of horror and a blaze of indignation in the dark eyes.

"Will you not believe me now? Do you not see that this mad expedition is impossible, my——"

"Lord," supplied the young man calmly, as the older one hesitated.

With a low bow that had something curiously ironical, yet, tender, in it, the man continued, stretching out an imploring hand as he spoke.

"Your lordship will now surely believe—with this horrible evidence before him—the stories that have been told us. It is not too late, my lord—we are not a day out from Fort Chissel; shall we not turn back and abandon this desperate enterprise?"

"Desperate enterprise!" the young gentleman echoed. "Why speak extravagantly?" he went on with a slight show of impatience. "'Tis a journey which already thousands of these poor pioneers have had the hardihood to undertake. Shall it be said that four Englishmen"—he paused and smiled slightly as he looked around at his companions—"did not have the courage to face it?" And then he let his gaze rest again on the mutilated Thing that lay among the bushes. "This is the work of the red men"—he shuddered a little in spite of himself—"but you well knew such atrocities were common before you ever set out from Philadelphia, before you set sail in *The Venture*, nay, before you ever left England and my father's house. We go on," he said firmly, and his dark eyes looked steadfastly down the tangled forest road to the west.

"As your lordship decides," said the older man briefly, and mounting his horse agilely, in spite of his sixty years, he rode forward. As he urged his mount past that of the young man he bowed again. "Permit me at least to ride ahead, as a slight measure of protection to your lordship," he said sombrely.

For some moments they rode thus in silence, the older man first, then the young gentleman, who glanced with compunction now and then at the broad back in front of him, followed in single file by the other two horsemen, who had taken no part in the brief discussion.

Suddenly the young man touched his mare with the silver spur he wore, and crowding her up to the big white horse in the narrow forest road, he laid a hand affectionately on the shoulder of the grizzled rider.

"My good Roger," he said in a very boyish, winning tone, "you have borne with me so long, will you not bear with me a little longer, now that we are come so near the end of our journey?"

"To the end, my—lord," said the man, still coldly, but, in spite of himself, there was a hint of caressing tenderness in the last word.

"When you—and Dick and young Roger here—agreed to go with me you knew I would never turn back—that I would go on until I found him, no matter where the road led nor how rough it was! Now that I have seen with my own eyes what dreadful things befall the wayfarers in this country of the



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Indians, what 'abomination of desolation' is here, I am the more determined to find him, to stay with him, to help him if—he wants me. Do you not understand, Roger, that I *must* go on?" He ended with a sort of passion and exaltation that completely mastered the older man.

"Wherever my lord goes, I go, and my sons will do no less. But oh, my lord!" he cried, half turning in his saddle and looking anxiously at the young gentleman, "I can but feel fearful and can only pray that your noble father will not condemn *me* for this mad escapade——"

"Oh, la! la!" interrupted the young man, a rather impish smile breaking over his face and his voice changing suddenly from its tone of passion and desperate sincerity to a mocking falsetto. "My noble father had better be employed in condemning his own mad escapades! If I have a leaning toward escapades—a veritable liking for them, to be exact—is it not an inheritance, my good Roger? And at least I have this advantage—Lord Gordon's escapades in the solitary forests of this Virginia and Kaintuckee will never be heard of, whereas my noble father's set all London by the ears and occasion no end of unsavory scandal."

"Oh, my lord!" remonstrated the old man.

"Let us not be hypocritical, my honest Roger" said the young gentleman flippantly. "We have wild blood in our veins," and he twirled the ends of the slight dark mustache he wore, somewhat consciously.

The old man regarded the young lord with a curious expression on his weather-beaten face—an expression of amusement sobered by disapprobation.

"At least, my lord," he said, with some severity, after a pause, "this escapade of yours is like to set the gossips of London a-talking."

"True," assented the young man carelessly, and then he added, laughing with boyish, mischievous heartiness, "Gad's life! think of what they are all saying! My uncle, the archbishop! and cousin George and the Countess! and the Duke—the Duke'll be sorry, I think, Roger," he said with a sudden gravity. "He'll miss me, Roger. My father will take it easily. He doubtless made a terrible outcry at first and then he talked it over with Powers and Hurlingham and his other cronies at the Club and I'll lay you a hundred guineas he laughed it over and by this time is proud of my 'escapade,' Roger."

"Ah, my lord, would that we were all back in England!" The old servitor spoke in a low voice.

"This comfortless solitude makes you melancholy, my good Roger," said the youth with a rather pathetic attempt at raillery. He looked around at the vast, dim, silent forest and shivered a little. "It is indeed a gloomy, God-forsaken country," he muttered beneath his breath and, falling behind Roger, he lapsed into silence.

Thus they rode for an hour on that afternoon in late May of the year of grace 1784, pushing along in complete silence and in Indian file over the Wilderness Road—a road the like of which was nowhere else to be found in the whole wide world. No broad, bustling post-road this, resounding with the cheerful clatter of coach horses or the gallop of riders: only a wilderness path, slipping noiselessly through the forest from Fort Chissel in western Virginia through the gap in the Cumberland Mountains, into that fertile, almost unknown land of "the Kaintuckee"; a path so narrow that 'twas scarce wide enough for two pioneers, keen eyes fixed on the encompassing forest, to walk or ride abreast, soft carpeted with leaves and pine needles, dimly enveloped in the tender green light that filtered downward through the great trees.

It was doubtless one of the results of the general unrest which a little later burst out so violently in the Revolution, that a sudden strong tide of immigration to the far west began about the year 1775. The Civilization of the New World which for one hundred and fifty years had clung so tenaciously to a narrow strip of land scarce more than a hundred miles wide, lying along the Atlantic coast, suddenly moved westward, leaping all barriers—mountains, rivers, forests—and sprang into vigorous growth in that wonderful western land of "Kaintuckee," whose fame had been brought to the east by General Washington, Governor Dunmore's surveyors, and other adventurous spirits who had journeyed thither. No steadily advancing wave of settlement marked this movement, but "full five hundred miles as the crow flies from the seacoast, and more than three hundred miles beyond the crests of the mountains, population

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suddenly gathered and civilization suddenly bloomed."

These "three hundred miles beyond the crests of the mountains" were one unbroken forest, the terror and the peril of the pioneer, trackless save for that narrow, submerged channel connecting the east with the far and much-desired west. Over it wound countless brave thousands of homeseekers; from the north they came, from New York and Philadelphia, making their way past Lancaster and Yorktown to the Potomac, past Martinsburg and Winchester, down through the pleasant Shenandoah valley, over the "divide," leaving the rivers that run toward sunrise for Fort Chissel and New River, whose waters run to the west; from Richmond they came, through the comparatively settled region of central Virginia, meeting the northern stream at Fort Chissel. There they took leave of civilization and, as a strong swimmer *de longue haleine* plunges beneath the water to come up upon the opposite shore, so did they plunge into the Wilderness to reappear a month later in the pleasant, fertile land of Kentucky.

What perils they encountered in that lone month when, lost to the world, they took their silent, solitary way through the forest; what horrid outrages by the Indians they suffered; what attacks by the wolves and panthers that ranged at large, were told and retold, but never served to turn backward the tide of immigration that had set so strongly toward the west.

Of all the thousands that had toiled over the Wilderness Road it is safe to say none had resembled the four travellers who were making their way westward on that May afternoon in the year 1784. No raccoon-capped pioneers these, but four Englishmen, one obviously of high rank, bravely dressed in the best English fashion and mounted on most excellent horse-flesh. For an hour they rode in silence, until, turning a bend in the narrow road, they suddenly came upon a little cavalcade.

"Gad's life! what have we here!" cried the young lord.

It was indeed a strange sight even in that land of strange sights. Three pack-horses laden with a miscellaneous collection of household goods headed the procession, tended each by a young backwoodsman, dressed in fringed leathern garments and carrying a loaded musket. Following the last pack-horse rode a young girl of seventeen or thereabouts, upon a pillion fastened securely on an old gray mare; just behind her rode a middle-aged woman, evidently the mother of the family, upon another pillion, while between the two horses was swung a cradle that rocked in a sufficiently dangerous manner as the horses moved, but in which slept, in apparent safety and comfort, a baby. On either side of the saddle-horses walked five more young Nimrods.

"These are doubtless the travellers bound for Kaintuckee, whom the captain at Fort Chissel told us had set out just before our arrival yesterday, my lord," said Roger in a low voice.

"Doubtless," replied the young gentleman and, touching his horse, he rode forward, bowing so gallantly to the young maid as he passed that a bright blush sprang to her cheeks and a new light to her astonished eyes. At this the young lord glanced so roguishly at Roger that the corners of his grim mouth twitched with amusement—amusement quickly suppressed.

"My lord," he said reprovingly.

"My good Roger!" said the young gentleman, mimicking very successfully the old man's tone and pulling so droll a face that they both broke into soft laughter—for they had been warned to make as little noise as possible. Men walked silently through the wilderness in those days, for fear of the Indians and wild animals.

"Do you disapprove of so innocent a diversion by the way as a bow to a pretty maiden, Roger?" demanded the young lord when he could speak. But the old man would not answer and, passing my lord again, he held steadily and silently on his way.

It was a long time before either spoke again. Twilight was falling fast, and the Wilderness Road, only faintly bright at noonday, was now beginning to be shrouded in impenetrable gloom. A soft wind sprang up that swayed the tops of the great trees; strange forest noises, stealthy sounds of creeping, growing things, made themselves heard. My young lord again urged his bay mare up close against the flanks of Roger's big horse.

"What do you think are our chances of overtaking the forest guide and his party tonight, Roger?" he demanded.

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"I know not what to think, my lord," replied the older man anxiously. He turned and looked at the young gentleman. "God knows I wish your lordship were safe back at Fort Chissel and not roaming this accursed wilderness!" he broke out vehemently.

"Afraid, Roger?" mocked the young man, but in spite of his brave air, there was a boyish quaver in his voice.

"My lord knows better than that," said Roger quietly.

"Forgive me," said the lad penitently. "No one knows better than I do, my brave Roger, that you have the heart of a lion. But you know it was ever my fashion to tease, and now I am a little weary, and impatient because we have not come up with the guide whom the captain promised we should see before night and"—he stopped speaking suddenly, for there, not a hundred paces ahead of them, was a small company of ten or a dozen men on foot, evidently just preparing to camp after the day's march. The growing darkness and thick underbrush had hitherto concealed them from view.

"My lord," said Roger quickly, "will you wait here with Dick and Roger while I speak with those men?" and pressing his big white horse forward he soon gained them. After a few minutes' talk he returned to his own party.

"We are fortunate," he said; "it is the guide the captain told us of. There travel with him three surveyors, six woodsmen seeking homes and a chaplain returning to his flock in Kaintuckee. He knows where —where——" the old man hesitated, "where your lordship wishes to go."

The young gentleman leaned forward in his saddle the better to see Roger's face.

"He knows where he—where Sir Harry is?" he asked in a low, excited tone.

"Yes, my lord."

"And he will take us there?—he knows the way?" he went on insistently, laying his hand on Roger's arm.

"My lord, I have arranged it. But oh, my lord, reconsider," broke out Roger suddenly, "it is a far and dangerous journey—a month——"

"A month! I would go if it took a year," cried the young man, and he touched his horse with his silver spur. "Tell the guide I wish to speak with him."

As they approached the group a man emerged from it and stood before Lord Gordon. He was about five feet ten inches tall, lithe and youthful looking in spite of his forty odd years; he wore his fringed leathern garments with a native grace, and his raccoon cap, which he did not remove, shaded a face remarkable for its expression of sagacity and calm courage. He stood with folded arms, looking somewhat disdainfully at the young gentleman's fine attire and the sumptuous saddle, saddle-bags and trappings of his mount. The young lord in turn looked with a good deal of astonishment at this nonchalant figure. He was used to a little more deference.

"My servant tells me you can lead me to —to where Sir Harry Revelsburne is to be found," he said at length.

"Yes," replied the guide laconically.

"Is it far? Will it take us long? Where is he?" demanded the young lord, leaning forward in his saddle and speaking eagerly.

"You wouldn't know whar it was ef I wuz to tell you—but it sartainly is fur——"

"How far?" insisted the young man.

"A month's journey from here over the Gap to th' settlements on th' Kaintuck River. Th' Englishman lives alone high up on a bluff—'tis a terrubel lonely spot," concluded the forester reflectively.

"And are you sure you can find your way through the wilderness?" asked the young gentleman anxiously. A laugh went up from the circle of men who had drawn near and were listening to the colloquy with frank curiosity.

"And where is your horse?—you are surely not going to walk," continued the young lord, flushing with annoyance. At this the laugh grew louder, and the backwoodsman in the raccoon cap, smiling, a little, too, stepped forward and laid a hand on the earl's bridle.

"Young man," he said, "my legs air better'n your mare's. I heve walked eight hundred miles in sixty-two days; I heve run one hundred an' fifty miles in four days; I know this here Wilderness Road like as you know the house you wuz born in. I've been back-'ards and for'ards some fifty times an' I know every white man's house between Fort Chissel and th' Kaintuck River."

Lord Gordon looked with astonished eyes at the strange figure standing before him.

"Why, then, you are a wonderful man,' he

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cried with quick, boyish admiration, "and I shall be glad to have you for my guide! The pay shall be good, I promise you. Do you hear, Roger?" he cried, half turning, "the pay must be good. And now shall we dismount, Roger, and join our friends in camp for the night?"

Almost before the words left his lips Roger was off his horse and was holding the head of my lord's mare while that young gentleman swung himself out of the saddle with easy grace.

"And now," he said, walking up to the man in the raccoon cap and extending his hand with a frank friendliness that was very winning, "let us shake hands on our bargain, and will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Boone," said the man, and he doffed his raccoon cap to the young English gentleman.

## II

For a month they journeyed together, the young lord very bravely accepting his share of the dangers, fatigues and work of the march. Only at night did he withdraw himself from his rustic companions and, retiring as far as safety permitted from the others, lie down on a bed which Roger invariably fashioned himself, making it as nearly worthy his young lord as possible, with quantities of tender leaves and mosses and covered with numerous soft rugs and cushions which young Roger carried in his saddle-bags. During the night old Roger and his two sons took turns at watching by my lord's bed—at a discreet distance, be it understood—for the young gentleman was often most impatient at the constant care they took of him.

By day he mingled freely with his chance companions. Especially did he enjoy Boone's company, and as they travelled together in the shimmering green light beneath the great forest trees, Boone's long, light step keeping time easily with his mare's hoof-beats, did he listen to marvellous stories of the wilderness, of battles with red men, of captivity and hairbreadth escapes. Of his own exploits Boone bragged with the unconscious, delightful candor of a child, and always eager to praise others, he recounted to the young lord's charmed ears tales of the prowess and deeds of his friends Logan, Clarke and Estill.

The days sped by on the long, quiet march, with little of incident. At several points along the way they found fresh deer's meat killed and left there by Estill and his men—those self-appointed guardians of the Wilderness Road and protectors of the emigrants. Twice did they meet fear-stricken men retracing their weary way over the Wilderness Road to Fort Chissel, turned back by the stories of the dreadful atrocities committed by the Indians in "the Kaintuckee." Thrice did they pass companies of home-seekers, who, weighted down by household goods, could not keep up with Boone's swift march, and twice at night were they attacked by panthers which, after a fierce struggle, were despatched by Boone and his men.

On the whole, it was pleasant travelling in the warm June weather through the green forest, fording a stream now and then, sometimes reaching one of the far scattered white dwellings at nightfall—one night they spent at Colonel Arthur Campbell's and another at Major Dysart's Mill—or stopping for refreshment at the Block House or the Ordinary at Moccasin Gap. The young lord enjoyed it all—only there were days now and then when his spirits flagged and a curious melancholy and unrest possessed him. On such days he and Roger would ride much together, apart from the rest, conversing in low tones, and the old servitor's face would look even more anxious than my lord's. At Powell's Mountain, where the travellers got their first glimpse of the Cumberlands, the young lord's courage failed him, and indeed it was no wonder, for the sight of the wild, gloomy mountains, seemingly impenetrable, struck terror to the hearts of all.

"I think His Grace of Cumberland would be but ill pleased to have so dismal and frowning a mountain named for him," he said to Roger. But once safely through the Gap where the surveyors left them, striking down southward into the lands of the Cherokees, my lord's spirits rose like the mercury of a summer's morning. Three days' travel beyond the Gap they camped at the beautiful Rockcastle River, "in the eye of the rich lands," where five of Boone's party determined to settle and build their homes, so that only Lord Gordon and his three followers, Boone and the worthy chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Sidebottom, were left to pur-

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sue their way through the fertile land that now spread out before them. With each succeeding day's march did my lord appear more light-hearted, and he passed the time happily teasing Roger (who only grew grimmer and more silent), listening to Boone's marvellous tales and in particular cultivating the society of the worthy Mr. Sidebottom.

"For, is it not well to be on good terms with parsons?" he demanded laughingly of Roger when the latter, in some perplexity and astonishment, commented on his sudden fancy for the reverend gentleman who, truth to tell, was rather uninteresting and lugubrious. "And I am so persuaded, my good Roger, of the value of the worthy man's society and—and—services, that I have got him to promise to accompany us to—the end of our journey," and with that he laughed again, looking at Roger and blushing like a girl.

"Oh, my lord, what will you be at next?' was poor Roger's strange answer, and with a sort of desperate sorrowfulness he rode on ahead, lost in gloomy thoughts from the look of his face, and no coaxing or teasing of the young gentleman's served to arouse him to a happier frame of mind.

The young lord's mood changed, too, as the journey neared its end. His high spirits failed and he became capricious as if suddenly possessed of some fear or distaste for his enterprise. On the morning of the last day, when Boone told him they would reach the Englishman's cabin by nightfall, he seemed almost ready to turn back and, scarce speaking to his other companions, he rode all day alone with Roger.

## III

THE young moon was already bright in the darkening heavens when Boone pointed upward to a small cabin, just discernible through the trees, perched upon the edge of a high bluff overlooking the "Kaintuckee" river.

"That is whar th' Englishman lives," he said with his usual brevity.

The young lord's face went white and then red and he threw an almost appealing glance at Roger.

"Shall we go on, my lord?" said the old man in a low tone.

The young man looked down for a moment, and then, shaking himself a little as if to gather up his courage, he said "yes" bravely enough.

After half an hour's hard climb they stood before the cabin, which was made of round logs and differed from none of the forest dwellings they had seen save that it was larger and boasted two rooms, apparently. But the view as they approached it was more beautiful than anything they had seen, and caught even my lord's uneasy eye, drawing a cry of admiration from him.

From the dizzy edge of the cliff from which the cabin hung one looked level across a wide chasm to the opposite shore. Between, the precipitous banks were clothed with a waving virgin forest, while far down in the green depths a swift river, silver and amethyst in the gathering twilight, rolled mistily away.

For an instant my young lord's eyes rested upon the beautiful scene, and then he turned anxiously to the door of the cabin, where Boone had already sounded a rousing knock. Receiving no response, he raised the rude latch and they entered. If the scene without was beautiful, that within was extraordinary, and the two backwoodsmen, whom nothing in the long march had surprised or awed, now stood lost in astonishment, uttering ejaculations of wonder. But the young lord and Roger—Dick and young Roger had remained without with the horses—said never a word, only the young man's face went whiter as he looked around the room.

It was, indeed, a strange room to find in that far country, where civilization was just beginning its reconstructing work, where the bare necessities of life were still fiercely struggled for. Upon a large table in the centre of the room, fashioned from rough boards, one could make out, in the dim light, a piece of Old World tapestry, and upon it, piled in confusion, lay several richly bound books. A tortoise-shell snuffbox, inlaid with gold, lay half-opened near a silver candlestick. Over the big chimney-piece were hung a pair of heavily chased pistols and a small, fine sword, while at the opening to the back room a curtain of embroidered velvet, carelessly nailed to the rude logs, hung in crimson folds.

The young lord sank down in a chair over which a panther's skin was thrown, and

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turned, with a hand that trembled strangely, the pages of a copy of Mr. Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" that lay upon the table, while Boone moved restlessly to the open door, eager to be off on his six-mile journey back to the little settlement of Boonesboro, where he lived. Suddenly, my lord looking up, perceived his impatience, rose and stretched out his hand.

"Do not wait, do not wait!" he said, "you have brought us safely here and we shall not keep you longer. But you, Mr. Sidebottom," he cried, turning to the reverend gentleman, "shall stay with us. We cannot bear to part with you! The—the gentleman who owns this cabin is an old friend—I will vouch for it that he will be as pleased as I am to see you and will give you rest and refreshment for the night," and the young lord laughed excitedly and his eyes sparkled as though some amusing thought had crossed his brain.

"I am in truth prodigiously tired," said the worthy Sidebottom, sinking into a chair and passing a hand over his forehead. Indeed it was plain to be seen that the good man needed little persuasion, for, being thoroughly weary and, furthermore, having convinced himself, by a hurried glance into the back room of the cabin, that there would be deer's meat and a young wild turkey for the evening, he was in no mood for further travel that night and assented as hastily as his dignity would permit, to the young gentleman's proposals. But the tireless Boone, looking upon a further six miles travel with the utmost nonchalance, waited only to get the purse Roger gave him and, with a word, of farewell to the young lord and his friends, was soon speeding back, in the gathering twilight, to the little fort further up the river.

With the departure of Boone my young lord's spirits seemed to flag again and he could find nothing more diverting to do than to languidly ask the reverend Mr. Sidebottom his opinion of "Joseph Andrews," whereupon that gentleman became blood-red of countenance and waxed so warm in his denunciation of poor Harry Fielding that my young lord plucked up heart again and laughed merrily.

Suddenly Roger, who had been standing at the door looking out anxiously into the fast-gathering night, came quickly to where Lord Gordon sat and spoke to him in a low tone.

"He is coming, my lord," he said.

The young gentleman sprang up and stepped hastily back into the shadow. At the same instant a man appeared at the doorway, a fowling piece upon his shoulder. Even in the fading light it was easy to see that his face was handsome, though worn and ill-looking, and his tall figure both powerful and graceful. He paused a moment in surprise at the occupants of his cabin, and as he did so, my young lord bowed low.

"Sir Harry," he said in a voice so faint that it was scarce recognizable as my lord's, "will you give rest and shelter for the night to some weary travellers who—who have come a long way to see you?"

The man addressed laid his fowling piece upon the table. "In this country all honest travellers are welcome. But who is it that has come far to see me?" he asked curiously, looking to where my young lord and Roger stood in the shadow. And then he started a little and went slowly forward.

"Roger!" he said wonderingly. "Is it you, Roger?"

"Yes, Sir Harry," said Roger. "My young—Lord Gordon wished to see you. Will you speak with him alone, Sir Harry?"

"Yes," said Sir Harry, still wonderingly looking at the slender young figure in the shadow, and he made a motion for Roger and Sidebottom to withdraw, which they did, pacing up and down for a long hour in the soft starlit dusk upon the bank of the silver river and with only the sound of the two voices now and then to give them a hint of what might be going on within.

When the door had closed upon Roger and the parson, Sir Harry Revelsburne stepped forward and, producing a flint and steel, struck a flame and applied it to the tallow dip in the heavy silver candlestick upon the table. Holding the light high above his head, he gazed long and searchingly at the young gentleman who stood nervously before him, eyes cast down and brave air gone—slipped from him like a rich cloak that had fallen from his shoulders.

Suddenly a strange look came into Sir Harry's face and his hand shook so that the candle spilled over. He set it down upon the table.

"I know no Lord Gordon. Who are you?" he said, and his voice shook as his hand had shaken.

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For an instant the young gentleman stood motionless, and then, putting up a slender hand, he tore off the dark mustache from his lip and flung it rather viciously upon the table, and with the other hand he swept off the brown peruke, elaborately powdered and tied with ribbons, letting a mass of dark hair fall in short curls about his shoulders. He took a step forward into the light and made a low curtsey.

"Lady Judith Gordon, may it please you, Sir Harry Revelsburne," she said, and with a last remnant of courage she raised a pair of defiant dark eyes to his. Her eyes were defiant, but her voice was not quite steady.

The man standing by the table was trembling like a leaf. "Judith!" he said, and again, "Judith!"

At sight of his undoing, aware that she had him at her mercy, the young lady's courage rose rapidly, after the fashion of her sex. A blush sprang to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She gave a little mocking laugh.

"Gad's life! (that's become my favorite oath, Harry!) I'm glad to be a woman again! La! la! It's hard work being a man and pretending not to be afraid of Indians and panthers! And as for this!"—and she lifted the unfortunate mustache with a disdainful finger and dangled it in the air in an irresistibly droll fashion—"I believe it would have grown to me if I had had to wear it much longer." And she laughed again her mellow, mocking laugh.

But Sir Harry was not listening. He was leaning against the chimney-piece, arms folded, devouring her with his eyes and every now and then murmuring her name under his breath. "Judith! Judith!"

The Lady Judith left off laughing and looked at him beneath her dark lashes.

"You have given me no welcome, Sir Harry! Are you not glad to see me? I have come a long way—ingratitude is the last of vices, sir!" She had begun gayly, but there was the suspicion of a sob in her voice at the last.

Sir Harry aroused himself as though from a dream. "No welcome to you, Judith! But—why have you come? Why have you sought me out in this wilderness? I am an exile—I have left England and your world forever. This land has given me a welcome—a little rude, 'tis true, but an honest one. Why have you come to disturb my peace, Judith? Surely you do not hate me now—now that I pursue you no longer with my unwelcome love. Why have you come? What does it mean?"

The Lady Judith looked down and leaned a little against the table. It was her turn to tremble.

"It means—that I love you," she said at last.

Sir Harry shook his head. "But there was Ardale," he said.

"Lord Ardale was never anything to me—never—never!" She raised her blazing eyes to the man looking at her doubtingly. "Do you believe me, Harry?" she cried.

The man put a hand up as if to shut her out from his vision, but she drew near to him and put her white face close to his. "How could I care for that dissipated roué, when you were there, Harry? But there is some accursed thing within me that makes me delight to hurt those I love, to tease, to prove my power—I think it is from my father I get this mad nature!"

"You acknowledge it, then?" said the man bitterly.

"Yes—oh, yes. But when I saw that I had made you think me utterly false, and when I knew, Harry, that you had fought Ardale and half killed him for—the—things he dared say of me, I would have gone to you and begged for forgiveness on my knees. But you had gone! No one knew where! Oh, Harry, did you wish to kill me?"

"No, no!" said Sir Harry in a low voice.

"You did—almost," sighed the Lady Judith, and there was such a world of reproach and tenderness in her tones that Sir Harry wondered for the first time if it were possible that he had been cruel. "For so many weary months I could not learn where you were—and then to find you had crossed the ocean—that you had gone back to the American Colonies—where you had almost died in the wars——" she choked with emotion, but forced herself to go bravely on. "No one would listen to me—great-aunt Elizabeth would only wring her hands when I would tell her I must find you—my father swore roundly that no daughter of his should scour the colonies for a renegade lover—and the Duke—the Duke, Harry, said it was madness—only Roger understood—good old Roger, who has never crossed me since

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I can remember, and who has helped me out of a thousand scrapes——"

"You came away with only Roger——!"

"With Roger and Dick and young Roger—oh, I was well protected, Harry!" and she laughed gayly. But Sir Harry never so much as smiled. He stood looking at her, his heart in his eyes. "After we were aboard ship I sent a messenger back with news of us so that they would not think I had been run away with, and on board I kept to my cabin pretending illness—which was, indeed, not far from the truth, for the boat pitched abominably." And the Lady Judith made a little grimace at the recollection.

"And since then?"

"Since then, Harry, I have been the young Lord Gordon—travelling in search of adventure. From Philadelphia—a town I like prodigiously, Harry—and Baltimore, through the Virginias and over the Wilderness Road the Lord Gordon has come to you to ask forgiveness," and she stretched out a slim, white hand to him.

He was on his knees in an instant. "Forgiveness? I love you, Judith—there can be no question of forgiveness between us!" he cried.

The Lady Judith sighed a little.

"Oh, how can I be sure?" she said sadly.

"Will you marry me, Judith?" asked Sir Harry.

"Yes," said the Lady Judith, and she began to laugh a little tremulously.

"You will forswear the delights of England and live with me in this far country? I have grown to love this land, Judith, in my year of exile and to long to stay here and help make a great country of it. Oh, it is a wonderful place, this Kaintuckee! And is it not better to help build up this land than to live the life I led in London, gambling, fighting, idling? Will you stay with me and help me, Judith?"

"Yes," said the lady in a low voice.

"And when we are grown old, perhaps we will return—we will travel once again the Wilderness Road and make our way back to England, there to rest after our labors."

"Your wish is my wish, Harry," said the Lady Judith. "When I turned my back on England, I gave myself to you. This land, I think, will be the sweetest place in the world so I am with you, if only you will love me now and always." And the tears welled up in her bright eyes and sparkled in the light.

"Would to heaven I could marry you this night and prove it!" said Sir Harry, and he folded her in his arms.

The Lady Judith shook the tears from her eyes and began to laugh audaciously.

"You can!" she said. "I was so persuaded that we would—want—to marry each other, Harry, that—that I brought the parson along with me!"

She slipped from him, and going to the door flung it open wide. "Roger," she called joyously, "Roger, present the Lady Judith Gordon's compliments to the reverend Mr. Sidebottom and tell him that she and Sir Harry Revelsburne are waiting to be married!"

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# THE YEARS

By Archer M. Huntington

THESE years my own upon this earth shall dwell.
God, seeking in the eternal garden, came
And found them there like lilies touched with flame,
And round her spirit wrapped them like a spell.
'Twas thus, in worlds beyond my dreams there fell
Sweet sounds, a fire my sleeping soul became;
I heard the rippling whisper of her name
Fall like a song from some star sentinel.
She crept within my being like a breath
Of lake winds cool 'mid mazes of a wood;
She kissed me with a gift of hours divine;
A crown of hours that shall defy gray death
Until the miracle be understood;
'Til she and all Eternity be mine.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

WHAT would be thought of a musician who played all the numbers of Schumann's "Carnaval" at the same pace, or of a conductor who led the "Trauer-marsch" and a Strauss waltz in the same tempo; even more, or less—of an artist who played the whole of any one of these compositions throughout in the same time? Yet this is what we witness night after night in the New York theatres, and no one, not even a professional critic—Heaven save the mark!—raises his voice in protest.

We see a farce like "My Wife" given at exactly the same pace as a drama like the "Master-Builder" or the "Great Divide," so that the sensitive auditor is driven to exclaim with the ancient circus-ring master, "Oh, cut your cackle and come to the 'orses."

Tempo in the Drama

Farce probably suffers more as a whole from this tendency to "ladle it out," as theatrical slang has it, than any other form of drama, and instances innumerable will occur, to the thoughtful reader, of trifles light as air handed over the footlights to him as if they were pronouncements of great pith and moment. I remember Sir Charles Wyndham at a dress rehearsal of one of (I think) Albery's farces at the old Criterion Theatre cracking the whip over his company and urging them to almost intolerable speed of speech. The author protested, "Half my lines will be lost if they are spoken so fast, and you don't wait for the laughs." Wyndham smiled grimly, "Will they? Then the audience will come again to hear what it was they missed the first time"; and they did. He was perfectly right; the plays he presented were mostly adaptations from Palais Royal farces, very light, not a little risqué for those days, and would have tasted like flat champagne had they been presented as slowly as New York comedians of to-day would have spoken them.

Wyndham was not only incomparably the best light comedian of the English-speaking stage since the death of Charles Matthews, but is a past master in the art of stage management, and would no more think of rattling through the whole of "David Garrick" than he would dream of playing "Charles Surface" in the tempo of "Joseph," as we have not infrequently seen him played on Broadway.

The fact is that the art of stage management is a very difficult and complex one, and to



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be master of it one needs almost as many and various qualifications as Gilbert's "British Dragoon";—pre-eminent among these requirements is a sufficient knowledge of music to prevent his falling into the errors I have mentioned in the beginning of this paper.

The French playwright, Legouvé, tells an illuminating little story on this subject. Mlle. Mars, Victor Hugo's great tragedienne, was once rehearsing a play of Legouvé's, and, reaching a climax, stopped and came forward to where the author sat, saying, "*Maître*, that speech won't do." "What is the matter?" "I don't know exactly, but it lets down the climax." "Well," said the playwright, "I'll try it again." This he did, but with no greater success than before. At last, after several attempts, he said to the lady, "Can't you give me an idea of what you want?" "Not in words," was the reply, "that is your affair, but I want a speech that I can give lă lă lă, *lā lā*, lĀ!" and Legouvé wrote her a speech at once, setting the words to the cadence dictated by the actress.

No one who has ever heard him deliver it has failed to marvel at the extraordinary *tour de force* exhibited by M. Coquelin in the excessively long speech with which Molière's "L'Étourdi" concludes. The actor confesses himself at a loss to comprehend why Molière put in this speech, and even to a great extent what it is all about; but there it is, and in the Maison de Molière there it is to be spoken, so, as he says, "*je le leur jette en bloc*"—"I throw it at their heads in a lump."

It is like a brilliant passage of *crescendo*, ever faster and faster, gathering momentum as it goes, like an express train, so that the breath of the audience is taken away with sheer amazement at the wonderful performance, and the climax is sustained till the fall of the curtain, instead of falling flat as it inevitably would were the speech "interpreted" in a more measured manner.

That doctors may differ in such matters of fine taste is shown by the statement made *ex cathedrâ* by Sarcey, the great French critic, that the way to make a long speech seem long is to speak it fast.

Sarah Bernhardt at the zenith of her achievement was a great mistress of tempo—Sarcey even coined a phrase "*martelé*" to describe the brilliant vibrating clearness of her *staccato* passages as of a series of crisp blows on a melodiously ringing anvil, and her *crescendos* were miraculous in those days. But, alas! since then she has abused great gifts, and what at one time came very near to being, if it was not quite, great art; so that even her whilom admirer, Sarcey, was driven to protest, "*La voix d'or est devenu hélas! une voix d'airain*"—"That voice which was gold has become brazen."

Sarah has lost with her once golden voice, her one-time exquisite sense of rhythm and tempo; these have degenerated into what among pianists are contemptuously referred to as "fireworks," and all of one kind—no, two; for she still indulges in season and out of season in those strepitant *staccato* passages, which, rattled off as she now gives them, remind one no longer of silvery hammer taps like Siegfried's as he finishes the sword Nothung, but of Chinese firecrackers; but her favorite pyrotechnic consists of the rocket which, rising with startling suddenness from the dead monotonous level on which the actress seems to have been almost dozing, with a sudden rush and roar, faster and faster till the words cease to have any significance for speaker or audience, louder and louder until it bursts in a shower of stars which are received, as by bumpkins at a fair, with a chorus of gasps. Meanwhile no one thinks of the blackened burnt-out stick —all that is left of the speech—whirling earthward through the void.

Much of the beauty of that masterpiece of concerted music, Antony's speech over the body of Cæsar, as delivered by Barnay and the—orchestra I had almost written—of the Meiningen Company, lay in the exquisite modulations of tempo in which it was played.

Consider again the delicate *adagio sostenuto* of Miss Ellen Terry's delivery of the Mercy speech in the "Merchant of Venice" contrasted with the *allegretto* time in which she played the whole part.

These matters have been long in my mind, and even as I write comes an instalment of Ellen Terry's Memoirs in which that brilliant comedian says "Pace is the soul of comedy, and to elaborate lines at the expense of pace is disastrous." This message should be inscribed in letters of gold on the back of the curtain of every comedy theatre in the world, where the players might read it before commencing their work.

She quotes much good advice on the same subject and in the matter of tempo from the late Charles Reade, "Vary the pace," says he. "Uniformity of pace leads to languor;" and again, "Climax is reached not only by rush but

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by increasing the pace." Ellen Terry concludes by confessing "As I read these notes of his on anti-climax, monotony of pace, and all the other offences against the Scientific principles of acting which I committed in this one part, I feel more strongly than ever how important it is to master these principles; until you have learned them and practised them you cannot afford to discard them. There is all the difference in the world between departure from recognized rules by one who has learned to obey them, and neglect of them through want of training or want of skill or want of understanding. Before you can be eccentric you must know where the circle is. This is accepted I am told, even in shorthand, where the pupil acquires the knowledge of a number of signs, only for the purpose of discarding them when he is proficient enough to make an individual system. It is also accepted in music, where only the advanced pianist or singer can afford to play tricks with the tempo. And I am sure it should be accepted in acting."

In the production of the "Master Builder" by Mme. Nazimova at the Bijou Theatre a change of tempo seems to me to be urgently called for at the final fall of the curtain. The whole scene from the moment that those present on the stage begin to realize that it is *Solness* himself who is ascending the tower should be played *accelerando al fine;* to begin with the observations of most of them are comparatively unimportant, the audience is hanging with *Hilda* on the imminence of some achievement —will he go? will he not—will he reach the top with the wreath, or will he fail? This suspense is broken by the crash of scaffolding and the cry outside A catastrophe! Pause. The distant lamentable cry "Master Builder Solness is dead," is followed by a burst of confused outcries on the stage, every one speaking at once, till *Hilda's* "my, my master builder," dominates the din and resolves the confusion into a dominant with which the play ends.

A play may not by its subject call for or indicate by its construction any marked changes of tempo, yet it may be wise to "vary the pace" of scenes even of the same gravity and importance; to instance the "Master Builder" once again, Mme. Nazimova has done this very thing with great art. The scene about the crack in the chimney comes toward the latter part of the second act. *Hilda* and *Solness* have already had one long serious heart-to-heart talk in this act which she takes in duly measured time, as one might say, *adagio*—this is broken in upon by the scene with *Ragnar* and then they settle down again to "the crack in the chimney," but this time the *adagio* is *con moto*, even almost *allegro* in places, and the audience instead of being wearied finds its interest revived by this subtle change of tempo. So in the last act toward the end *Solness* finishes another serious dialogue with *Hilda* and leaves the stage, but—he comes back again, once more the stage manageress quickens the beat; another dangerous shoal of repetition is safely over-passed merely by the device employed before.

This is great stage managing. How few of ours here in New York are capable of such subtleties.

Railroad Eating

WITH the increasing length of our journeys by rail, the question of long-distance eating has become so much more urgent that it may fairly be described as burning. For observe that the traveller by land has this in common with the voyager by sea—that he has no real choice. For short journeys economy or even epicureanism may dictate the lunch-basket. But for travelling the length or the breadth of the continent the voyager must take what is given to him or go without. What wonder that at sea the most frequent cause of mutiny, on merchantmen or men-of-war, should be the "grub," and that the cook's galley should be the storm centre of internecine strife?

Self-interest will induce a steamship company to feed its passengers not intolerably—at least a steamship company by a "competitive route." Here there are ethnic differences of cuisine concerning which there is no disputing. You may begin the day with marmalade and end it with Welsh rarebit, in the case of one nationality of steamer, thus acquiring the irreducible sea minimum of five meals per diem. You may have, in the case of another, the light breakfast, the "fork breakfast," and the dinner. Or, in the case of a third, besides your three meals, you may toy with the deck or smoking-room snacks to the extent, one heavily recollects, of some eleven meals per diem. This ethnic difference may even, in close cases, determine your choice of steamer. But in any case you may be fairly sure that the eating of the steamer represents not unfavorably the eating of its "home port."

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But you cannot in your native land be sure of that assurance with reference to your railroad eating. Going to and fro across the continent, for instance. How terrible the lot of the early crossers not only by the stage-coach, but in the beginnings of the railroad, when they were thrown upon the mercies of the cuisine of the Great American Desert! Is it not familiar knowledge that one hardy pioneer of a caterer, who deserves a monument though he may not here receive even a puff, built up the traffic of a transcontinental line by simply feeding the passengers in a civilized manner, first at eating-houses, and then in dining-cars?

The other lines have followed him, albeit at a respectful distance, and you may now look forward to a course of long-distance eating without a shudder in the epigastrium, but only in the pocketbook. This latter because the service is *à la carte*. "The fixed price," remarked a Western railroad man, "is obsolete for dining-cars, except in the effete East." The effete Easterner congratulates himself upon this backwardness of his section. Soothly, "the European plan" is ineligible for travel, even though certain lines have been tentatively introducing it at sea. It is more defensible there than on land, or would be if you paid separately for your eating at sea, seeing that there are seasons when tea and toast are enough and too much on the tossing main. But on land, why put the *carte* before the horse, meaning the average healthy and hungry traveller. In the first place, the meal becomes a battle, the traveller desiring to be replenished for the fixed price to which he is inured, the management aiming to circumvent him by making him pay more, and having every advantage of position. How consoling to the Easterner at such moments were it to see the familiar "meals one dollar" at the foot of the bill, when he finds that precautions have been taken to prevent him from getting his meal for a dollar. And then the service *à la carte* tends to vain multiplication of dishes, insomuch that it recalls that frontier restaurant commemorated by Mr. Owen Wister, whereof the bill of fare was copied from that of the Pantophagon, or other "metropolitan" restaurant, but had no relation to the short and simple annals of the things actually to eat. Such a *carte* tends to the bewilderment of the simple, as its object is, but also to the scorn of the expert, who knows the things to be beyond the capacity of the confined precincts, to say no more, of the kitchen of a dining-car, and is driven to hypothecate "canned goods."

Nay, nay. Let the *menu* of the dining-car be simplified, like spelling and life. Let not vaulting ambition o'erleap itself; cause not the passenger to struggle to evade your exactions at the cost of the purse and of the peace of mind dearer than all. Let him know what he is to pay, and simplify your bill of fare. Gastronomically, as well as grammatically, one alternative only is allowable. Confine yourself to the things that you can really get good and do well. So shall your passengers at least not rise up and call you the reverse of blessed.

In offering these humble counsels to the head caterers of the railroads, the "superintendents of the dining-car service," the present view-pointer is not a mere theorist. His precepts have actually been reduced to practice. Here is the bill of fare of a dinner which he actually ate, in this present year of grace, on a line which, avoiding the puff either direct or collusive, he will call the Peraphelion. Let him only add that all the things were good and all well cooked, and commend the document as a model to the composer of dining-cars: "Dinner—Blue points, olives, celery; consommé, Duchess; broiled Spanish mackerel; fillet of beef, mushrooms, oyster plant, mashed potatoes; roast turkey, cranberry sauce, lettuce; plum pudding, ice cream; cheese, fruit, coffee. Meals, one dollar. Criticisms of the service in this car are invited."

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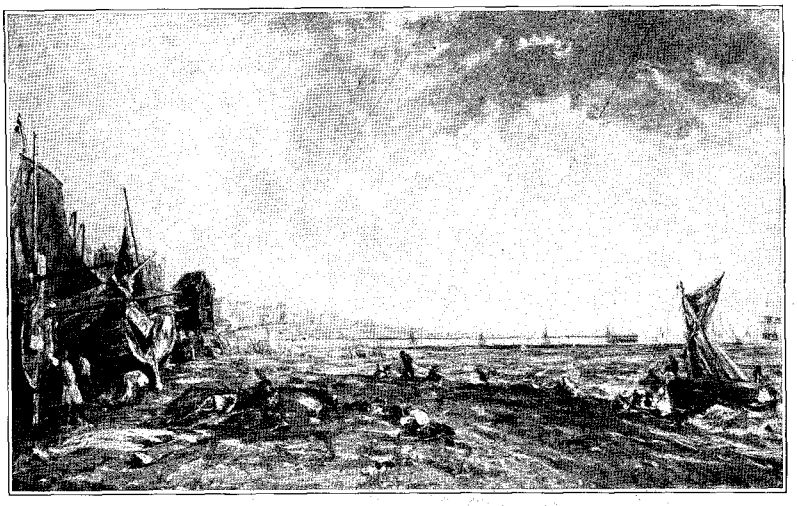
# THE FIELD OF ART



Old Brighton Pier, by John Constable.

*THE WILSTACH COLLECTION*

WILLIAM P. WILSTACH and Anna, his wife, left their valuable collection of paintings to the people of Philadelphia, with a fund for its keeping and enlargement. It is housed in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, the art gallery of the Centennial Exposition. The pictures were chosen by their donors with a discrimination rather remarkable for that time; they were truly collectors, not merely buyers. The collection represents many European schools, both old and new, with a few good examples of American art. Amongst the latter is a beautiful Inness, an "Afternoon in Indian Summer," full of a mellowed golden light. There is a strong still-life by Chase, four Harrisons, and a notable portrait by John W. Alexander of Fritz Thaulow, the Norwegian painter, very appropriately hung above the best example of Thaulow's work I have seen. There is a noble example of Ribera ("Archimedes"), a master who was original in the study of the values of light and shadow, a study to be carried further by Rembrandt and later, in our own day, by Léon Bonnat. Born a Spaniard, he lived and painted in Italy, but his work shows little influence of the schools of that period and country. He may be said to have headed the line of realists as we count them. His shadows have been called black and heavy, but there is a vast difference between the dead-black shadows of his modern disciple Ribot, and the darks produced by a combination of colors, as he painted them. The portrait by Van Dyck, "A Lady of the Balbi Family, Genoa," is interesting in its character and handling; it lacks some of that painter's qualities of color which we naturally look for, considering the fact that he must have come direct from the studio of his master Rubens—and the chair does not sufficiently hold its place, but the whole is beautifully painted.

The "Portrait of Colonel MacDonald, of St. Martins," by Sir Henry Raeburn (see page 532), calls for a fuller notice than the others in this article, because this great painter of portraits is not well known to us; though comparatively a modern, his works are difficult to obtain and there are few important ones in this country. It is almost the exact double of another by the same hand in the Highland Agricultural Society's Collection, only the composition is reversed and the subject is another MacDonald. Raeburn was never hampered by that galling poverty which halts so many an artist's hand. He could paint as he chose, and not merely as a sitter's whim or ignorance dictated. He was disturbed by no fears about satisfying his sitter, upon which satisfaction the arrival of a check might depend,



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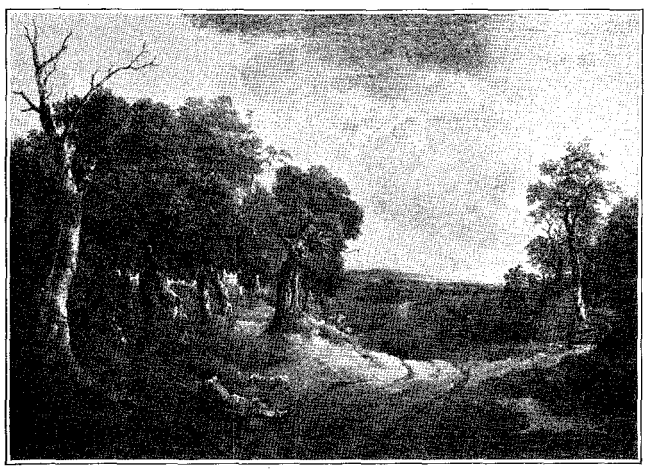
and which so often blinds a painter as to how he ought to paint. There was no uncertainty in his brush-strokes; his hand followed the command of his eye and brain in transferring the life before him to his canvas as surely as



Landscape, by Gainsborough.

Vollon's does an inanimate kettle. His color was sometimes too cool, not suggestive enough of the blood rushing in the veins of his healthy Scotch subjects. They are all live people though, not mere forms to be covered with paint; they have distinction too, for they are all high-born. Rembrandt knew no appreciation of beauty as did Raeburn; he could make an old, ugly Dutch housewife paring her nails, dignified by her humanity and, in a way, beautiful through the power of his marvellous skill. His nude women were without form, no sculptor would have chosen them or could have given them charm; the painting of flesh, the following of its grain with his brush sufficed him. Raeburn could not have interpreted that beauty nor have understood it. He had little pictorial feeling beyond that imparted by his sitter; he left no pictures, no landscapes, as did Gainsborough; his range as an artist was eminently narrow, knowing no painter's breadth of appreciation like Velasquez.

Sometimes he introduced a landscape background behind a haughty Highland chief or in the portrait of a woman, but they are perfunctory affairs. In the celebrated portrait of his son on a pony, the child is full of boyish character in his pose and whole being, but the pony might have been the wooden hobby-horse from which probably it was painted. The portrait alone attracted him. His women are always charming; the portrait of his wife who, through no stretch of the imagination could have been called beautiful, is so in the dignity of the character he loved; those of younger women are very modern in their freshness and *naïveté* and, like that of Miss Janette Suttie, full of fascination. The present portrait shows his power in its strongest form. The color is sober, but it is color, the black of the costume is everything but black. The table-cloth and carpet are a rich green of a like tonality. The background, an elaborate one for him, holds its place, and though in itself interesting does not obtrude; the folds of the bronze-yellow curtain catching the light from the window, are painted as is the head, in solid masses of light and shadow with broad, full strokes. The hands only are feeble, as often happens with him: the hands seldom seemed to interest him, and even in his portraits of women are partly concealed or, worse, "pudgy."

The "Lady with the Yellow Buskin," by Whistler, p. 639, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery as a portrait, bears a better title here as a picture. The buskin is what one first sees; from it the eye follows over a black skirt to a well-painted forearm and left hand, gloved, which the right is buttoning. Then comes a fur cape of the coachman variety; above all is a small face, the neck and chin hidden by the cape; a toque crowns all. The action is that of a graceful hurriedness well expressed throughout the whole figure, and is really the only movement I know in any of Whistler's pictures; generally the action of inaction takes its place. As far as color goes, the only marked bit is the buskin, which is a dark yellow, almost brown; the rest might have been done in black and white. The face lacks blood, and when one comes to it seems peaked and—well, without charm of character, but the picture is decidedly agreeable to look at as a whole. Whistler is here in marked contrast to Raeburn; where the latter is simply dignified he seems affected with a striving after the eccentric. Where

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Raeburn paints with a full brush and masterly construction this seems thinly washed in. Where Raeburn's blacks are really color, giving the impression only of black, Whistler's are flat and ugly, little else than black, which in itself is not a color. Whistler has been called the greatest etcher since Rembrandt, and I truly believe he is; in water-color he is an exquisite master, but when he comes to oil he often leaves an impression of being outside his *métier*, and is weak in consequence.

The Lady with the Yellow Buskin.—Whistler.

What I have written of Raeburn in portraiture might easily apply to Constable in landscape, with the exception that whereas there had been painters of the figure as direct in their brush-work and whose conceptions were as broad as Raeburn's, Constable was original. He had the encouragement of wealthy friends; his father owning landed property, with four mills. Constable loved the moods of Nature only, and was the first to paint them as they only can be rightly painted, *au premier coup*. In the South Kensington Museum is a collection of his sketches done at white heat, and there is a large one in the Wilstach Collection, the "Pond, Hampstead Heath." The sky is laid on with the palette knife and brush in great masses; the sycamore trees and buildings are as heavily and directly painted, with absence of all detail. It represents Constable truly as an early and great impressionist in landscape; to him the gathering storm, the distant lights and shadows formed by passing clouds meant everything. Sometimes he would take the first impression when the right opportunity came, add to it, as he evidently has done in the "Old Brighton Pier," but the first impression has been left distinct. He had a third manner, finishing a picture very highly, making a beautiful *ensemble*, but beneath the paint the first sketch is easily made out, only it is elaborated. The "Old Brighton Pier" p. 637 is light and cool in color, has none of the darks he is forced to use sometimes—as he wrote—the "exaggerations," to gain his results of light, but every stroke here shows the excitement created within him by the wind in its fight with clouds and sea. His interpretations of Nature were his own. "My art flatters no one by imitation," he wrote, "it courts nobody by smoothness, it tickles nobody by *pettiness;* it is without fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee; how then can I hope to be popular?" This describes his art and the attitude of the English public towards him. The French painters, though, understood, and modern landscape painting dates its birth from the time he exhibited in the Louvre, in 1824, his "Lock, River Stour" (now owned in Philadelphia, by the way). Daubigny is generally cited as showing the most of Constable's influence in his work, in his technical manner and the breadth of his perception of Nature. But he lacked Constable's virility; he is ever sweet, Constable never.

Courbet was only seven when Constable first exhibited in Paris, and he only arrived there fifteen years later to begin his study of art; nevertheless, in his breadth, his moods, and even in his handling, he seems more like the masculine Constable than any of his contemporaries. True, his skies, except in his

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In the Fields, by Jules Bastien-Lepage.

celebrated "Wave," show little of Constable's understanding of them, but his picture of his provincial home the "View in Ornans," might almost have been done by Constable.

The "Landscape," by Gainsborough, shown on p. 638, is well named; it is solely a landscape showing no especial character of place; the sky is a sky, the trees just trees, their species did not worry him. In his earlier landscape work, before portrait commissions became too numerous, his oaks were as carefully studied as were those of Crome the elder; but later such painting became less serious to him, and more in the nature of recreation. His manner in this work is bold, but not too bold; it is Nature true enough, glowing with color, though it does not shout at one. He bothered over it no more than the cares of this naughty world bother the recumbent youth and his dog. Possibly tired of the city, sitters and streets, the mood came upon him to paint a landscape, so he painted a place in which he longed to be, and a young man doing just what he would have liked to be doing.

There are two Corots, one a "Landscape," evidently done out of doors in the spring time when the longing to work direct from Nature comes to every painter. The other is an "Architectural Study" of a doorway. The edge of a wood, of a pond or river were better understood by him than "frozen music"—and better painted.

The two Daubignys are beautiful examples of that master; the kind that once seen you search for again—and again. Jules Bastien-Lepage is represented by one of his earnest works, "In the Fields," a young peasant girl carrying baskets and looking backwards as though halted on some errand by a call. This strongest apostle of the *plein-air* school of his day could not carry out his principles in sunshine, for the light was always changing, and serious painting as he conceived it was impossible; so he chose clouded days which gave neither high light nor shade. Life is not all grayness, so that the limitations of his doctrine are apparent. Lhermitte, who in his subjects and manner so often reminds one of Bastien-Lepage, is represented by "Harvesters at Rest." It is irreproachable in workmanship and truth; had he some of the poetic insight into the life of the peasant that made Millet's work so immortal, Lhermitte might be more interesting. The rendering of facts truthfully will not make a great work of art, and Chardin put poetry into a peach. A rough-coated terrier, "Barbaro, After the Hunt," by Rosa Bonheur, is more interesting than her work is generally thought to be and shows her at her best. It is handled with the masculine vigor she sought to put into her work.

REGINALD CLEVELAND COXE.



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*Drawn by W. J. Aylward.*

They are trim, these docks, masonry basins strung with electric cranes as thick as shade trees on a street.—Page 553.

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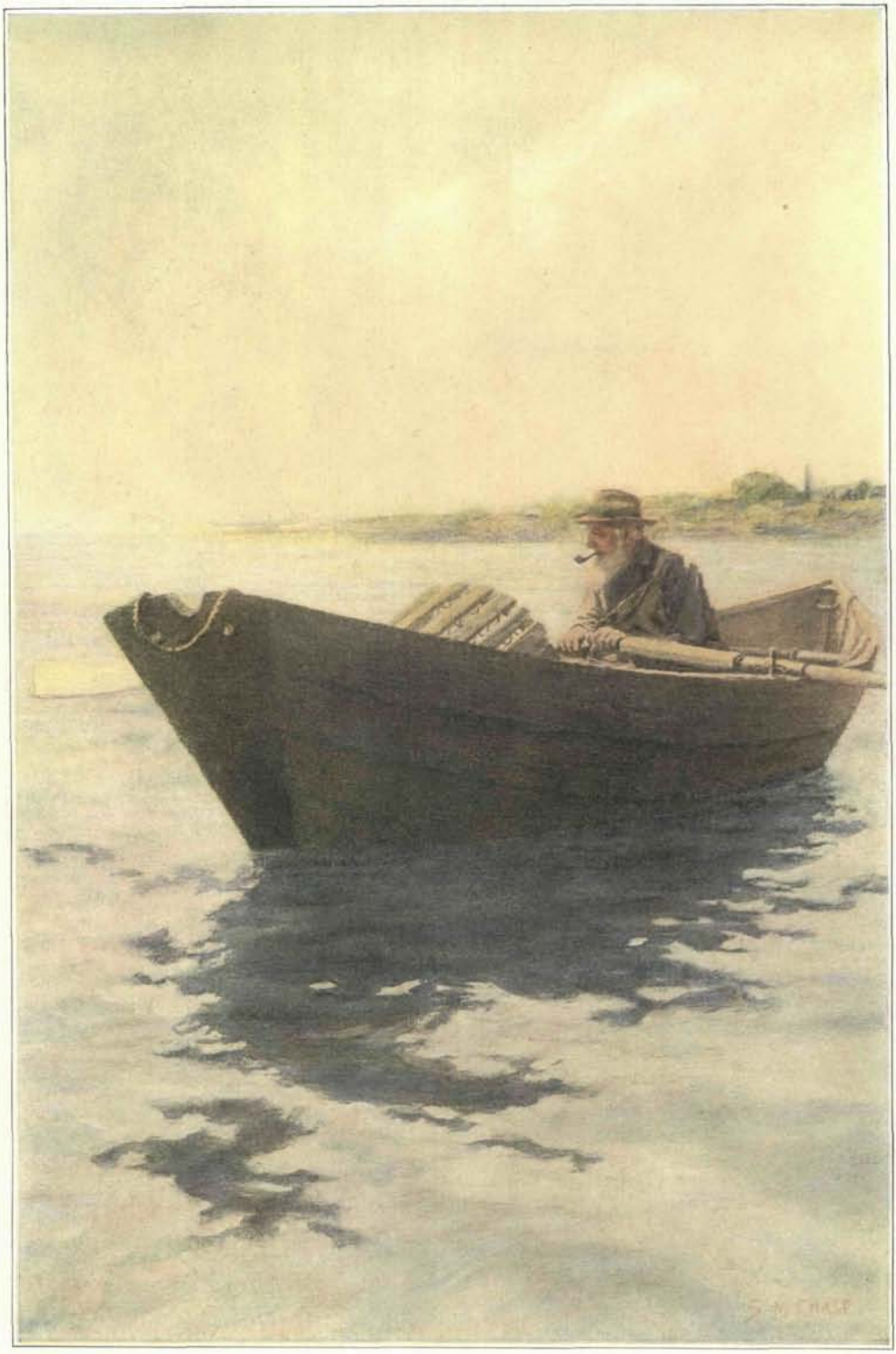

*Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.*

"THEY AIN'T NO LOBSTERS," WAS THE TERSE REPLY.—Page 648.

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*Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.*

Boone bragged with the unconscious, delightful candor of a child.—Page 628.

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